Collier's
TEN CENTS
SEPTEMBER 29, 1945

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF
COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

BIG BOY BLUES
BY DAMON RUNYON

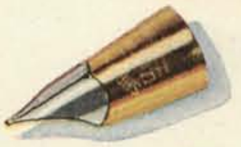
IOLA
Free Public Library
Iola, Kansas

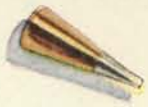
29-1945

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY A
IOLA 52319
KANS C
RSS
24AU46

Color photograph by Léon De Vos

Improvements start with these *Writing Points*





THE NEW
*Lifetime**
POINT

THE WHITE DOT ON THE PEN IDENTIFIES IT!

Completely redesigned, inside and out, no feature, no improvement, of Sheaffer's new pens and pencils is more important to writing satisfaction than these revolutionary points . . . The cylindrical, 14-K gold *Lifetime** POINT of the pen is stronger, safer, smoother writing! . . . The utterly new sleeve-tip of the pencil gives more support for the thinnest leads—reduces breakage to absolute minimum, does away with wiggle and wobble, makes writing easier, more visible! You'll find these improvements only in Sheaffer's, the precision-built writing instruments that make possession a pride.

W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa, U.S.A., and Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

CREST "TRIUMPH" pen, $15; pencil, $6; complete set, $21. Other sets, $3.95 to $150. Other pens, $2.75 to $100. Colors: Golden Brown, Marine Green, Carmine, Grey Pearl and Black. Federal excise taxes additional.

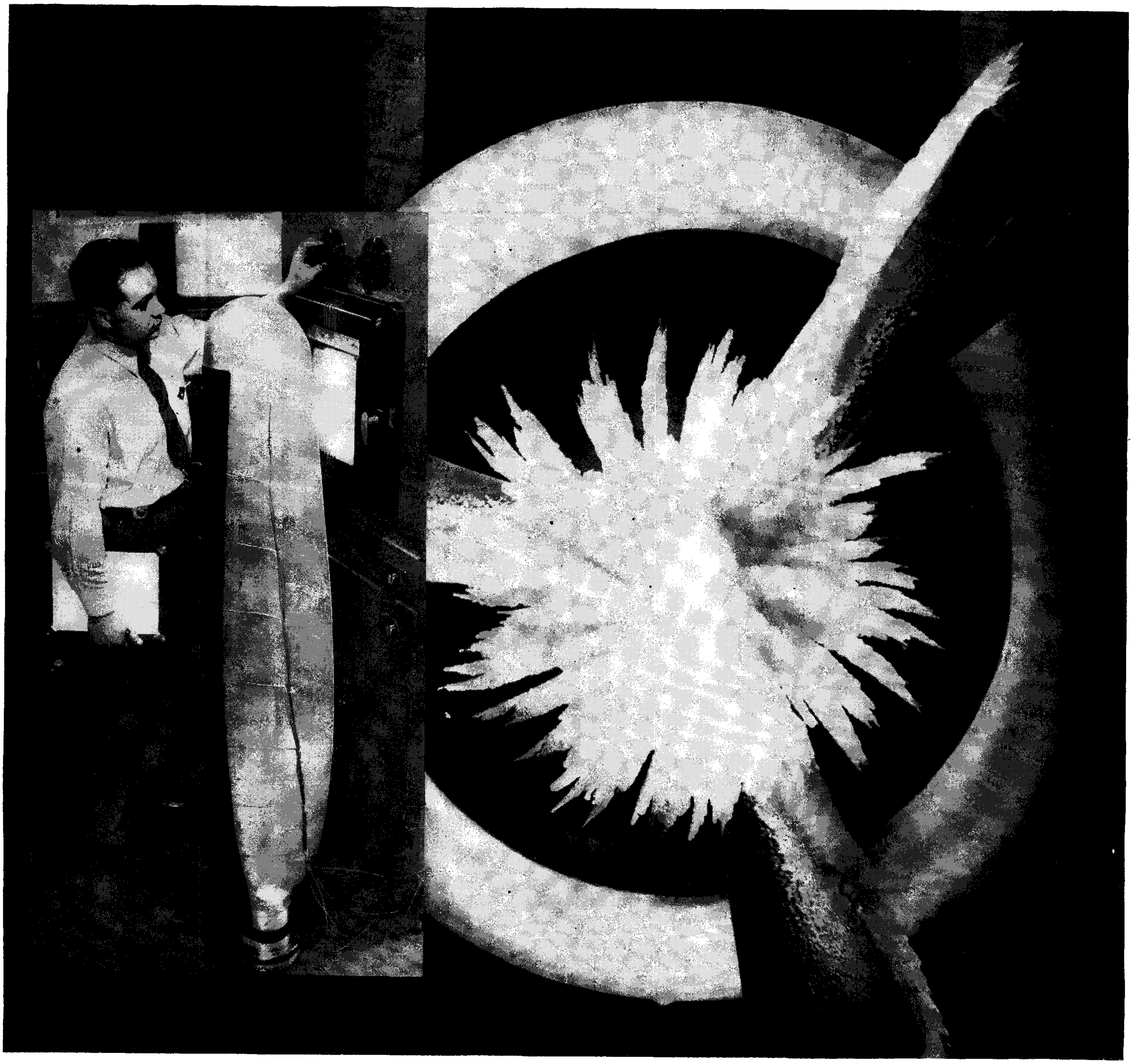
These are the pens and pencils that are going to the men and women in the Services overseas. Quantities available for civilians are very limited.

New "TRIUMPH" Pens *New Fineline Pencils*

SHEAFFER'S

Copyright 1945, W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. *Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

LISTEN EVERY SUNDAY to SHEAFFER'S WORLD PARADE—*NBC Complete Network*, 3 P.M. E.W.T.; 2 P.M. C.W.T.; 1 P.M. M.W.T.; 12 P.M. P.W.T.



Push-button defrosting for planes

An 80-mile wind, roaring through the B. F. Goodrich refrigerated wind tunnel, created the Jack Frost effect on the propeller model above.

The exaggerated ice flower on the hub isn't as serious as it looks; but fingers of ice, creeping up the blades, were a big worry to pilots for years. For in flight, ice on the blades means loss of power, bad balance, and excessive vibration.

To a pilot, the smaller picture looks a lot better. It's a propeller equipped with a new B. F. Goodrich development called an electrically heated propeller shoe. It's shown here being tested (the wires are part of the testing equipment; they are not on the blade in flight).

With these shoes on his propeller blades, a pilot can defrost them as simply as a housewife defrosts a refrigerator . . . and lots quicker. The pilot just touches a switch and electric current begins to generate heat in the shoe, which melts off the ice.

B. F. Goodrich equipment protects many other parts of the airplane from ice. Best known are the De-Icers, which crack ice off as it forms on wings and tails, keeping these surfaces clean and smooth for safer flying. De-Icers were developed and are made exclusively by B. F. Goodrich.

Years of ice-fighting experience are back of this equipment. It means a safer, more comfortable flight if you fly today or when you fly tomorrow. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Aeronautical Division, Akron, Ohio.*

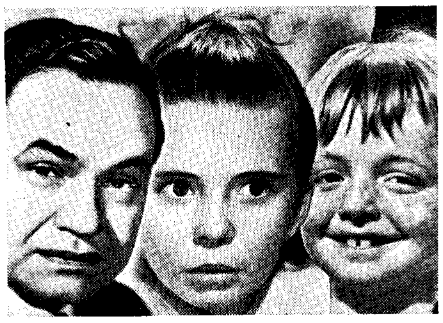
Skyway or Highway

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Picture
OF THE MONTH

EDWARD G. ROBINSON
MARGARET O'BRIEN
in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES"
with James Craig • Frances Gifford
Agnes Moorehead • Morris Carnovsky
and JACKIE "BUTCH" JENKINS
Screen Play by............DALTON TRUMBO
Based on the Book
"For Our Vines Have Tender Grapes"
by GEORGE VICTOR MARTIN
Directed by.................ROY ROWLAND
Produced by.................ROBERT SISK



Sometimes we get to thinking about titles—titles like "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes". Why do authors choose 'em? Why are they always so impressive?

Now you take some other M-G-M Pictures of the Month—"The Clock", for example. That was about a soldier on a 48-hour pass. So the clock idea was quite logical. Or, "Without Love"—logical, too, because Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn got married without it—or that's what they thought. Now try to figure out "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes" and what does that tell you? Well, *plenty* if you've seen the picture, and love it as much as we do.

George Victor Martin, the author of the best-selling novel, took his title (as you probably know) from "The Song of Solomon": ***"Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes"***. We guess the author meant it to say: when you've helped a wonderful thing to grow you've got to watch over it carefully and lovingly.

And that's why it's a great title—and a great picture! It reaches right straight down to your heart—without pretense, without sham. A simple, hearty, tender story that makes you cry a little and laugh a lot. And it's brought touchingly to life by two of the finest performers it has ever been our pleasure to watch: delightful, wistful little Margaret O'Brien and two-fisted, tender-hearted Edward G. Robinson. What wonderful contrast of character.

Like a promising young vine herself, talented Margaret O'Brien started climbing upward in "Journey for Margaret" and "Lost Angel"...grew promisingly in "Meet Me In St. Louis" and "Music for Millions" and now with "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes", we find her matching her brilliant talent with the rough, earthy greatness of Edward G. Robinson.

Yes, a truly great wine has come from these grapes: a taste of romance with James Craig and Frances Gifford—flavor from Morris Carnovsky and Agnes Moorehead—and a bit of tang from Jackie "Butch" Jenkins—the belligerent brat you loved in "National Velvet".

A great vintage, all in all, with the screen play by Dalton Trumbo, direction by Roy Rowland, production by Robert Sisk. This very fine motion picture had its World Premiere at the world's largest theatre, Radio City Music Hall. We urge you to see it as soon as you can.

Collier's
FOR SEPTEMBER 29, 1945

HENRY LA COSSITT • *Editor* WILLIAM L. CHENERY • *Publisher* JOE ALEX MORRIS • *Managing Editor*
KENNETH LITTAUER • *Executive Editor* ALLEN MARPLE • *Fiction Editor* WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • *Art Director*

WALTER DAVENPORT *Politics*
W. B. COURTNEY *London*
MARTHA GELLHORN *France*
JIM MARSHALL *West Coast*
GRATTAN O'LEARY *Ottawa*
FRANK GERVASI *Mediterranean*
FRANK D. MORRIS *Pacific Fleet*
FREDERICK R. NEELY *Aviation*
EDWARD TOMLINSON *The Other Americas*
GEORGE CREEL *Washington*
ROBERT DE VORE *Washington*
WILLIAM HILLMAN *Washington*
JAMES C. DERIEUX *Washington*
CLARENCE H. ROY *Articles*
KYLE CRICHTON *Articles*
HERBERT ASBURY *Articles*
AMY PORTER *Articles*
JIM BISHOP *Articles*
ANDRÉ FONTAINE *Articles*
HELEN P. BUTLER *Syntax*
ULRICH CALVOSA *Photographs*
GURNEY WILLIAMS *Humor*
AIMEE LARKIN *Distaff*
IFOR THOMAS *Studio*
HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
ELIZABETH BOUTELLE *Fiction*

this week

FICTION

PAGE

BIG BOY BLUES By DAMON RUNYON 11
The chronicler of the screwball doings in Mindy's gives the father-and-son plot new and hilarious treatment.

SHADOW ON THE WATER By SGT. JONATHAN WALDRON 16
The Short Short Story.

YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED By HANSFORD MARTIN 20
A girl who doesn't respect a soldier's medals isn't worthy of his affection.

ARCH OF TRIUMPH By ERICH MARIA REMARQUE 22
The Serial Story. The third of six parts.

I REMEMBER JOHNNIE By JEAN KINKEAD 36
He was scorned by the woman he loved; adored by the woman who loved him.

DECISION TO DIVORCE By GEORGE WELLER 46
Marion had to go to Reno to find a marriage that was heaven-made.

ARTICLES

HOT MONEY By FRANK GERVASI 13
Black-market profits are like millstones around their owners' necks.

MEN OVERBOARD! By STASIA LINDER 14
Four pretty models a-sailing the Sound—with wolf-whistle obbligato.

ONE VOICE FOR SIXTY MILLION By SIDNEY HILLMAN 17
The World Federation of Trade Unions inaugurates a new era of progress in labor-employer relations.

DELIVERANCE OR DOOM By PHILIP WYLIE 18
The Age of Atomic Energy, now dawning, can lead to one or the other.

THE GREAT LIFT By W. B. COURTNEY 21
Air Transport Command: the answer to how G.I.s get home in days instead of weeks.

THE F-F-F-FTTT! COACH By ART ROBINSON 24
About Ohio State's soft-spoken football mentor and the fighting spirit of his teams.

PHILADELPHIAN IN PARLIAMENT By STANLEY FRANK 26
An American success story—with a British accent.

CAMPUS-CUT HATS By RUTH CARSON 39
Meet me in St. Louis—where a university teaches you to design 'em.

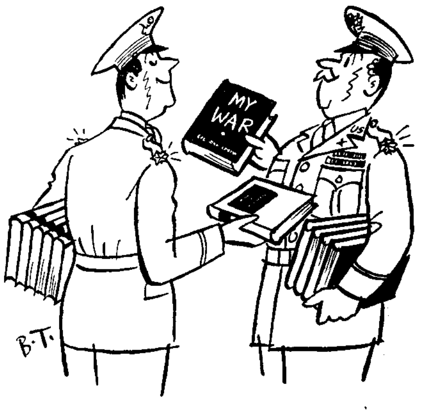
GROWTH OF THE YEARLING By AMY PORTER 74
Shooting a picture in Florida isn't Hollywood's idea of a wonderful time.

•

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FRELING FOSTER 6
WING TALK By HENRY DAVIS NADIG 8
YOUR LIFE TOMORROW By DAVID O. WOODBURY 70
THE WEEK'S WORK By AMY PORTER 81
EDITORIALS: *Atomic Bomb Lesson* • *Radical Britain, Conservative U.S.* 82
COVER By *VERNON GRANT*

any week

THE latest word we've had from the Pentagon Building is that thirty-seven generals are now biting their nails while a hundred and fifteen lieutenant colonels, captains and lieutenants are writing books to be signed by the generals. The nail biting is due to impatience, each general anxious to get his war record published while the book-buying public still has money. A writing lieutenant colonel met a rival writing lieutenant colonel at a Washington bar whither they had gone to revive their flagging imaginations. Said one: "How's the book coming?" Replied the other: "Courageouser and courageouser and courageouser. How about you?" The first: "Huh. Julius Caesar was a yellow bum."



IF MR. HARALD N. FLICK of Baltimore, Maryland, had all the will power he thinks he's entitled to, he would not be in the market for a "bare and unfurnished cave" to live in. It is his radio that has him down. He knows that there is no law compelling him to listen but, like several more of us, he just can't keep his hands off the dial. But he's pretty fed up with optimists, official and otherwise. The one that sent him out looking for the cave said: "America will pull herself up by her own bootstraps and keep on pulling and continuing to rise, carrying the rest of the world with her." This left Mr. Flick too weak to turn his radio off, so another speaker told him that boots would be rationed for quite a while to come. After considerable pondering on what to do about it, Mr. Flick wrote to us.

AND Mr. F. B. McConnell of Miami Beach, Florida, remembers taking Mr. Connie Mack, everlasting manager of the everlasting (Gosh!) Philadelphia Athletics into the Everglades squirrel country for a dash of shooting. Connie had no luck but coming out he saw a lad of fourteen or sixteen with a bag of nine squirrels but no gun. Mr. Mack wanted to know how come. "I rock 'em," explained the

(Continued on page 28)

Vol. 116, No. 13. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1945, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $5.00 for two years, $7.00 for three years, in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to Subscription Department, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and the new addresses.

Our Veterans need Your help!

An Important Message from

Major General NORMAN T. KIRK,

The Surgeon General, U. S. Army

YOU have undoubtedly heard much concerning the difficulties of readjustment which confront the returning Veteran.

Actually, the vast majority of our Veterans will return from the War physically fit—ready and anxious to take up civilian life again.

Some will not be so fortunate. There will be those who are disabled . . . some physically and some mentally scarred.

The United States Army and Navy provide medical treatment and care for our men in the services; the Veterans Administration for those who are discharged. In many cases there comes a time when, for sound medical reasons, it is best for the Veteran to return to his home environment.

Once at home, it is, of course, the family's responsibility to help him with sympathy and patience to get back to normal as fast as possible. There is much that parents, wives, and relatives can do.

The help which cannot be given in the home becomes the responsibility of *your community,* which should be prepared to offer such Veterans various aids, including:

1. *Medical advice, if needed.*
2. *Assistance in obtaining work which will be consistent with impairments.*

For those who return hale and hearty . . . it is the responsibility of the community to extend every aid which will facilitate a rapid return to everyday life. This may be achieved if the Veteran may obtain, if necessary:

1. *Help in securing employment through competent vocational counsel.*
2. *Advice on legal, educational, domestic affairs and other questions.*

Many communities already offer helpful services to Veterans. If yours does not, you—who belong to business, civic, church and other community groups—may take the lead in establishing such assistance in your own community. If your town already supports Veterans Aid bureaus under various auspices, let me urge you to help in *coordinating* their valuable services, so that Veterans will have the best your community can give them.

The Veteran has earned your respect. I know every American will want to do everything he can to help the Veteran to readjust himself to his regular civilian life.

N. T. Kirk

U.S. ARMY

Ask for these booklets... *Metropolitan has prepared several Booklets which contain suggestions for the reception of returning Veterans. Send today for your free copy of the Booklets of particular interest to you.*

Suggestions for those in the homes of our returning Veterans—

Booklet A—"*Coming Home*"

Suggestions for businessmen and community leaders—

Booklet B—"*Employment of the Handicapped Veteran*"

Booklet C—"*Re-employment of the Veteran*"

COPYRIGHT 1945—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Dept. 105 C
1 Madison Avenue, New York

Please send me a copy of the booklets checked below:

Booklet A ☐ Booklet B ☐ Booklet C ☐

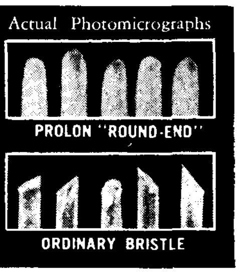
Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City____________________ State_______

THE OTHER GUY WON! HE SAID PROLON IS BETTER THAN PIG BRISTLE!
PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end *PROLON*



Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

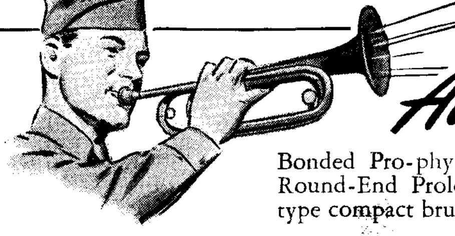
It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

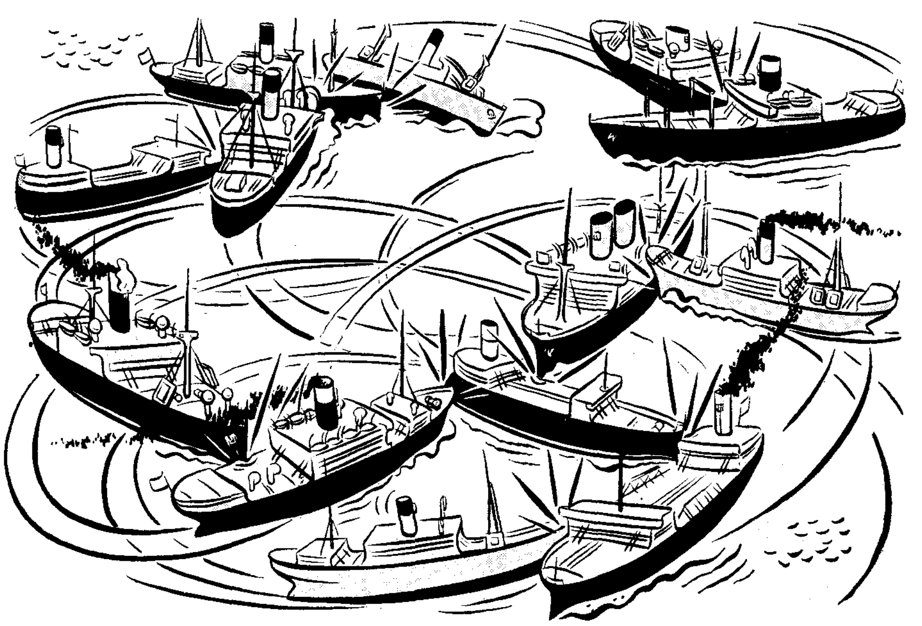


Attention! **Users of Smaller Brushes**

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-ROW PROFESSIONAL has Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.

BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic PROLON BRISTLES



FRITZ WILKINSON

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

The greatest mass collision of ships in history occurred off Newfoundland on May 27, 1945. A westbound convoy of 76 Allied vessels was steaming slowly through a dense fog when one of them struck an iceberg, discovered eight others near by and gave the alarm. Instantly, the entire convoy swerved sharply with the result that 22 of the ships collided with one another in the following ten minutes. Yet none sank and no lives were lost. Incidentally, it happened on the last day vessels were required to sail the Atlantic in convoy.

The Palace of the Soviets in Moscow, now under construction again after a delay of four years, will be higher and also greater in many ways than any structure in existence today. While the Empire State Building contains 60,000 tons of steel in its frame, has 67 elevators and is 102 stories high, the Palace will contain 360,000 tons of steel in its frame, will have 148 elevators and 62 escalators and will be 112 stories high when it is topped by its 328-foot statue of Lenin.

In the same way that the breath of human beings and animals condenses and becomes visible in freezing air, the vaporized perspiration of their bodies becomes visible in very cold air, increasing in visibility as the temperature is lowered. For example, when the temperature is between 60 and 80 degrees below zero, a running reindeer leaves a long trail of vapor behind him, and when he stops, becomes so enveloped in it that, on the side from which it is drifting, the animal may be invisible at a distance of only fifteen feet.

The 1,000 American men who own a model or miniature railroad with a steam locomotive consider themselves in a different class from the 100,000 who own an electric model. As such steam locomotives and their rolling stock cannot be bought, they are made by their owners on scales ranging from ¼ inch to one inch to the foot. Therefore, owing to their size and power, steam systems, unlike electric models, are installed outdoors. For instance, a typical one-inch-to-the-foot locomotive weighs 300 pounds, requires a 4¾-inch track and is capable of pulling a one-ton load.

At least 200 Americans own a pistol which they preserve as a historic treasure in the belief that it is "the one that was used to kill Abraham Lincoln."—*By William Johnson, New York City.*

Australia is the only continent that was named by one man alone—the famous English navigator, Captain Matthew Flinders (1774-1814).

A fantastic development of modern times is the "Shakespeare Industry," the vast number of extraneous occupations and businesses that have been created throughout the world to capitalize on the works and reputation of the poet and dramatist since his death in 1616. Before the war, probably as many as 500,000 persons made a total of approximately $25,000,000 annually in such activities. Other than publishers, booksellers, actors and lecturers, these individuals included those who conducted festivals and operated clubs and societies; and those who established and maintained Shakespeare libraries, museums, theaters, gardens, graves and shrines. In Stratford-on-Avon, which is known as the Headquarters of the Shakespeare Industry because it is supported by tourists, a reproduction of the bard's head is displayed on everything from bank buildings to beer bottles.

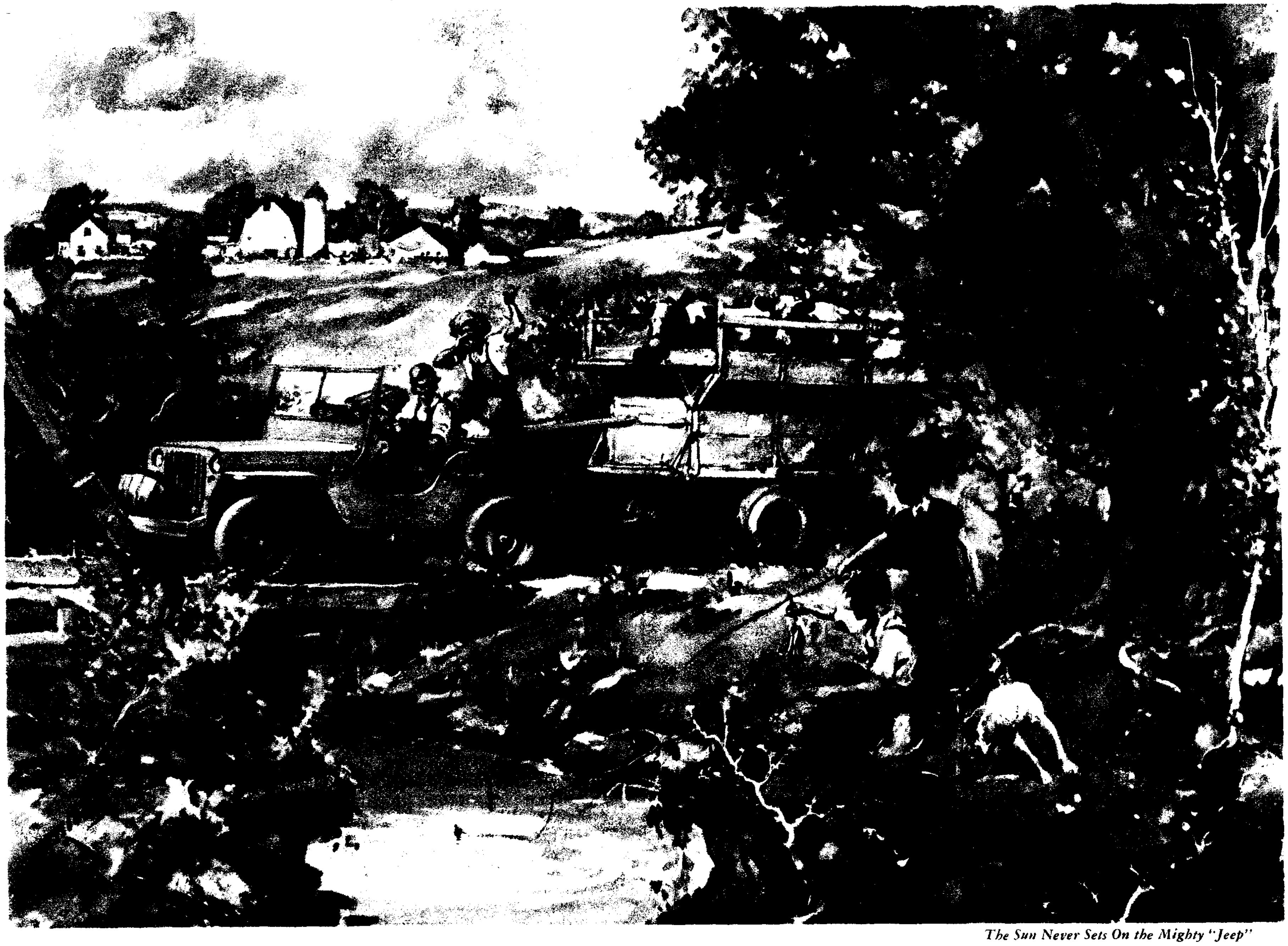
One of the most influential yet least known groups of international interests is the reinsurance cartel, the business in which a direct insurance company safeguards itself against great single losses by dividing large policies among reinsurance companies, which in turn split them up among similar firms and so on *ad infinitum.* For instance, a short time ago in Paris, the payment of a fire insurance policy for 40,000,000 gold francs to a department store revealed that the risk had been distributed among some 400 companies in more than 50 countries.

The 902 major wars that occurred in the world between 500 B.C. and 1918 A.D. were "measured," not long ago at Harvard, by such factors as the number of countries, combatants and casualties involved; and the analysis disclosed that the first World War was seven times as large as the 901 others combined. A similar analysis of the recent World War would probably show that it was about four times as large as the first World War.

The quantity of saliva secreted every 24 hours by a cow is 15 gallons, or 85 times that of a human being. . . . The hospitals owned and operated today by federal, state and local governments contain 1,350,000 beds, or 79 per cent of the 1,700,000 in this country. . . . The world's largest statue of Christ, 110 feet in height, stands atop Hunchback Mountain in Brazil and overlooks Rio de Janeiro.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

• • To millions of people all over the world **"JEEP"** means **WILLYS** • •



The Sun Never Sets On the Mighty "Jeep"

BORN FOR WAR—READY FOR PEACE

Famous for its outstanding performance in war, the "Jeep" has been fitted for peace, to work and serve on farms and in industry, around the world.

* * *

The "Jeep" for peace, amazing in its versatility, is fitted to do a hundred-and-one jobs for the postwar Farmer and as many more for Industry . . . around the *clock*, around the *year*, around the *world*.

It pulls, pushes or drags every type of farm implement. Doubles as a highway vehicle for a speedy trip to town, and then rounds out a full day as a mobile power plant—takes "Jeep" power to the job. An ever-ready servant twenty-four hours a day, the "Jeep" for peace raises the curtain on a new conception of automotive service . . . ushers in a new era of mechanization for farm and industry. Get a "Jeep"! *Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., Toledo 1, Ohio*

These are but a few of the hundreds of uses for this versatile vehicle:

(The quarter ton, four by four truck built by Willys.)

ON FARMS

Cultivating
Discing
Harrowing
Hauling, etc.
Plowing
Reaping
Silo Filling
Threshing

IN INDUSTRY

Cement Mixing
Fire Fighting
Hauling Equipment
Light Delivery
Line Maintenance
Oil Field Utility
Plant Trucking
Snow Clearance, etc.

IN GENERAL USE

Forestry Patrol
Hunting & Fishing, etc.
Municipal Service
Park Service
Police Patrol
Rural Mail Service
Towing
Trouble Shooting

We still have a war to win. Its demands will of necessity limit the "Jeeps" available for peacetime uses, but at your first opportunity—Get a "Jeep."

Willys *Builds the Mighty* **'Jeep'**

"I'll tidy up my room today, Daddy!"
"Good girl—I'll bring your ice cream tonight!"

Welcome reward for a job well done—and doubly appreciated because Dad himself will stop for it on the way home! Make that stop for ice cream a habit once a week or more—ice cream is always a healthful, pleasant treat for the family.

* * *

The makers of the better quality ice creams are mighty careful about the containers they pack them in. That is why so many of them choose the Sealright Nestyle container—a sanitary package made by a plant that specializes in protective food containers. As a guide to quality in both containers and contents, look for the Sealright Sanitary Service Seal on the lid.

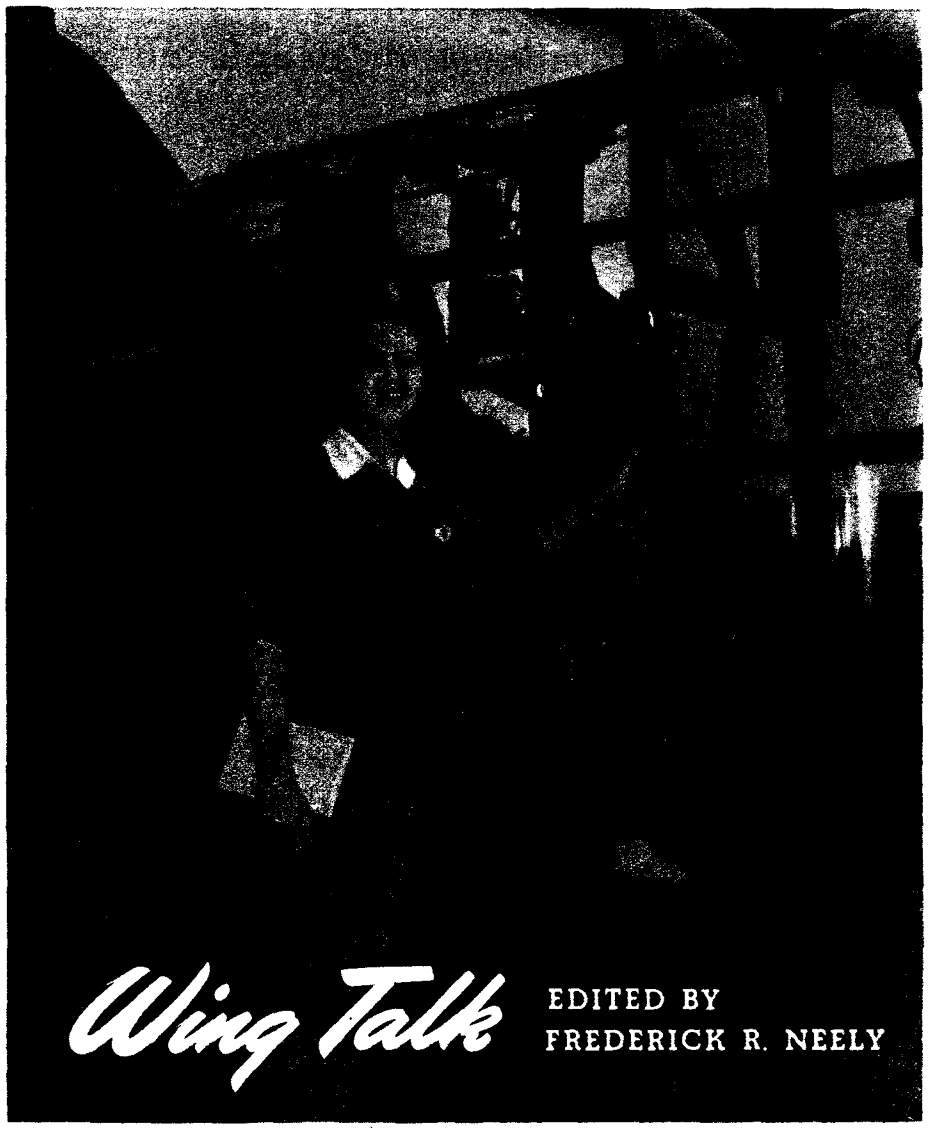
QUALITY
Built Rich
ICE CREAM

SEALRIGHT SANITARY SERVICE for Your Protection

Sealright

SANITARY PAPER CONTAINERS

SEALRIGHT COMPANY, INC.
FULTON, N. Y.—KANSAS CITY, KANSAS
SEALRIGHT PACIFIC, LTD., LOS ANGELES



Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

First and only woman helicopter flight-test observer is Priscilla Handy, who started in the Sikorsky drafting room and wants to be a test pilot

PRETTY 21-year-old, blue-eyed Priscilla (Pat) Handy was turned down two years ago by the Wasps because she was a quarter of an inch too short. The Wasps later went out of business, but Pat persevered in her determination to fly and became the first and only woman helicopter flight-test observer in the country. It is on her analysis that the Army bases its acceptance of newly manufactured Sikorsky helicopters.

Her final okay comes after analyzing more than 1,000 factors observed and recorded within the bubblelike control compartment of every helicopter Miss Handy directs through a two-hour flight test. Her alertness has brought about corrections in manufacturing and her judgment has saved many man-hours of production.

When Pat goes up for a test flight she has to know what the score is all the way through—and she does. A data sheet and stop watch are her only tools. But most important to her company and the Army are a pair of very keen Irish eyes and the ability to interpret quickly the faces of twenty-six instruments.

While watching the dials—from clock to rate-of-climb indicator, from engine and rotor tachometers to main rotor-pitch indicator—Pat directs the helicopter through trials for two main points: power requirements and cooling requirements of engine and transmission.

As each of these is tested under various flight conditions of air speed, engine speed, hovering altitude, vertical climb and vertical descent with partial power on and power off, she records the action of the instruments. In the two hours of this performance, Pat takes twenty readings for each of more than fifty conditions. For each of the two main performance requirements, she studies the instruments at ten different air speeds and three different r.p.m. All this is done close to the ground. Then she repeats at 8,000 feet.

It is Pat's additional job to be alert to any peculiar behavior of the helicopter. When abnormal changes occur in readings, she must mentally make corrections of factors, compare with established standards and order a change of flight plans then and there. She has been able in a number of instances not only to detect points requiring correction but also, by her observation and quick-witted analysis, to suggest effective correctives.

On one of her many test flights, Pat discovered the oil temperature was going up. She quickly directed the pilot to bring the helicopter down to the plant and reported immediately to her chief—with an answer to the trouble.

On the way down, Pat had been doing some fast thinking. Her simple suggestion—to seal the baffles between the cylinders—saved about 400 man-hours and prevented a possible delay of delivery of the ships to the Army.

Not all of Miss Handy's flying requires concentrated mental work. After the test performance, the helicopter must have three hours of general flying time. In these hours Pat can relax and enjoy the view.

But back on earth she spends three or four times as long as the actual flight work, preparing the final written reports for the Army; reports replete with graphs, charts and tables.

Miss Handy was born in Stratford, Connecticut, near the Bridgeport Municipal Airport, and she has been hanging around planes all her life. In 1943, she decided she wanted to fly transports for the Army and applied to the Wasps. She got a leave of absence from the Sikorsky drafting room, took flying lessons and won her license.

Rejected by the Army four times because she wasn't five feet two and a half inches, she even took stretching exercises for six months. But after all that she was still only five feet two and a quarter inches, and the Army said no.

Now, with more than 100 hours of helicopter flight-test observing, Pat is ambitious to become a rotary wing-test pilot. If she is unable to fulfill this ambition, she wants to demonstrate helicopters when they go on sale to the public. No one will doubt that she knows what a helicopter should and can do. . . . HENRY DAVIS NADIG

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING, United States Steel presents *The Theatre Guild on the Air.* American Broadcasting Company coast-to-coast network. Consult your newspaper for time and station.

Why do they make hospital cars out of STEEL

Because you can't beat STEEL for safety!

MANUFACTURED FROM USS STEEL UNITED STATES STEEL

Only steel can do so many jobs so well. Whether it's safety you want . . . or strength, toughness, long life, light weight, corrosion resistance . . . there's a kind of steel that supplies it. Especially now that new and better steels are available, many of them the products of war research by United States Steel laboratories. These new steels will be used in scores of peacetime products for *you.* From sleeping cars to farm fence. From all-steel kitchens to snow shovels. And they'll be marked with the U·S·S Label. The sign of good steel.

UNITED STATES STEEL

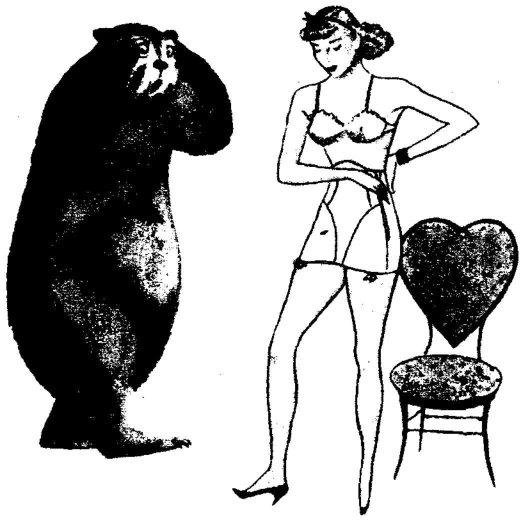
AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY · AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY
CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION • COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY
CYCLONE FENCE DIVISION • FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK COMPANY
NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY • OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY · TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY
UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY • VIRGINIA BRIDGE COMPANY

Why the bear got bothered

1. In the old days, the bear used to look at men and laugh his head off. Compared to man, the bear had it pretty soft. He slept all winter, stole his meals out of man's beehives, and didn't wear a stitch of clothing except the fur coat he was born with.

2. Man not only worked for a living, but he wore clothes. (Women wore clothes, *too, for that matter.*) Clothes were a nuisance. It took time to put 'em on. It took time to take 'em off. And they were always popping open in places where they shouldn't.

3. Things looked pretty bad for man until he discovered Talon slide fasteners. It all happened when he got caught in a storm and had to buy a pair of new galoshes. And these new galoshes had a special-size Talon slide fastener as rugged as all get out. One zip and they were on—or off.



4. Gosh, but it was wonderful! So woman scouted around and found there was a Talon corset fastener that made putting on a corset a pleasure instead of hard labor. It was a whizzer! The patented automatic lock kept it from slipping open accidentally. The strong, smooth-working chain outlasted the garment.

5. Woman kept looking. Glory be! There was a special-size Talon slide fastener for dress necklines. And it wouldn't creep down even when the pull-tab was lifted by her coat collar or scarf. It had the automatic lock. And while strong, it was so light and flexible that it followed every fold of the fabric.

6. Man smiled. Woman beamed. The bear saw the change. And now the bear is bothered. With all the dependable convenience that Talon slide fasteners bring to human lives, he isn't at all sure that he wants to go on being a bear! These are but a few of the features that made the Talon slide fastener an overwhelming favorite. And if the bear is bothered now, wait till he sees the new Talon slide fasteners!

"TALON"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The dependable slide fastener

TALON, INC. MEADVILLE, PA.

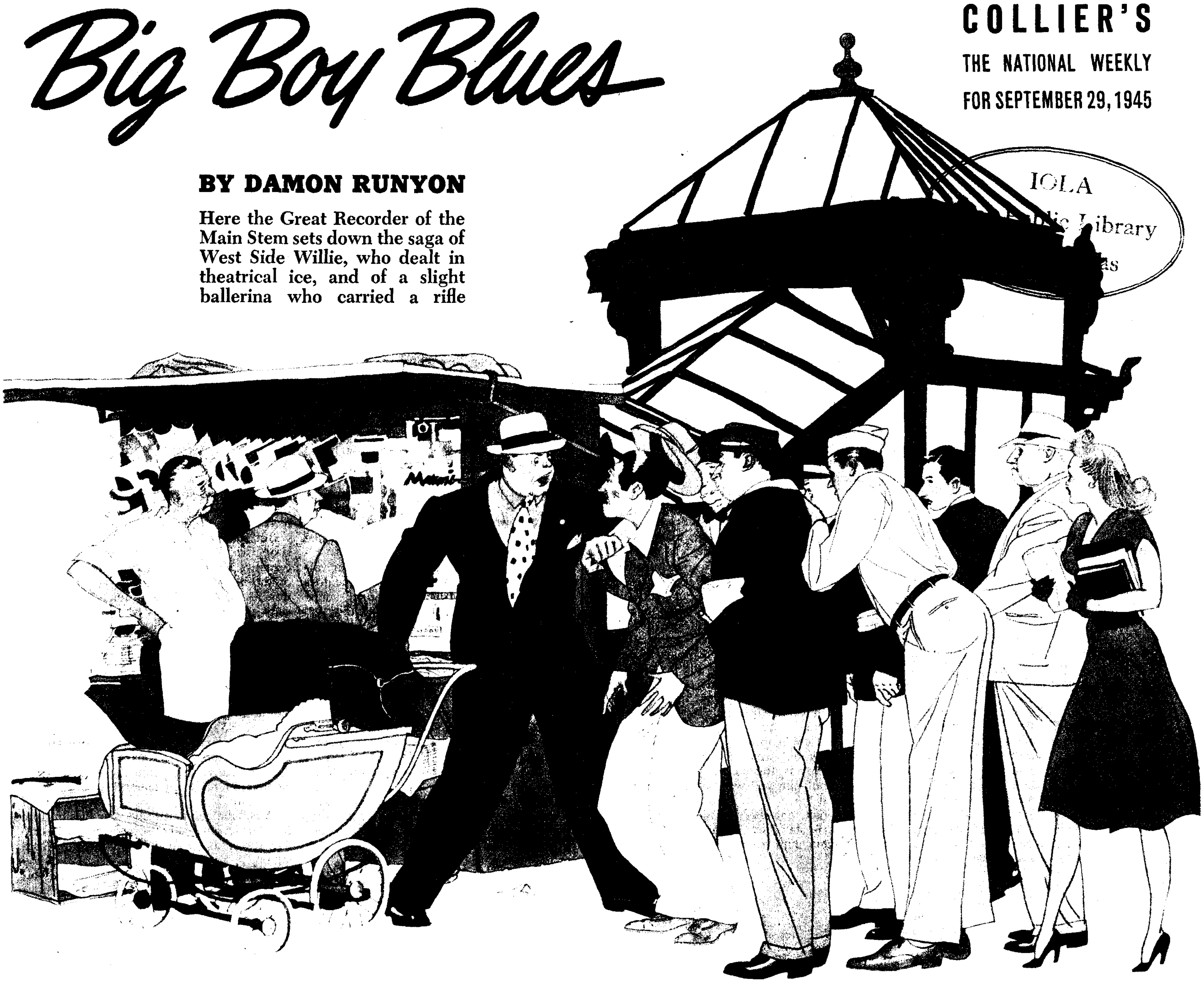
COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR SEPTEMBER 29, 1945

Big Boy Blues

BY DAMON RUNYON

Here the Great Recorder of the Main Stem sets down the saga of West Side Willie, who dealt in theatrical ice, and of a slight ballerina who carried a rifle

IOLA
lic Library
s



Big Boy Blues brings the child over on Broadway and goes around peering into the faces of various Broadway personalities gazing closely as if he is making comparisons

IT IS along toward 2 o'clock one pleasant A.M. and things are unusually quiet in Mindy's restaurant on Broadway and in fact only two customers besides myself are present when who comes in like a rush of air, hot or cold, but a large soldier crying out in a huge voice as follows:

"Hello, hello, hello, hello, hello."

Well, when I take a good glaum at him I can see that he is nobody but a personality by the name of West Side Willie who is formerly a ticket speculator on Broadway and when he comes over to me still going hello, hello, hello, hello, hello, I say to him quite severely like this:

"Willie," I say, "you are three hellos over what anybody is entitled to in Mindy's even if there is anybody here which as you can see for yourself is by no means the situation."

"Oh," Willie says, "I happen to have a few hellos to spare and besides I am so glad to get back on the big street again that I feel liberal. We are here for a run."

"Do you mean the war?" I say.

"I mean Gee Eyes, the soldier show I am with," Willie says. "We are a riot on the Coast. We lay them in the aisles in Denver. We kill the people in Cleveland. We will do a wonderful trade here."

Then Willie sits down and explains to me that one day when he is in a camp in the desert out in California and practically dying by inches of the heat and the drilling and the victuals and the other hardships of soldier life and especially the victuals, his commanding officer sends for him and says:

"Klump," he says, for such is West Side Willie's family moniker, "they are organizing an all-soldier musical show at Santa Ana and there is a request out for the names of all enlisted men in this area who are formerly connected with show business.

"I understand," the commanding officer says, "that you are familiar with matters of this nature and you will therefore report at once to Santa Ana to participate although personally," he says, "I consider it all just so much fol-de-rol and how the hell we can win the war behind the footlights I do not know."

Well, naturally Willie does not inform the commanding officer that his connection with show business is slightly informal but he gets on a train at once and goes to Santa Ana and there he discovers that the guy who is putting on the show is nobody but a playwright by the name of Hathaway Go who is once befriended by Willie to the extent of a meal in a one-arm gaff in West Forty-ninth and who is grateful ever since.

He is slightly surprised to see Willie appear in answer to a call for show people as he is aware that Willie does not sing or dance or play an instrument but after hearing Willie's description of soldier life in the desert his heart is touched and he says he guesses he can use a sure-footed guy to take tickets although when Willie asks what about selling them Hathaway Go gives him such a long slow look that Willie never renews the subject.

HOWEVER, he is greatly downcast when he thinks of the opportunities in connection with these pasteboards because he feels that everyone will want them and when Willie is in action on Broadway he is known far and wide for his skill in manipulating with tickets to theaters and prize fights and hockey games and one thing and another that everyone wants but are unable to get unless they see Willie and pay his ice, which is a way of saying his premiums.

I often hear complaints that sometimes Willie asks more ice than the face value of the tickets but this is probably only for tickets that are very hard indeed to get and naturally Willie is entitled to some compensation for saving the customers the trouble of standing in line at the box offices to buy the tickets and then finding the tickets are all gone anyway. Besides Willie frequently has to take care of others out of his end to get the tickets in the first place so life is really not all ice with him.

"Well," Willie says, "I make the best of the position to which I am appointed although I must say the spectacle of throngs of customers being permitted to buy our tickets at face value at the box office when they will be delighted to pay two, three, four, five or six slugs premium if they cannot get them any other way is most disheartening to me.

"But," Willie says, "I become a terrific ticket taker. In fact," he says, "I am known as the Eisenhower of the front door. Furthermore, this assignment come to me in the nick of time because my original outfit is sent to Europe where I understand the victuals are even worse than they are in camp and there is practically no hotel life for an enlisted man."

"Willie," I say, "I am glad to see you again and I congratulate you on your military career and hope and trust you do not sustain

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

any wounds such as tearing off a hangnail by mistake for the stub of a ticket some night. I am sure that your engagement on Broadway will be most auspicious."

"Thanks," Willie says, "but we are all nervous and worried over a situation that develops here. Do you remember Johnny Blues? The one they call Big Boy Blues?"

"Why, certainly," I say. "I remember him as well as if he is my brother only I am thankful such is not the case."

"Do you know Big Boy Blues has a son?" Willie says.

"Yes," I say, "I know it. They call him Little Boy Blues."

"Well," Willie says, "Little Boy Blues is the star of our show. He is the greatest thing in it. He slays the customers. He is wonderful."

"Why, Willie," I say, "I am glad to hear this news. I not only remember Big Boy Blues but come to think of it I remember his ever loving sheriff who is the mamma of Little Boy Blues, I hope. If he has any talent it must come from her because the only talent Big Boy Blues ever has that I recall is that he can crush a human skull with one blow of his fist even though the skull belongs to a copper.

"In fact," I say, "I recall the night he performs this feat on a copper by the name of Caswell. I seem to remember that Caswell is in Polyclinic hospital for eight weeks but he finally recovers and is now a captain."

"Listen," Willie says. "Little Boy Blues appears in our show as a female ballet dancer. He dresses as a dame in a short skirt and one thing and another."

Well, at this I am slightly horrified as I can see what West Side Willie has in mind. I can see that it is going to be a great shock to Big Boy Blues if he learns of the matter because it is only about a year back that he is along Broadway bragging about his son being in the Army and stating that Little Boy will undoubtedly destroy a large number of the enemy singlehanded.

NATURALLY, everybody agrees with him as Big Boy Blues strongly disapproves of anyone not agreeing with him and it is plain to be seen that after putting his son away as a destroyer he is apt to be displeased when he finds Little Boy is not only a ballet dancer but one in the attire of a doll and I so state to West Side Willie.

"Yes," Willie says, "that is exactly what we fear. We fear Big Boy will be so vexed he will tear the theater down stone by stone and maybe peg the stones at us. However, it is our information from Little Boy's mamma that Big Boy thinks his son is somewhere overseas and has no idea he is in our show and it is our hope that he does not hear of it until after opening night anyway.

"Then," Willie says, "we expect to be rolling so good that we can replace Little Boy if necessary, but," he says, "we positively need him for the first night because he is the best thing in the show by seven or eight lengths and it is a great pity we dast not give him some advance publicity. Well, I will bid you good night as I must catch myself a few snores. Our company gets into Grand Central at noon and I wish to be there to meet it."

Then Willie takes his departure and I remain sitting there awhile thinking of what a great surprise it is to Broadway years ago when Big Boy Blues hauls off and marries a small *canapé* by the name of Miss Rosie Flynn who is singing in the old Golden Slipper Club in West 48th Street and how Bookie Bon goes around offering to lay plenty of 9 to 5 that Big Boy gives her at least two broken arms inside of two weeks and finding no takers as Big Boy is known to one and all as a crude character.

He is at least six feet three inches high and he weighs anyway 220 pounds and he has a loud voice that causes parties four blocks away to tremble when he lets it out and he has a record at police headquarters that consists mainly of mayhem. He is a doorman and a bouncer at the Golden Slipper when I first know him but one day he climbs on the seat of a stray truck and drives it off and the next thing anybody knows he has one of the largest trucking businesses in the city.

Now Miss Rosie Flynn does not weigh ninety pounds with her girdle on and she has red hair and freckles and is by no means a spectacular singer but she is practically famous on Broadway because it is generally conceded that she is pure. The chances are she can marry into much more genteel circles than those in which Big Boy Blues moves just on the strength of being pure and it is the popular belief that Big Boy frightens her into marrying him as no one can think of any other reason for this union.

Well, after they are married and before the stray truck comes along to provide the keystone for Big Boy's success they live in a small apartment as far over on West Forty-ninth Street as anyone can live unless they live in a canoe in the North River and it is by no means a fashionable neighborhood but it is the best they can do on their income in those days and it is there a son is born to them who is so small that Big Boy is greatly mortified and slightly perturbed.

In fact, he brings the child over on Broadway and goes around peering into the faces of various Broadway personalities who infest the Golden Slipper and then gazing closely at the child as if he is making comparisons. I never see this child again and to tell the truth I seldom see Big Boy Blues afterwards and then only when I do not learn in advance that he is coming my way but I read now and then in the blats about him slugging his truck drivers or somebody else's truck drivers or just somebody else, so I judge he is the same old Big Boy.

But as the years go on I occasionally run into Rosie Flynn who seems to be fatting up somewhat in spots and she tells me that Big Boy by no means admires the child that she now speaks of as Little Boy Blues because he remains puny and scary but I can see that Rosie thinks very well of him, indeed. In fact, Little Boy Blues is all she talks about and as he gets older I learn from her that she has him away at school as much as possible as he is a great eyesore to Big Boy who keeps him frightened half to death by yelling at him and sometimes giving him a few clops.

From what Rosie tells me, I judge Little Boy Blues is quite a weakling and far from being a credit to a virile personality such as Big Boy but when the war comes on and Little Boy is drafted, Big Boy becomes very proud of him and wishes to be real fatherly toward him.

In fact, one day at Dix where Little Boy Blues is stationed for awhile, Big Boy approaches him with his hand extended to shake hands and Little Boy is so alarmed that he turns and runs away and keeps running until he is so far from camp that he is two days finding his way back and is put down as AWOL.

Well, I become so interested in what West Side Willie tells me about the show that I go to the Grand Central at noon myself the next day to see the soldier company arrive and it is quite an impressive scene as the members are in full marching gear with rifles and all this and that and march from the station through the streets to the theater in West Forty-eighth where the show is going to open.

West Side Willie does not march with them but joins me in following them only we stick to the sidewalk and people stop and applaud the company and the members bow right and left and smile and when I say to Willie that I consider this somewhat unmilitary, he says:

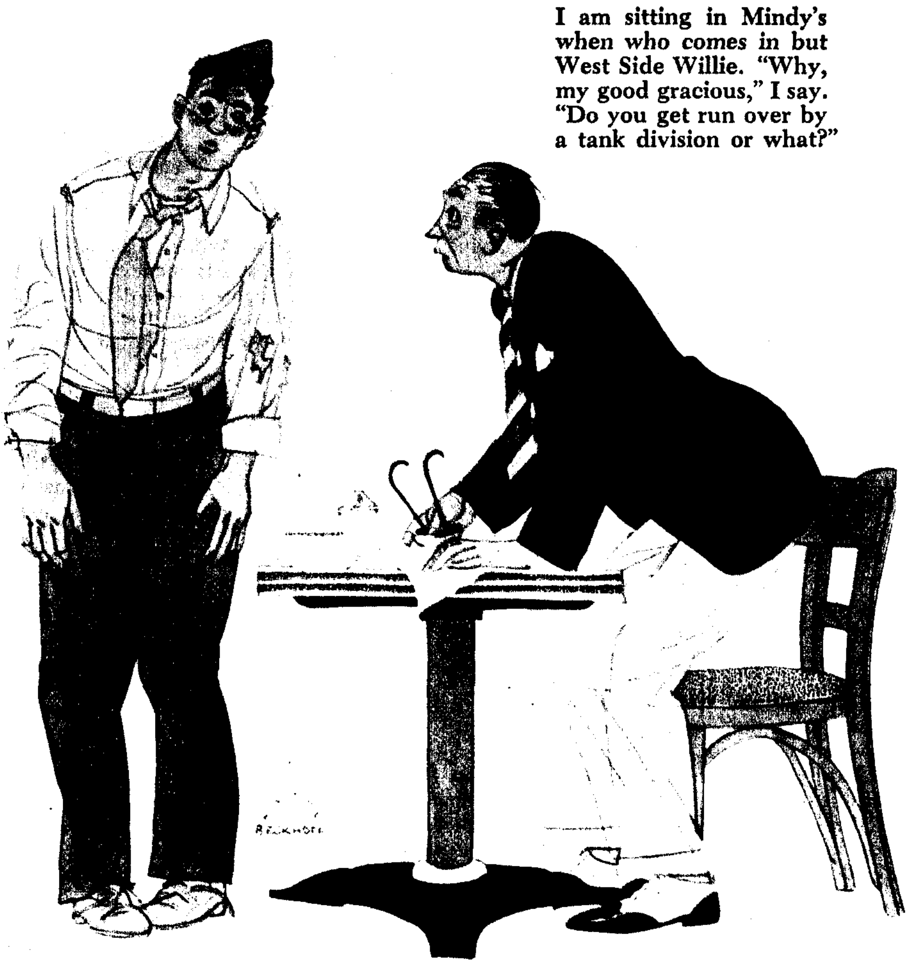
"Well," he says, "you see most of these guys are professional actors even if they are soldiers and they are bound to take bows when they hear applause even if they are sitting in the electric chair waiting for the guy to pull the switch."

HE POINTS out Little Boy Blues to me and I can see that he is small and frail looking and seems to be buckling slightly at the knees from the weight of his pack and rifle and that he has red hair like his mamma. I also see Rosie Flynn on the sidewalk ahead of me following the march so I quit West Side Willie and overtake her and say to her like this:

"Well, Rosie," I say, "I notice your offspring has your top piece but the way he does not resemble Big Boy in any manner, shape or form is really remarkable. By the way," I say, "how is Big Boy? Not that I care, Rosie, but I wish to be polite."

"Sh-h-h-h!" she says and looks around as if she is afraid Big Boy may be in earshot. "He is all right except his temper is shorter than ever. He chucks one of his own truck drivers into the river yesterday truck and all. I am so afraid of what will happen if he learns Little Boy is in this show. You see," she says, "I tell him the last time I hear from Little Boy he is with Coogan's Cobras in the Pacific."

"Well," I say, "you do not pick a soft spot for him, anyway. Coogan's Cobras are supposed to be the fightingest outfit in our Army."



I am sitting in Mindy's when who comes in but West Side Willie. "Why, my good gracious," I say. "Do you get run over by a tank division or what?"

"It is because I see the name in the newspapers so much," Rosie says. "It pleases Big Boy to think Little Boy is in such company. I pray he does not learn the truth before the show opens. Poor Big Boy has no appreciation of the fine and delicate and artistic. I often wake up at night in trembling at the thought of his anger if he learns of the large fees I pay for Little Boy's dancing instruction."

I commence trembling myself right then and there thinking of such a situation and at this point I unload Rosie Flynn and go on my way because I realize that if Big Boy learns of the fees she mentions he may not only wipe out Rosie but anyone who ever even knows her. To tell the truth, I am a little disappointed in Rosie as I always figure her to have some sense and while I do not say it is wrong for anybody's son to dance I consider it sinful to pay fees to encourage him to do it.

Well, the day of the opening I am surprised more than no little when West Side Willie hunts me up and gives me a skull, which is a way of saying a free ticket for the show and I figure it must be because business is not up to expectations but when I mention this idea to Willie he becomes quite provoked.

"Why," he says, "we are sold out in advance for half the entire engagement already. This show is the biggest thing since nylons. If you examine your ducket you will observe that no seat is specified. That means you have standing room only."

But standing room is by no means undesirable in a New York theater especially at openings because where you stand is in back of the last row which places you in a position to leave quickly and quietly in case the show is bad and this is where I am located for the opening of Gee Eyes.

I am a little late getting to the theater and the audience is pretty well seated when I arrive and as I am going in West Side Willie who is taking tickets with great skill holds back a Broadway columnist and his wife a minute and says to me:

"Who do you think we have with us tonight?" he says. "Why, nobody but Colonel Billy Coogan, the commander of Coogan's Cobras. He is a tall slim guy with a lot of ribbons on his chest and he is in the third row center."

"Yes," the columnist says, "he flies in from the Pacific only today to get a new decoration tomorrow from the President in Washington."

Naturally on taking my place in the rear of the house I spot Colonel Coogan at once by his uniform away down front and I am somewhat astonished to observe next to him a head and a pair of shoulders that even at long distance and from behind I identify as belonging to Big Boy Blues, and what is more he seems to be chatting with Colonel Coogan.

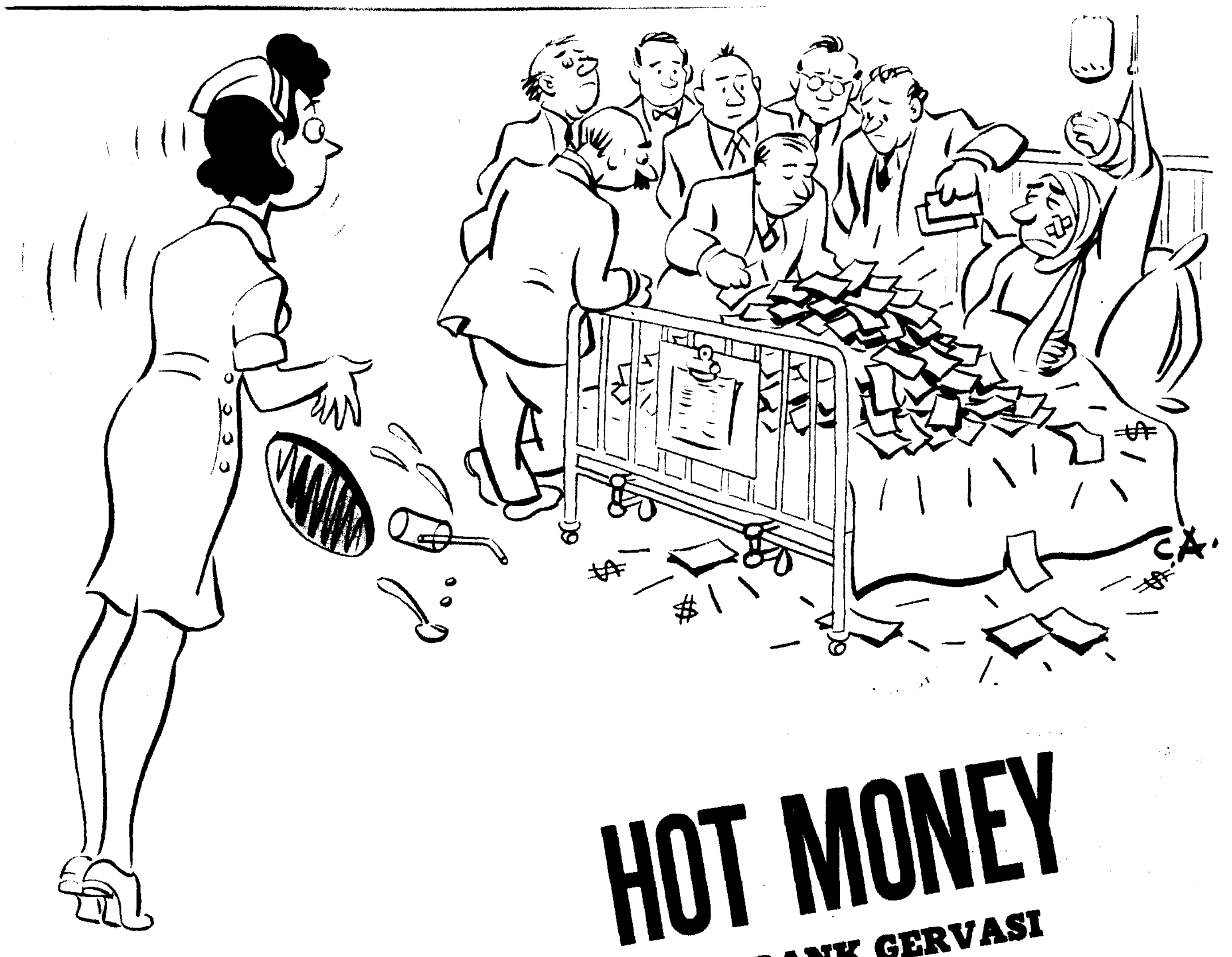
I AM standing there wondering about this spectacle but just then the curtain opens and I dismiss the matter from my mind as I can see at once that this is a pretty good show although personally I like a little more sex appeal than it is possible to get into shows in which all the performers are hairy-legged guys with no bims whatever around.

The one thing I am looking for which is Little Boy Blues does not come on until the finale and this is a very large number, indeed, with the entire cast on stage when out comes a slim and graceful young ballet dancer in a flaring short skirt and all who can easily pass for a doll if you do not know it has to be a guy in this company unless somebody makes a serious mistake.

I can see that the dancer is undoubtedly Little Boy Blues even without looking at the program to make sure and while I am by no means a judge of ballet dancing and in fact can do without same entirely in a pinch, I realize that he gives a great performance. In fact, I realize that he is no doubt a genius at ballet dancing and as the curtain closes on him the audience lets out a roar of applause that I afterwards hear shakes the glasses off the back bar in the gin mill next door to the theater.

Then the curtain opens again as is always the case when there is great applause and

(Continued on page 70)



A nurse entered while $100,000 in big bills was spread about on the bed. Suspecting bank robbery, she called the cops

HOT MONEY

BY FRANK GERVASI

ILLUSTRATED BY COLIN ALLEN

The few cents or dollars over ceiling prices that Americans paid for steaks and nylons have snowballed into a hidden hoard of millions which threatens our anti-inflation curbs and makes suckers out of the nation's taxpayers

An unremarkable little middle-aged man in a suit as plain as his gray hat or his pale eyes stepped up to a teller's window in a big New York City bank, drew a flat package of new bank notes from his inside coat pocket, laid it on the counter and said:

"I'd like to change these into fives, tens and twenties."

The teller picked up the white-edged packet, riffled the contents once, whistled softly and flipped the stiff notes again, this time more slowly. He counted fifty unmistakably genuine $1,000 bills.

"Yeah," the customer said, "fifty grand."

In his drawer under the counter the teller had just laid away a circular letter from the Treasury Department instructing all financial institutions from banks down to building and loan associations to report unusual transactions involving large bills or abnormally big sums. It was Washington's first major move against black marketeers and tax evaders.

"We'll be glad to change them," the teller said, half handing the bills through the grill, "if you'll just take them to the cashier's window over there and identify yourself satisfactorily. I'm sure the cashier . . ."

"You mean," the man interrupted, "I've got to give my name and address?"

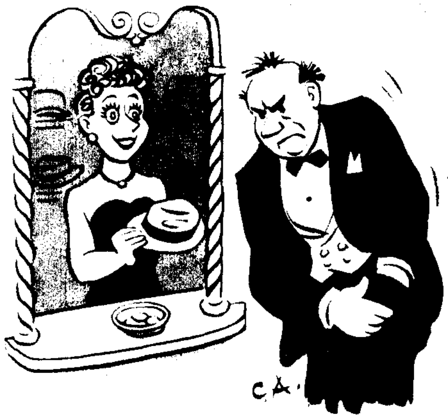
"Well, yes," the teller explained. "New instructions from Washington. Just routine. You have something on you that'll identify you? A driver's license perhaps? Anything with your photograph and signature on it. Maybe you have an account here. . . ."

The unremarkable man plucked the bills out of the teller's hand, muttered a "thank you," headed toward the cashier's window, turned and half walked, half ran out of the bank.

The $50,000 was hot money, stolen on the black market in an overceiling price deal in tires, meat, sugar, textiles, ready-made clothing, whisky, used cars, lumber, roofing shingles, raisins, or other commodities which were scarce. It was in big bills because these transactions have reached such dimensions that the sums involved become awkward to carry around unless the currency passed is in denominations of from $50 to $10,000.

The fifty Gs was twice-stolen money. It was illicitly acquired and it wasn't reported to the tax authorities as income. The money was, therefore, also swiped from the pockets of American taxpayers. The tax burden evaded by the prosaic party in the gray hat fell upon his fellow citizens.

Multiply the little man's profits by an arbitrary and conservative ten thousand and you begin to have some idea of the dimensions of the black market and a glimmering of the enormity of the dead weight of taxes others must shoulder because a relative few evade the law. Profiteering and evasion have attained such proportions that our unemotional President Truman branded them "shocking" and declared that "we aren't fighting this war to make millionaires."



Millions are spent by night-lifers to retrieve hats and coats. It's in small change; no books are kept

So vast has the black market become, in fact, that it threatens to overwhelm the barriers erected against inflation. The black market itself is inflation at work. The price roof was built to keep down inflationary forces such as unnecessary upsurges in the cost of consumer goods. The black marketeers haven't smashed the roof yet, but they've torn huge gaps in it.

The racketeers have taken advantage of scarcities in consumer goods and the disproportionate demand for them and have doubled, trebled and quadrupled prices. They have been distorted out of all proportion to actual value and in the process the operators, big and small, have made fabulous profits. These the racketeers must hide, not only to evade taxes but also to escape prosecution for violation of OPA rules. One black marketeer reported an income of $30,000 for the last two years and then, in an unexplainable burst of stupidity, deposited $1,500,000 in racket profits in six Manhattan banks. If these millions were jettisoned suddenly into the economic stream, they'd swell the inflationary flood that's already hammering at the country's financial levees.

A Dark Outlook For Racketeers

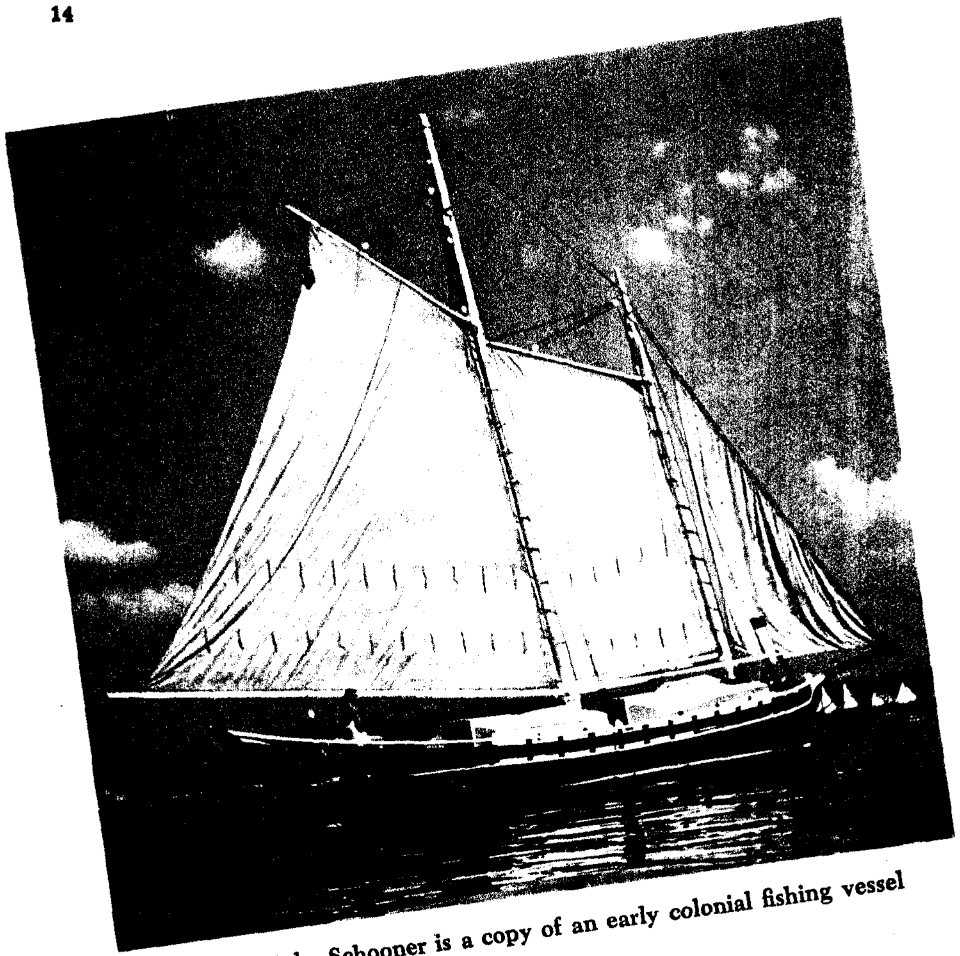
To reinforce our defenses against inflation, the Department of Justice and its F.B.I., as well as the OPA and the Treasury Department, with the wholehearted backing of President Truman, have opened an all-out offensive against the racketeers. They've enlisted the help of banks throughout the country. They've recruited small armies of enforcement agents.

So the price police of the OPA and the tax cops of the Treasury Department are looking for the little man in the gray hat. He's wandering about New York, or the United States, with 50,000 unspendable dollars, an unhappy man marked for prison. Had he not been a war profiteer and a tax evader he would have identified himself, and the bank would have changed his money into spendable bills. Or he would have deposited it in his own bank and drawn against it in the customary ways. In either case, however, the inconspicuous little man would have left a record.

And records are things which the sharks of the black market meticulously avoid. They're the hooks upon which the racketeers

(Continued on page 33)

Holders of wads of $1,000 bills have offered them for sale below face value. That's illegal



Pinky's Pinky Schooner is a copy of an early colonial fishing vessel

MEN OVERBOARD!

BY STASIA LINDER

WELL, one thing I found out on account of the late war: it takes three women to replace one man on a sailboat. Our boat is a 40-foot, two-masted schooner, Pinky class, an old-fashioned, beautiful thing, but hefty.

Before my husband (Robert Linder) joined the Navy, he and I together could manage it fine. But with an all-woman crew it takes four of us. A girl doesn't have the muscle it takes to handle a heavy sail alone.

In the beginning the family and everybody said surely I would put the boat in drydock until Bob came home, surely I wouldn't try to manage it by myself.

That first spring three years ago, everybody had fits when I went out to the shipyard—it's near Manhasset on Long Island Sound—and started climbing around, scraping and sandpapering and painting.

The workmen out there were swell, telling me what to do next, but they couldn't get over it when I made them hoist me up in a boatswain's seat so I could paint the top of the mast. But I like doing such things. At the war plant where I used to work they made me an instructor of turret lathes and grinders.

Anyway, I got the boat fixed up pretty nice, and then I looked around for some girls to go sailing with me.

I'm a model, so I know all the kids at the Conover Agency. (They call me Pinky Schooner there, after the boat. You wouldn't think I had any other name.) By now about a half dozen of the girls are pretty good sailors.

A few I tried were afraid of breaking their fingernails or getting too sunburned, and you can't be like that on a boat, so I gave them up. At first the girls would bring their husbands or beaus along, but within a year or so all the husbands and beaus were in the war, too, so, except for occasional leaves, we were on our own.

It hasn't been bad. Now the war's over, we can't wait for our men to come home, but until then, a hen party is pretty good fun, if it's a sailing hen party.

We go out every week end. Not out to sea—the boat's seaworthy, but I'm not sure I am. I can read a compass and a chart and as long as we stick to the Sound we're all right. We stay aboard overnight and we cook and it's okay.

We don't pay any attention to those seagoing wolves who come alongside and say, "Can't we come aboard and give you girls a hand?" We're independent.

Ready, Willing, But Not Too Able

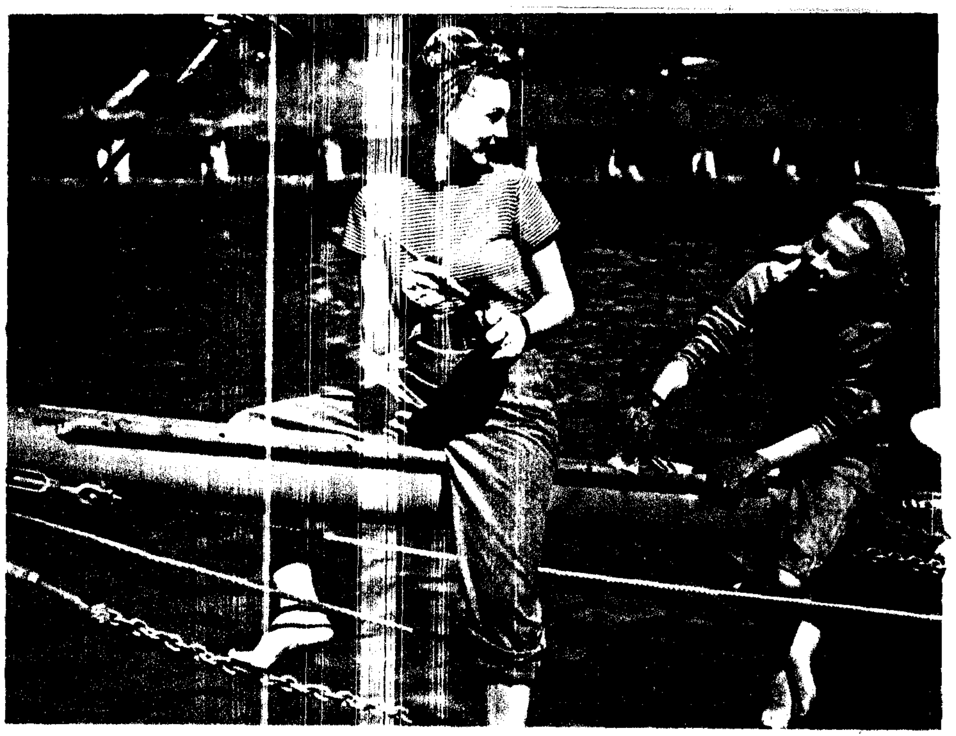
The gang you see in the pictures here aren't all experienced. While Collier's photographer was taking the pictures we got into a little trouble. My crew were being so helpful they rushed things and got the sails up and pulled tight before we dropped our mooring. Scared the be-jeepers out of me. Somebody could get hurt.

I screamed at one girl, "Drop the mooring! Quick, drop it!"

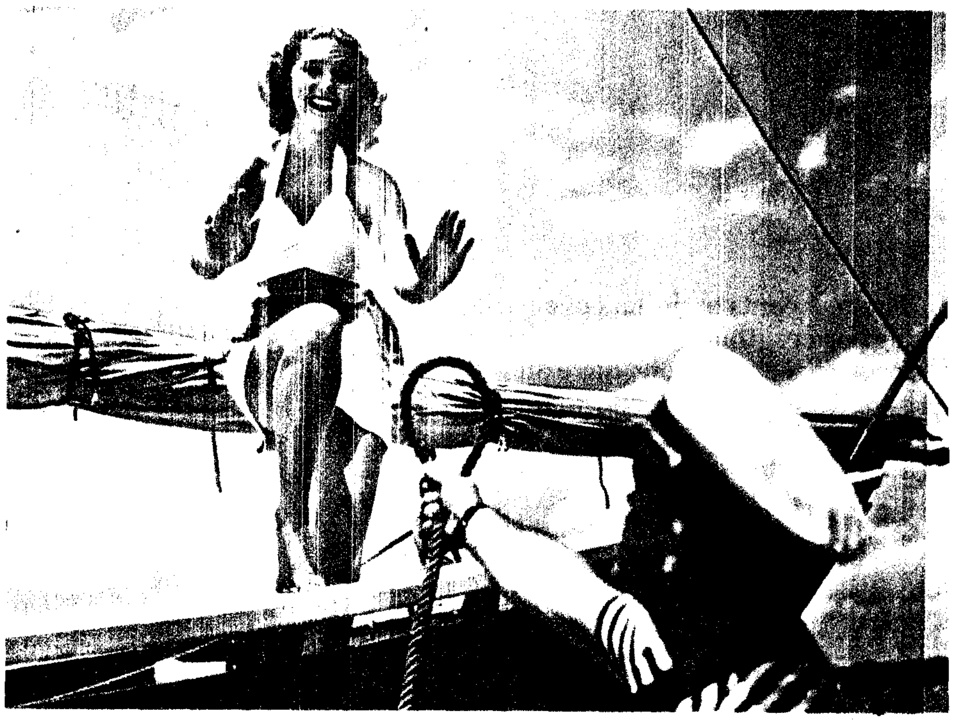
She just stared at me. Then I had sense enough to change it to, "Throw that can overboard," and she did.

One thing, if you sail with an all-woman crew, you don't need to diet or to exercise. You stay thin, all right. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF—PIX

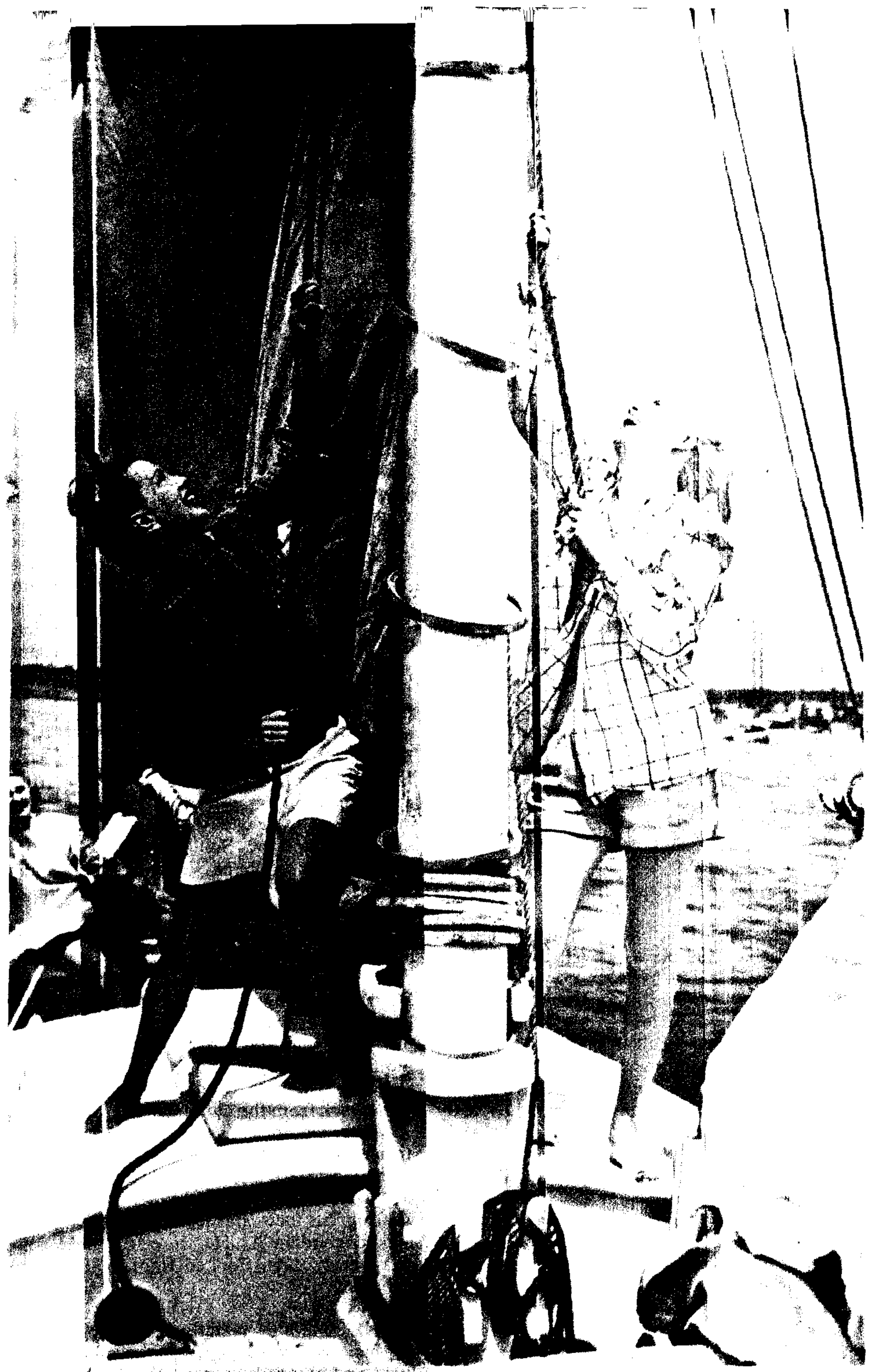


Stasia Linder (Pinky) and Evelyn Allen, both Conover models, enjoy the rough work that has to be done to keep their schooner trim and beautiful



Pinky says, "No, thanks, we don't need any help." Pinky and her boatload of beautiful girls inspire helpful offers from Long Island yachtsmen

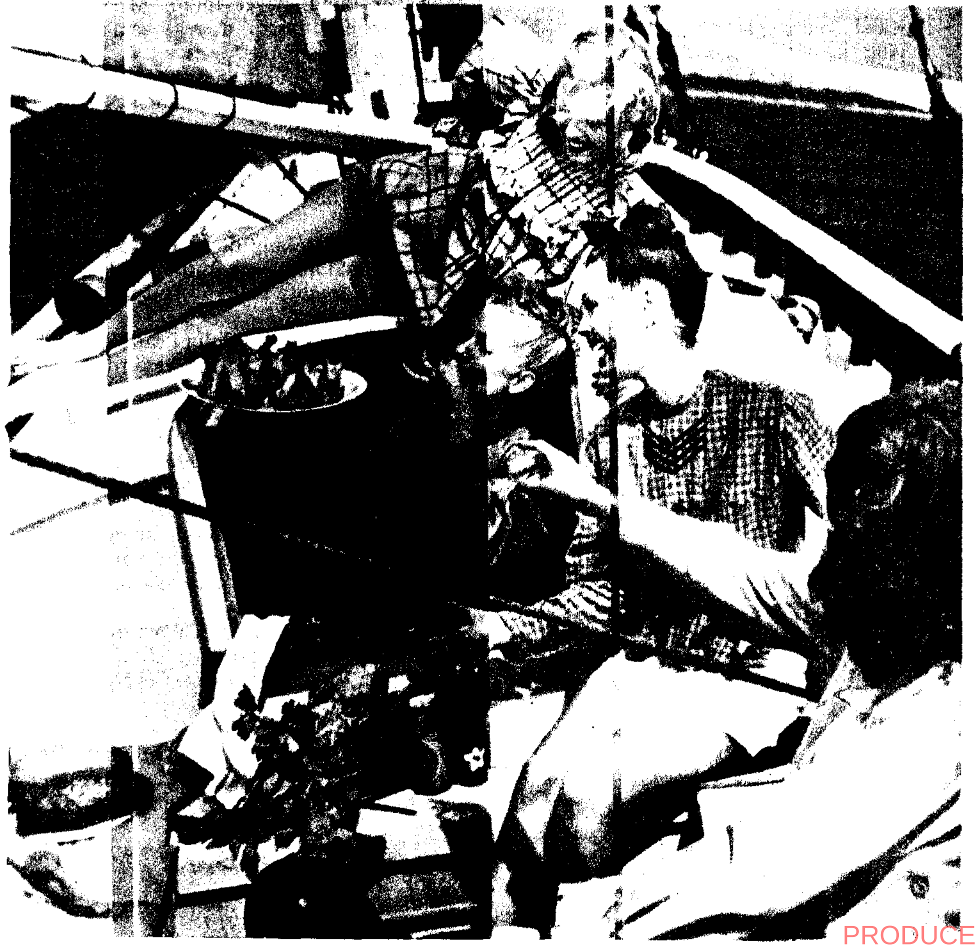
Pinky handles the tiller nonchalantly. She's a redhead here, next day she was a blonde. "I change the color of my hair to go with new clothes"



Mighty dressed up for a girls-only occasion, Models Evelyn Fry and Jackie Copeland yank up the heavy sail, learn nautical phrases like "main," "cleat," "jib"

The beruffled swim suit is in rehearsal for the day when Jackie's Army beau comes home. Sea wolves gathered round when she struck this pose

Pinky fixed lavish food for her hungry crew. Evelyn Allen brings out the roast chicken. Her husband, Lt. Bruce Allen, is with the Navy in the Pacific

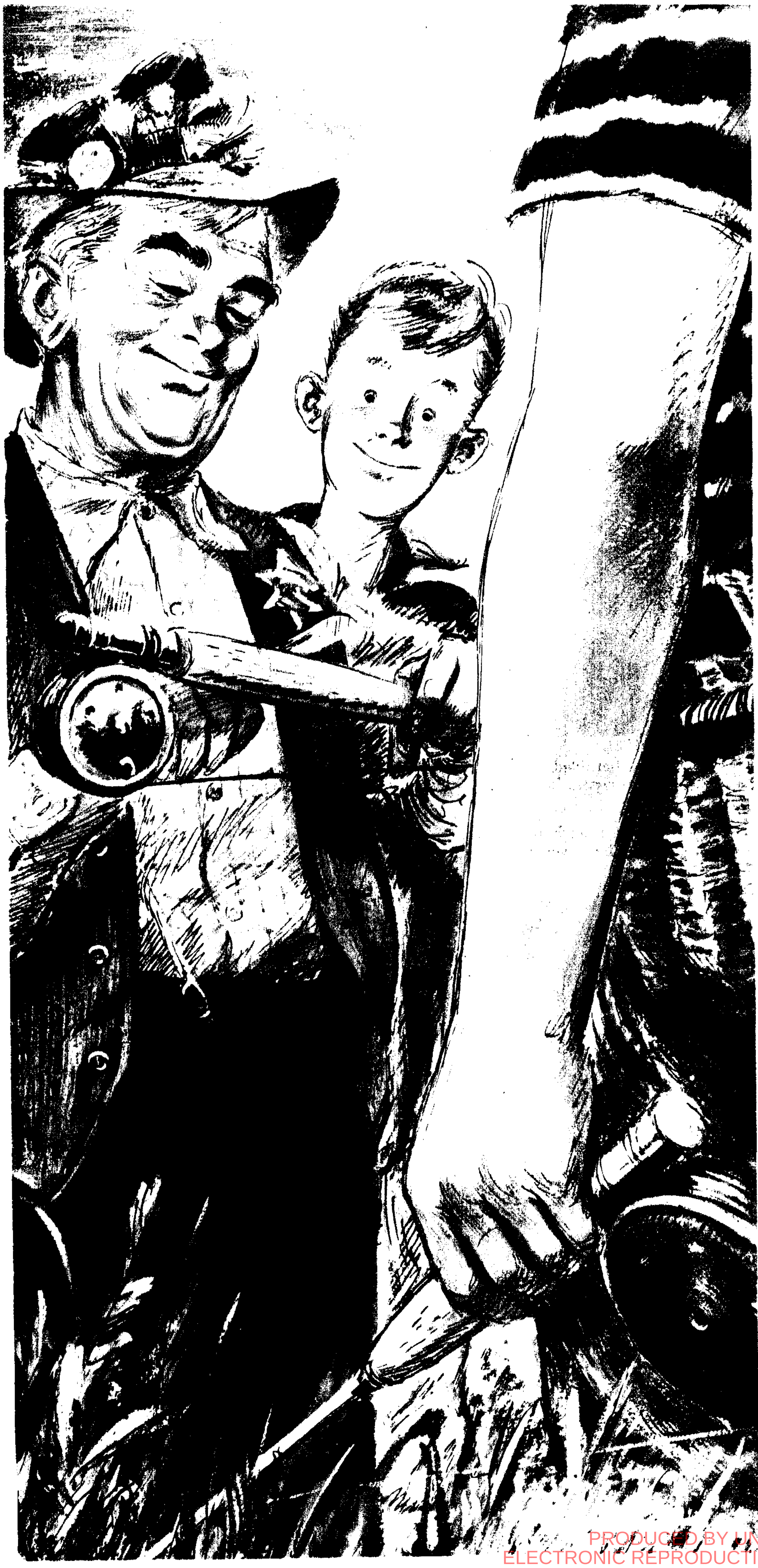


It's early to bed for the four tired shipmates, and Evelyn Fry reads aloud from her overseas letter. Her sailor says he's due for early discharge

Shadow on the Water

BY SGT. JONATHAN WALDRON

ILLUSTRATED BY LEON GREGORI



ED SOLUM had shouldered his way through the cedar patch, trailing his trout rod behind him to keep the tip from snapping on the low-hanging boughs. He stood out now in an open spot just away from the edge of the stream. The timber around him was beginning to take shape in the gray of early morning and a thin mist hung over the water. He rigged his rod with a six-foot gut leader and black gnat, pulled his rubber boots up over his knees and fastened the loops in his belt. Then, easing his way with his feet, he stepped out into the stream and felt the boots crush against his legs and the coolness of the water reach through the thin rubber and touch him. He cleared his line out in long easy whips and settled his first cast on the ripples below, letting the fly drift over to the far bank.

Far upstream he could hear the roar of Chipmunk Rapids, and he thought of the time when he used to fish that water and all the way to Farm Dam in a single morning. He had done it time and again—fishing and patrolling the area as game warden, teaching the lads who fished the Rat River the love of fishing.

THEY came to him every spring, carrying their new rods, and asked him to nick a mark on the butt to show where a trout's nose and tail should fit to be of legal size. That was their gesture to Solum.

And his way was to say, "There you are, son. Keep your line clean and your shadow out of the water."

It was a little ritual they went through each spring.

But at sixty now, and with a new warden having taken his place, he felt a little rusty and tired. He'd fish a few good spots and stop. He felt odd in his new role as fisherman—like a man doing only half a day's work. It wasn't a bad thought that hung in his mind, but it was an uneasy one—the thought that he was out. Finished. He knew this would happen when he reached sixty and he had been trying to get ready for it. They had named a park for him, Solum Reserve, up on Thunder Mountain, and they'd offered him a job at Meadowbrook Fish Hatchery. He should be content the way it was. He'd get used to it. He'd see.

Ahead of him, where the water ran against the bank and formed a deep pool, a trout surfaced and left a swirl on the water. He shuffled along the stream bottom and reached a point on a sand bar where the water barely touched his ankles. Then working out some thirty feet of line, he laid the fly where the trout had broken. It came from under the bank, smacked the fly and swept on downstream. The line ran out and tightened. Ed raised the rod tip, set the hook and watched while the trout made for the deeper water, then for a tangle of roots near the bank. Each rush against the spring of the rod knocked some fight out of the fish. Then playing the line in carefully from the reel, he worked the trout into the shallow water and set it up on the sand bar.

Three more casts failed to raise anything, but on the fourth a small speckled trout reached out in a quick dart and took the gnat. He could see the gleam of its side as it shimmied back into the pool and he knew it would be too small to keep. He threw out the line and let the trout shake itself free. He thought of the small trout now and the time he had found an obviously undersized one in the creel of his old friend Charlie Wickert.

"Got a kinda small one there, Charlie." And as he spoke he noticed that the fish was hooked so badly it would have died anyway.

"Well, I don't know, Ed. . . . I don't know . . ."

They both waited.

"Tell you what, Charlie. You stay here and I'll go up to my car and get a measuring stick." He left, knowing well enough Charlie would lay the small fish under a stump while he was gone.

A smile ran across Ed's face now. He waded the stream and came out on the fa bank where he had to scramble and pu himself up to the top. Here the stream mad a quick bend and willows reached out fro either bank, in places their tips touching t form a canopy over the water.

It was hard water to fish. It was too deep and uncertain to wade, and the tangle o willows along the bank formed a heavy barrier on each side. About fifty feet from where he stepped out, there was a break in the thick cover—a hole just big enough for a man to creep through. He bent down and wormed his way toward the bank, pushing his rod out ahead of him.

Finding room to kneel, he took the black gnat between his thumb and forefinger and flexed the tip of the rod like one end of a bow. He released the fly. It spun over the water, settled in the current and was washed back under the bank near him. A trout rolled from under the bank, sucked in the fly in a quick motion and sank back to the bottom Solum felt the rod go heavy in his hand as the tip bent down toward the water. There was no room to maneuver a trout in this spot so he held the rod out firmly and let the fish fight the rod.

He had to be unusually gentle since he could not see, and it was nearly fifteen minutes before he felt the tension ease and ease. Lying almost prone, he reached out and down and slipped his net into the water. It came up dripping, bellying with the weight of an eighteen-inch rainbow. Solum slid the fish into his creel and his hand shook a little, feeling the heaviness of it. He moved back out of the gap in the willow and rested.

The heat of the day was beginning to show and it was a good relief to fold his boots back down and fasten them below his knees. He cut out a few bunches of thick grass and laid them in the creel with the trout. Then picking up his rod, he walked slowly along the fringe of willows and came out into the meadow where the water ran quietly as it stood back from the dam farther downstream.

A sharper noise to the right brought him around. He had half expected to meet young Art Judd and it didn't startle him when he stepped out not twenty feet away. Art was wearing his new warden's uniform and he looked good in it. He wore it a little self-consciously but it looked right on him nevertheless.

THE time hung quietly. Solum picked up his creel, which lay on the ground beside him, and stepped over to the bank of the stream, dipping it in the water several times to wet down the trout and the grass inside.

"Morning, Art," he said.

"Morning, Mr. Solum." Art came closer and asked, "They seem to be hittin' today?"

"Fair, just fair." He began to fumble with the catch on the creel.

"Never mind, never mind, Mr. Solum," Art protested, making a small, embarrassed gesture with his hands.

They were both a little nervous, Ed Solum could sense, both trying to make it easier between them. Art because he thought there might be resentment, and he because he wanted to help him over the awkwardness, the way he had been helped when he was young.

He began breaking down his rod, putting the leader and flies back in the tackle box.

"That's a mighty nice rod you have there," he heard Art say.

"It's a new one," Ed Solum said. "Fellows at Marinette gave it to me yesterday. Sort of . . . sort of present. . . ." He hesitated. "How about marking it for me, Art?"

"Me?" Art said. He grinned. "Why, yes. I mean, why, *sure,* Mr. Solum. I'd like to."

He took the rod, still grinning, and with his knife nicked it for trout size.

"There you are," he said, handing it back. "Now keep your line clean and your shadow out of the water." He swallowed. "Is that right, Mr. Solum?"

"You've got it down pat, Warden," Ed Solum said. "Yep. You'll be all right." He nodded. "In fact, that makes everything all right. Yep."

He felt better now, much better. As if the boy had taken some of the tiredness from him. Or as if he were young again himself, free to fish or do anything he liked.

The lads would come to Ed Solum to ask him to nick a mark on the butt of their new rods to show where a trout's nose and tail should fit to be of legal size

a short short story complete on this page

ONE VOICE FOR SIXTY MILLION

BY SIDNEY HILLMAN

The executive committee of the World Labor Conference holds a press conference. Left to right, V. V. Kuznetsoff, Soviet Union, Philip Murray, United States, Sidney Hillman, United States, and Sir Walter Citrine, England

One of America's outstanding labor leaders tells what happened at the international labor conference in Oakland and, backed by the Paris meeting this month, how labor hopes to keep the peace

SIXTY million of the world's common people—organized workers—stand pledged to act together for peace, economic security and full democracy. In London, last February, the first World Labor Conference adopted this program. Two hundred delegates from thirty-five countries, representing the trade unions of all free nations, unanimously agreed upon it.

In Oakland, California, last May, their Administrative Committee announced a draft constitution for the new organization which will carry it out.

That the World Federation of Trade Unions was being born, aroused but little general interest. Across the Bay, in San Francisco, the United Nations Conference on International Organization held the world's attention. Some of the delegates sitting in San Francisco's opera house recognized the importance of the simple announcement from Oakland. A majority decided, officially, to ignore it. Those who regard an organization of the world's workers as a political and economic menace doubtless hoped, by ignoring it, to bury it. They are doomed to disappointment. For the first time in history, a single, all-inclusive organization of the trade unions of the world is in the making.

Late this month the delegates to the World Labor Conference will meet again—this time in Paris—to adopt the constitution proposed by the thirteen-man Administrative Committee that met at Oakland. With this done, the first world-wide organization of trade unions will come into being as a permanent institution.

Mr. William Green, whose A.F. of L. stayed away from London and will not come to Paris, calls the World Federation of Trade Unions a "Soviet conspiracy to split the democratic labor movement." Apparently we're all out of step but Bill. For the A.F. of L. (and John L. Lewis' United Mine Workers) are the only labor organizations of any consequence in the world that have refused to participate.

Mr. Green, plainly, doesn't like the Soviet trade unions. But, if the WFTU is a "Soviet conspiracy" because the Russians are in it, the United Nations must be one too. Because the Russians are in it also. And what kind of a conspiracy does that make the defeat of Hitler, with which, as Mr. Green may remember, the Russians had something to do?

We of the CIO can't follow Mr. Green's logic. We have watched Roosevelt and, now, Truman work as partners with Stalin without any compromise on principle. Their partnership is paying big dividends in victory and peace. We believe that co-operation between the workers of our two countries will be as fruitful as the alliance between our governments. Besides, we've tried it—in London and Oakland—and it works.

The delegates who met in London came from forty-eight trade-union organizations of thirty-five nations. There they spoke for sixty million men and women. In Paris additional nations and millions more organized workers will be represented. After Paris the WFTU will continue to grow. It is a movement by organized labor, but it will not work for the interests of labor alone. It includes men of every political faith and party from the most conservative of trade unionists to Communists. It can, and will, be one of the most potent instruments of world peace and a tower of strength to the United Nations in their effort to make peace durable. It will represent not only organized workers but the little people of all the earth—the common people who must bear the deepest horrors of war, to whom war first fetches death, starvation and homelessness.

If these millions as a body stand firm on the program unanimously approved in London and which the final session in Paris will make a part of WFTU's fundamental charter, future war will not occur. We propose to work for the elimination of the political and economic conditions that lead to war; we shall work as a unit to prevent war-breeding situations from arising. Or, if they arise, we shall insist that international action be taken to eliminate them.

Our organization, for example will insist that economic sanctions be imposed on a nation whose policy is war. Our members who work on the docks and the ships would help police these sanctions and see to it that they are enforced and that supplies do not reach the war maker. Our world organization would also give full assistance and support to the workers of such a nation in their struggle against their Fascist or Fascist-minded government.

The program adopted in London is no narrow political platform. Our aims are victory over our present foes, peace for the future and a world which will provide the opportunity for all people to enjoy a secure, happy and prosperous life. In London, WFTU confounded those who said that racial, national and ideological differences would make agreement impossible. This sort of thing had been tried before—and always failed, they said smugly. After the successful London conference, they said that we could never agree on the structure of a permanent organization.

A Constitution for World Labor

We haven't heard from these skeptics since Oakland. Perhaps it is because ten days after we had convened, we announced to some five hundred newspaper correspondents and commentators that the Administrative Committee of WFTU had approved a draft constitution and recommended it to world labor for adoption. Mr. Philip Murray, president of the Congress of Industrial Organizations, presiding over our conference, was able, also, to tell the press of the world that the action of the Administrative Committee had been unanimous.

In Paris the permanent WFTU organization will be formed. Offices will be opened for the general secretary and his staff. From the Paris headquarters will issue a newspaper and frequent bulletins through which all member organizations will be kept informed of what the WFTU is doing, what it proposes to do, what is going on in the various membership countries.

There will be yearly meetings of the General Council and meetings every six months of the Executive Committee. In emergencies these meetings will be more frequent. Funds will be provided from dues paid by the member trade unions.

It is not at all remarkable that our critics predicted failure at Oakland. The Administrative Committee of thirteen had to contend with most of the difficulties that plagued the San Francisco Conference. There was the eternal question of voting procedure, a matter of protecting the democratic rights of the small organizations, to prevent a single large union or a combination of large unions from dominating the federation. There was long debate on the powers to be granted to the world federation while still preserving the autonomy (San Francisco called it sovereignty) of the constituent national trade union bodies.

Again, there was much discussion regarding the method of incorporating into the federation the existing international labor unions—transport workers, miners, metal workers and so on. And there was the language barrier. There were only thirteen delegates but widely divergent views had to be translated into four languages—English, Russian, Spanish and French.

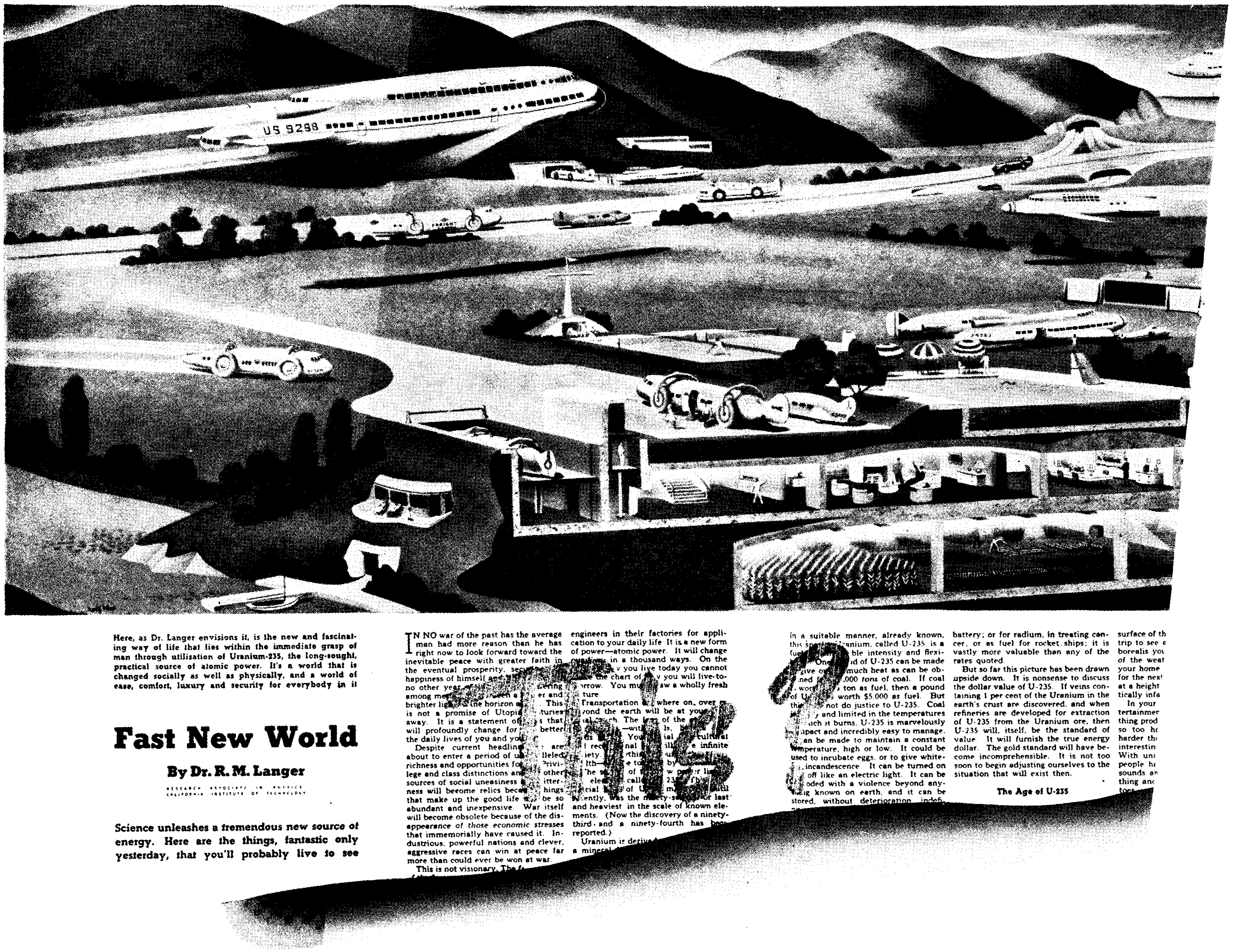
The American Federation of Labor and the United Mine Workers refused to attend the London Conference in February and were not represented in Oakland. Yet at our conference table were some of the world's great labor leaders.

There was silver-haired Sir Walter Citrine, head of the British Trades Union Congress since 1926. For many years he has been president of the International Federation of Trade Unions. At his side sat his associate, Ebby Edwards, shrewd, amiable and stocky. He's secretary of the British Miners Union. There was the Belgian Walter Schevenels who speaks fluent French, German, Dutch, Flemish and English. A great linguist, he's general secretary of the International Federation of Trade Unions.

Opposite was J. H. Oldenbroek. He's the Dutch secretary of the International Transport Workers Federation, a short precise man. Beside him sat scholarly H. T. Liu of the

(Continued on page 68)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LEO ROSENTHAL–PIX



REPRINTED FROM COLLIER'S, JULY 6, 1940

Here, as Dr. Langer envisions it, is the new and fascinating way of life that lies within the immediate grasp of man through utilization of Uranium-235, the long-sought, practical source of atomic power. It's a world that is changed socially as well as physically, and a world of ease, comfort, luxury and security for everybody in it

Fast New World

By Dr. R. M. Langer

RESEARCH ASSOCIATE IN PHYSICS
CALIFORNIA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

Science unleashes a tremendous new source of energy. Here are the things, fantastic only yesterday, that you'll probably live to see

This?

IN NO war of the past has the average man had more reason than he has right now to look forward toward the inevitable peace with greater faith in the eventual prosperity, sec[illegible] happiness of himself [illegible] no other year [illegible] among me[illegible] er and brighter lig[illegible] the horizon [illegible]. This is not a promise of Utopi[illegible] turies away. It is a statement of[illegible]s that will profoundly change for [illegible] better the daily lives of you and yo[illegible]

Despite current headlin[illegible] are about to enter a period of u[illegible]lleled richness and opportunities fo[illegible] Privilege and class distinctions an[illegible] other sources of social uneasiness [illegible] itterness will become relics beca[illegible] hings that make up the good life [illegible] be so abundant and inexpensive. War itself will become obsolete because of the disappearance *of those economic* stresses that immemorially have caused it. Industrious, powerful nations and clever, aggressive races can win at peace far more than could ever be won at war.

This is not visionary. The f

engineers in their factories for application to your daily life. It is a new form of power—atomic power. It will change [illegible] in a thousand ways. On the [illegible] v you live today you cannot [illegible] the chart of [illegible] v you will live tomorrow. You mu[illegible] aw a wholly fresh [illegible] ture.

Transportation [illegible] where on, over [illegible] yond the earth will be at you[illegible] The [illegible] of the [illegible] —wit[illegible] ls, [illegible] ds [illegible] You[illegible] ial [illegible] cultural [illegible] rec[illegible] nal [illegible] ill[illegible] e infinite [illegible] iety. [illegible] thi[illegible] lth—[illegible] e to[illegible] by [illegible] he s[illegible] of [illegible] w p[illegible] r li[illegible] ele[illegible] calle[illegible] 23[illegible] cial [illegible] of U[illegible] m[illegible] ently, was the n[illegible]ety-s[illegible] or last and heaviest in the scale of known elements. (Now the discovery of a ninety-*third* and a ninety-fourth has bee[illegible] reported.)

Uranium is deriv[illegible] a mine

in a suitable manner, already known, this sp[illegible] anium, called U-235, is a fue[illegible] ble intensity and flexi[illegible] One [illegible] d of U-235 can be made [illegible] give o[illegible] much heat as can be ob[illegible] ned f[illegible],000 *tons* of coal. If coal [illegible] wor[illegible] ton as fuel, then a pound of U[illegible] worth $5,000 as fuel. But thi[illegible] not do justice to U-235. Coal [illegible] y and limited in the temperatures [illegible] ich it burns. U-235 is marvelously [illegible] pact and incredibly easy to manage. [illegible] an be made to maintain a constant temperature, high or low. It could be used to incubate eggs, or to give white-[illegible] incandescence. It can be turned on [illegible] off like an electric light. It can be [illegible] oded with a violence beyond any[illegible] g known on earth, and it can be stored, without deterioration, indefi

battery; or for radium, in treating cancer, or as fuel for rocket ships; it is vastly more valuable than any of the rates quoted.

But so far this picture has been drawn upside down. It is nonsense to discuss the dollar value of U-235. If veins containing 1 per cent of the Uranium in the earth's crust are discovered, and when refineries are developed for extraction of U-235 from the Uranium ore, then U-235 will, itself, be the standard of value. It will furnish the true energy dollar. The gold standard will have become incomprehensible. It is not too soon to begin adjusting ourselves to the situation that will exist then.

The Age of U-235

surface of th
trip to see
borealis you
of the weat
your home
for the next
at a height
tically infa

In your
tertainmen
thing prod
so too h
harder th
interestin
With uni
people h
sounds an
thing and
toe

DELIVERANCE or DOOM

BY PHILIP WYLIE

Can man control the new force that will shatter his social and economic institutions as surely as it flattened the cities of Japan? He can—if he begins now to plan, realistically and honestly, to survive the disasters that already threaten the peace and security of his brave new world

Philip Wylie is, professionally, a well-known novelist and short-story writer. His scientific background and his long-standing preoccupation with nuclear physics have, in the past, resulted in surprisingly prophetic fiction concerning the age of atomic power and its problems.

ALL of us who have given real thought and careful imagination to an "Atomic Age" have made one common blunder: We have assumed it would be the hope and horror of future persons; we never dreamed that we, ourselves, would be asked by the newspapers and magazines for which we work to sit down and write, "Here it is. We must now do thus and so." And in that all-too-real circumstance, I feel a sense of shock that mingles with elation over having lived, myself, to see the day. It is a great day.

A committee of scientists and statesmen, appointed by President Truman, is formulating a plan for the new age. Every fact of the present situation is known to that committee. Nothing more is known to me than what had been discovered before the war and what has been told since the atom bombing. So this discussion is offered with reservations. It is a first, exploratory set of suggestions which may give rise to others more informed and therefore more germane. But it will show, I think, not just the peril which confronts humanity. It will give some estimate of the hope that lies ahead of us and some notion of how we human beings, who depend so desperately upon our foresight, may devise plans big enough and rational enough to make atomic energy the instrument of deliverance rather than of doomsday.

World reaction to the atomic bomb has been too largely limited to a feeling of terror and too little concerned with the greater problems and the greater possibilities of the new force. Atomic energy is *only incidentally* a military weapon. As a source of power it will be more important to human beings than all the wars recorded.

In Collier's, more than five years ago, Dr. R. M. Langer of California Institute of Technology predicted this day in detail. Here are a few of the things he said in that widely quoted article:

"The foundations of the happy era have already been laid. The driving force is within our grasp. . . . On the basis of how you live today you cannot make a chart of how you will live tomorrow. You must draw a wholly fresh picture, for the face of the earth will be changed. The destructive potentialities of U-235 make it imperative that the citizens of the future be better educated than they are now with respect to their social responsibilities."

The replanning of our world should begin for you as you read this, if you have not already begun. We still need more facts concerning all aspects of the situation. But the one fact in our possession—the reality of the bomb, when viewed in the light of the history of science—is enough to guarantee that the energy of the atom will be available—and soon. The only question is *how soon.* Sir James Chadwick, head of the British experts who helped to develop the bomb, has stated that atomic energy will be commercially available to us in a period closer to ten years than fifty. He ought to know.

From the standpoint of our future prosperity, our abundance, our very existence as individuals and as a species, and not merely from a military standpoint, it is to the utmost advantage of every person alive to do what he can to see that this energy is made available *as soon as possible!*

We know that three major problems confront us: atomic energy as a weapon, atomic energy as a power supply, and the possible hazard implicit in all atom-splitting experimentation. Let us consider them one by one.

1. The most mistaken idea in the public mind today is that "atomic energy is our secret." Its secrecy is about equal to that of next year's models of automobiles. The basic

Or This

principles were known everywhere before the war began. Scientists from numerous nations engineered the bomb by applying those principles. But many nations worked upon the practical application of atomic energy before the war, and during it, and their scientists are continuing to do so now. The industrial organizing that manufactured our bombs was a putting to work of facts everybody knew.

2. It is unreasonable to assume that scientists will never find means to release the energy in the atoms of substances other than uranium. Every single atom is theoretically capable of energy-release—the atoms in this paper, the atoms in your hand. Thus the monopoly of uranium-bearing ores—widely believed to be a "protection" against atom-bomb danger—will give us at best only temporary protection. Furthermore, uranium-bearing ores are widely distributed. Many sources lie in and on the earth, as yet undiscovered. So there is no way to control uranium sources, even if such control would assure a lasting monopoly of the raw materials from which atomic energy is produced.

3. Although we required three hidden cities to produce the bomb, it must not be thought that such gigantic facilities will always be needed for the production of atomic energy. It is more logical to assume that, in the future, devices for the release of that energy may be produced by comparatively small factories and laboratories.

4. The military value of atomic fission is so enormous that no successful method of destroying the discovery or of forbidding further experiment can be devised or enforced. Any attempt to stop research would merely encourage its secret performance somewhere, by persons who hoped to achieve world conquest at the expense of nations which had deliberately disarmed themselves. Our recent experience with Germany and Japan makes that fact unmistakable.

5. The suggestion of some scientists and experts that large industries, and perhaps even cities, will have to go underground not only involves fabulous expense and a change in the way of human life but also fails to consider the nature of the new force. In its inevitable refinements, it will be the perfect agent for sabotage. Not just a factory, but a city or a subterranean labyrinth will be subject to total destruction by a small object. Every passage, duct, conduit, doorway, flume, chimney, airway, water pipe and other route of entrance to an "underground city" would be vulnerable, and every loaded train or truck, every box, suitcase, tire, or even human being would have to be minutely examined, every minute, even in peacetime. This perpetual risk of losing a whole underground city and all the people in it as a result of one instant of inattention or error seems to make the cost of entombing our cities or big factories utterly unreasonable.

The whole psychology of attempting a defensive attitude toward atomic threat seems to me in error. The only possible security lies in the solution of human problems—the problems of the agents who will from now on control the new energy.

These five points sum up to one: We have knowledge of a terrible weapon which we can neither long withhold from others nor abolish from the world. Whatever happens to us, atomic bombs are here to stay. The argument against the use of this instrument on humane grounds will wither—as such arguments have always died away. Every nation, from now on, can justly say, "America is a decent nation—and America used the atomic bomb."

In this military connection, another point is worth raising. With radar direction or direction by suiciding patriots, and with stratospheric rockets that travel at thousands of miles an hour, the axiom about a defense for every offense becomes increasingly tedious. It is still the chief tenet of many an old soldier—although, if it holds true, why are half the cities of Europe flat? Granting, even, that a defense against such formidable methods of assault is devised—the "radar gun," for example—what then? Some rockets would get through. And beyond that defense lie the certain-to-be-invented, still less imaginable new forms of attack. It would be sane to assume, I think, that the new era will revise the hypotheses of any future war—reducing it to mere atomic slugging, to the ability of a people to "take it." For the bomb will sire the atomic torpedo, mine, rocket, jet plane, death ray and God knows what else.

Oil and Coal No Longer Fuels

But, as atomic energy becomes commercially available, public concern will shift to immense and immediate new problems. We must consider the likelihood that the new energy will supplant familiar forms; that much has already been hinted by the President's announcement of the bomb. Coal may ultimately be mined only for the chemicals in coal tar and no longer for fuel. The oil wells of the nation may one day be needed for lubrication, but not for gasoline. In place of great dams and immense hydroelectric plants there will be small, neat, energy-producing buildings. All this, probably in your lifetime! But who will reimburse losers in such development—and how? Can a debt-laden nation hope to meet such widespread industrial obsolescence without panic or inflation or the socialization of all its property? It can if we plan as a people.

It is reasonable to assume that atomic energy will become available in small but enormously powerful "units." Units which will heat, cool and air-condition a home for a decade without a refill. Units which will result in an automobile with a fuel supply built in for the life of the car. Units which will make air transportation so cheap, and of such long range, that all passengers and most freight will take to the airways—ultimately stranding railroads, ships and trucks.

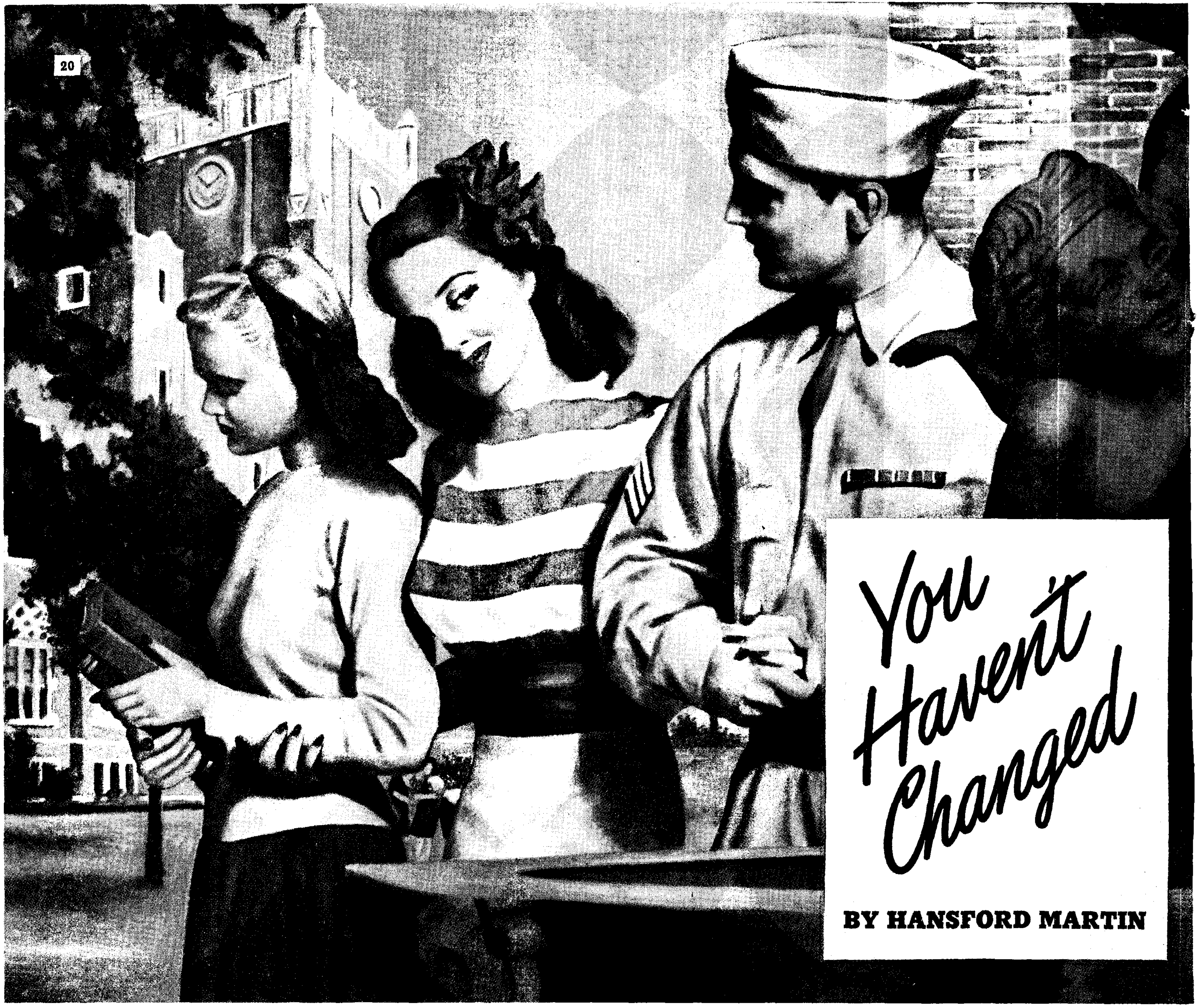
This talk—anxious, excited, hopeful—is going the rounds today. It is logical talk. But it is also inadequate talk—and almost childish. The potential future is much bigger. For we cannot really predict what will be discovered by principles still unknown—principles known only to exist. We cannot yet hope to imagine what we will accomplish even in a decade, now that we can experiment on our earth with facts and conditions which were but theory yesterday. For, suddenly, we command temperatures thousands of times as hot as any antique furnace of a year ago, energies which used to be but guesses concerning the interior of stars, matter in new forms and the means of changing it, electrical current with an amperage of millions, rays and neutron streams which might make new orders of vegetation—or sweep a city with cancer, for that matter—and pressures of the order of a hundred million pounds per cubic inch.

How then can we guess the things that factories, laboratories and corporations will be mass producing for you and me even in 1950?

At the moment, we stand where Benjamin Franklin stood with his key and kite in relation to electricity. Could Franklin, that day,

(Continued on page 79)

DRAWING BY KENNETH THOMPSON



"I've got to talk to Bob," Nadine said, linking her hand in his. Anne was silent. She knew Bob was feeling proud having Nadine on his arm

You Haven't Changed

BY HANSFORD MARTIN

He had always envied glamor, sophistication, dates with the most popular girl. Now they were his for the asking—yet his heart kept looking back

THE train from the city stopped only a few minutes at this station, and then roared on southward, down toward the Texas border. The young man, who had been waiting in the vestibule from the time they had crossed the outskirts of town, swung himself onto the red brick platform as quickly as possible, and headed straight for the wide asphalted street which lay beyond the station. A taxi was parked outside the lunchroom across the way, but there were no pedestrians on the street, and no moving automobiles. For a moment he had the feeling that something had gone terribly wrong. Then he heard a voice behind him saying, "Hello, Bob," and he turned his head quickly.

The girl sitting on one of the empty baggage trucks behind him swung her brown legs casually and waited for him to acknowledge her.

"Hi, Anne," he said. "How'd you know I was coming?"

"Your mother wrote me," she told him, and jumped down from the luggage rack. She was a short, pleasant-looking girl, and her sweater and skirt made her seem younger than he knew her to be.

"You haven't changed," he said.

Under her tan, she flushed a little, and shook her head. Her hair shining in the afternoon sunlight reminded him of all the two o'clock classes he used to cut, of all the Cokes such heads had bent over in the Student Union when they should have been fixed on The History of Economic Thought or A Selected Text of Contemporary Essays.

"This is beginning to feel all right," he said. "For a minute when I saw the town—"

"The town's different these days."

"Oh, well, the town," he said, shrugging. "The campus is what I want to see."

He took her arm and they began walking toward the street. She didn't say anything about the uniform he still wore, although he had his discharge papers in his pocket, or about his sergeant's chevrons and the campaign ribbons. That made him feel comfortable, because he supposed she wouldn't say anything about his leg, either. But when she asked, as they approached the curb, "Would you mind if we took a cab, Bob?" he looked at her quickly.

"I can walk fine," he said defensively.

"It's just that I've got a three o'clock class, and nobody can walk fine enough for that."

"Oh, sure," he said, and whistled at the cab across the street.

As they rode toward the campus, Bob could not stop thinking how curiously deserted the town seemed.

"What's happened to everything?" he asked aloud.

Grinning up at him, Anne said, "There's been a war on."

"The back of me hand!" he threatened, and made the gesture. It was something they used to do, and she laughed delightedly.

Then her face sobered. "There hasn't been much life in the town any more," she said, "except on Saturday nights when the people came in from the country."

"I remember how they always did," he said. And thought of the many times, waiting for an alert or waiting for sleep after a mission, when he'd remembered those Saturday nights.

He looked up and saw that he and Anne had arrived at the Union. She got out of the cab first. He didn't know whether this was because she didn't want to make him scramble over her or whether she was really in a hurry to get to class. That might have been it, because, after he paid the driver, Anne said shyly, "I don't suppose you'd want to sit in on this one? It's only French Conversation."

"No, thanks," he said hastily. "You go on." He knew she was expecting it, so he added, "Suppose I meet you back in the Union afterward. We'll have a Coke."

"Fine," she said, and her face lighted up for a moment before she left him to cut across the lawn toward the Liberal Arts Building. But as he began to climb the short flight of steps into the Union, he felt a sense of relief. It was all right for her to be at the station, but he wanted to be careful not to let her get any ideas about their being together a lot now that he thought he might come back to college to pick up where he'd left off.

It was almost exactly the same feeling he had had the year she came down as a freshman; the year that had been his junior year, his last one. Since their families had been friends for so long, he had felt an uneasy fear that he might be expected to be responsible for her social life at college.

Well, it had worked out all right that time. Probably it would now, once he got the idea of mutual independence across to her again. He liked Anne, she was a good kid; but her kind of girl wasn't the kind he remembered when he remembered college. Instead, he had recalled girls like Nadine Catlett, or that blonde named Margaret something—girls who were smooth and pretty and too popular for him to have known them very well. . . .

He pushed open the swinging doors which led into the Union Cafeteria, and stopped abruptly just inside the room. There weren't

(Continued on page 40)

ILLUSTRATED BY PIO JUNCO

THE GREAT LIFT

BY W. B. COURTNEY

RADIOED FROM PARIS

The smooth, swift, safety-first job now being done by the Air Transport Command in winging G.I.s home across the Atlantic is enough to make an air enthusiast bust his vest buttons from sheer patriotic pride

NOBODY is happy in this jeep. Nobody speaks a word. The officers have long faces. The boy at the wheel backs and turns in a series of exasperated jerks that brings on a reprimand. Then he glumly drives off toward headquarters. The noise of the last bomber has died away in a cloudless sky and there is nothing but the clatter of pebbles on the fenders.

Later in the day you will be able to watch heat rise in visible ripples from the immense stove top which is the airfield at Istres in the south of France near Marseille. Even now, though it is only six in the morning and the sun has just been turned on, your shirt clings and your eyes, nose and throat are raw from the baked dust. You have watched a flight of four-motored planes take off with the alacrity of flies escaping from a hot plate. Many other planes are still on the line, silent and unattended. Only the jeep is alive and moving.

Everybody in the jeep should be happy. This is no combat mission that roared off into the dawn leaving you to sweat it out. This is a mission of gladness and home-going and the end of war. Yet everybody who saw it depart seems ready to burst into tears.

The first new sound comes from the forlornest rider of all. It is a mixture of sob and sigh that quakes him all the way from his tail to his sad brown eyes, and breaks from his mouth finally in a tiny whimper. He is a black terrier and he sits in the rear between the officers, but when they offer to pat him he shrinks away. The emotional impasse is broken now, however, and one man says, "Cheer up, Fido." The dog shifts deliberately around so that his back is to us.

"Cripes!" somebody exclaims. "Do you think Fido is the only name for a dog? Hey, Snowball or Flakbait—or whatever the hell your name is! Snap out of it!" There is no response.

"You gotta call a dog by his right name," says the driver.

"We are dopes," an officer declares. "We forgot to ask those kids what his name is."

"Drive to the control tower," another orders.

A few minutes later he is in radio communication with the pilot of a B-17 that is already far over the Mediterranean along the Spanish coast. "Ask your passengers their dog's name, will you please?" The soldiers aloft thus had a last, indirect word of the pal of their campaigns whom they had been forced by intolerant rules to leave behind. Soon back at Istres, the officer returns to his anxious companions in the jeep.

"His name," he announces solemnly, "is Elliott." And the reward for addressing him by his right name was the nearest thing to a wag and a smile that an orphaned terrier could manage for new friends.

So it is that epoch-making events often resolve into little personal crises. The job of Air Transport as understood by its nearly half a million workers is not merely to fly Yank combat men home, but to do so with safety, comfort and pleasantness. For this is the spirit of the fraternity of the air passed down the ranks by such wise old flying hands as General George, Larry Fritz, Earl Hoag and dozens of its other leaders who were early birdmen. They knew with full literalness what Undersecretary of War Robert Patterson meant in his famous directive that Air Transport Command lines should be established and maintained in a manner in keeping with the prestige of the United States of America.

The Air Transport Command is the official global airline of the United States Army Air Corps. It is a going concern, already larger than such a great American industrial corporation as prewar General Motors. Its current budget exceeds the gross national debt of the United States in any of the years before 1917. Its routes net the earth almost with the multiplicity and tightness of marks of longitude and latitude upon the map. Any one of its major branches is bigger and busier than all the combined world's commercial airways ever were.

Today it is engaged in what Brigadier General Earl S. Hoag, commander of its European Division, calls the "greatest lift of all time." A "lift" in airman terminology is a movement of troops or material, or both, in a single co-ordinated mission without regard to object, time or distance. The present lift will continue so long as there remains in Europe an American soldier the urgency of whose return home justifies his movement at the speed of air travel. The lift's peak load, about 50,000 passengers a month, should be reached as you read this.

Despite its size and complexity, the lift, under the over-all guidance of Lieutenant General Harold L. George, head of Air Transport Command, got under way within a few days after the Germans had quit. In substance, the lift was intended to be the redeployment from their conquest of Europe's skies of about 6,000 strategical and tactical planes of the Eighth, Ninth, Twelfth and Fifteenth Air Forces, with their crews and part of their ground crews, plus the paratroop and miscellaneous purpose aircraft of the Troop Carrier Command. Also the deployment by air of soldiers, principally from the ground army, in numbers each month that are roughly the manpower equivalent of three or more land divisions.

All this in addition to the regular scheduled haulage of normal passengers, mail and cargo. It meant a sudden increase of transatlantic operations by more than 300 per cent—which is a feat in any kind of business. In war it is said the only *unexpendable* item is time. You can waste material, ammunition, equipment, even men, but if you waste time, the gods will not be on your side. And we needed to economize on time because we planned to use these four great air forces in a war on the other side of the world. Now, thankfully, we need only to fly the planes and men to the United States.

You must reach widely for comparisons to gain a perspective of what our military air travel has grown to be since President Roosevelt launched the Air Transport Command—an expanded successor of the old Air

(Continued on page 28)

At Casablanca, veterans of the Italian campaign prepare to board a C-54-E for Home, Sweet Home

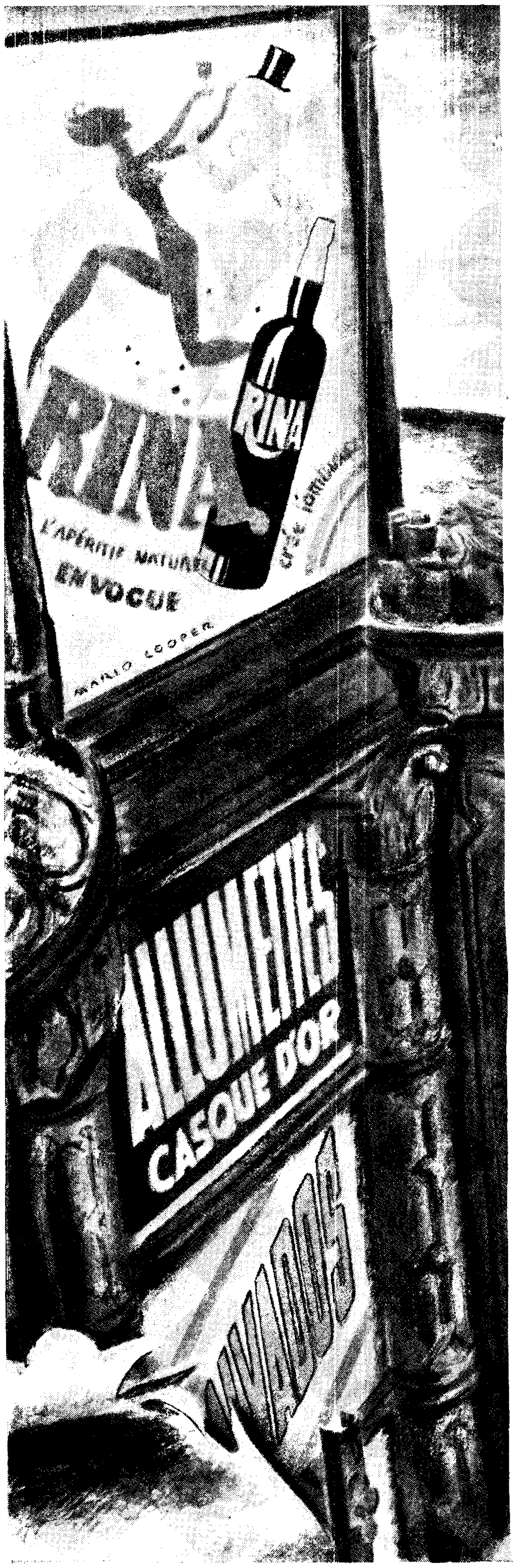
U. S. ARMY

HOME BOUND AIR LINES
483RD BMB GP

Arch of Triumph

BY ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



The Story:

Until Ravic, a well-known Berlin surgeon hiding in Paris from the Gestapo, met Joan Madou, his life had been conditioned by hate and fear. Existing only to hunt down the Gestapo official Haake, who in 1934 had brutally tortured him and been responsible for the death of the woman he loved, Ravic was simply another refugee with no papers, who made his living by operating without a license for Veber, a doctor who ran a private hospital in Paris. His meeting with Joan Madou had at first meant nothing. Stopped by her one night immediately after the death of a man very close to her, Ravic had, out of pity, made arrangements for the burial, found her a job as a singer through Boris Morosow, the doorman at the Scheherazade night club, then forgotten her entirely. When Ravic next saw Joan, he could scarcely believe the change in her: From a beaten, despairing woman she had become a person of mysterious beauty and vitality. She fell in love with him and they saw each other continually, but Ravic's world was itself a barrier against her; he knew too much of death and hate to believe in love. When he found that his friend Kate Hegstroem, who like Joan had learned faith in living, was dying of cancer, the shock only strengthened the futility he felt to be a part of his life. Unable to rid himself of this conviction, he could only believe that he must avoid involving his world with Joan's. . . .

III

KATE HEGSTROEM sat in a chair by the window of her room in Veber's hospital. "Today I went for a walk, Ravic," she said. "From the bed to the sofa. Through the room to the corridor. Back here. A more exciting journey than from here to India."

"Fine. In one week you'll be able to go back to your hotel. Even sooner if you like."

She shook her small head. "It does not matter so much. I feel quite well here. I think I have changed."

Ravic smiled.

"I know what you're thinking," she said. "Probably everyone tells you the same thing after an operation. Probably everyone wants to change, too. When one learns to walk again, one immediately knows what it means simply to be alive. Then one has many intentions, but one forgets them soon and continues to live the same existence as before. I won't forget it this time. I want to live; really to live."

"You always have. Consciously or unconsciously, Kate. For living you need not do great things all the time. Even in night clubs one can fervently feel and love life."

"No, Ravic. I have fooled around with it, and when it became serious, I ran away. I have never taken the time really to love it. I don't want it that way any longer." She hesitated. "Can I ever have a child now?"

"Not right away. You've got to become much stronger first."

"But can I have it sometime? After this operation? Isn't—haven't you—?"

"No," Ravic said. "Nothing was removed. Nothing, Kate."

She took a deep breath. "That's what I wanted to know."

"But it will still take a long time. Your entire organism must change first."

"It does not matter how long it takes." She looked at him. "I must seem ridiculous to be asking for something like this just now, after coming here so I wouldn't have a child."

"Not at all. I have often enough seen women weep for days to get back what they had cried about for days because they hadn't wanted it. But it is different with you, Kate. You really could not have had it this time."

"I know. Well, we shall see. I want to go to Italy from here. To Fiesole. Years ago I bought a house there and I've rarely been in it. I want to stay there for a while. It will be peaceful there. No people. Only an old couple, to keep one's things in order." She smiled at Ravic.

"Fine," he said.

"I want to stay there a few weeks. Maybe a few months. I don't know yet. I want to get calm. Then I'll return, break up everything, pack and go back to America and marry."

She got up and walked carefully back to her bed. "I know what you think, but this time it is different. I want to marry for good, and have children. And be calm and praise God and love life."

Ravic looked out of the window. The wild red of the sunset hung over the roofs. The electric signs were drowned in it like bloodless shadows of colors.

"I feel younger and lighter than I have for a long time," Kate Hegstroem said behind him. "When I'm over there I'll forget the years here like a senseless dream."

Ravic stayed by the window. I'll forget these years like a senseless dream, said the woman behind him in the room, the woman who was being eaten up by cancer, hopelessly, and who felt young and light as she had not felt for years.

THE evening was humid and warm. Tattered clouds floated low over the city. In front of Fouquet's restaurant, circular coke ovens were set up. A few tables and chairs stood around them. Morosow sat at one of them. He beckoned to Ravic. "Come, join me."

Ravic sat down with him. "We sit too much in rooms," Morosow declared. "Hasn't that ever occurred to you?"

"But you don't. You're always standing in front of the Scheherazade."

"My boy, let your poor logic be. Evenings I'm a sort of two-legged door at the Scheherazade, but not a human being in the open. We live in rooms too much, I say. We think too much in rooms. We love too much in rooms. We despair too much in rooms."

"Naturally, you are right."

"All right, brother. We also sleep too much in rooms. We become pieces of furniture. Stone buildings have broken our spines. We have become walking sofas, safes, dressing tables, leases, salaries and kitchen pots."

"Correct. Walking party platforms, ammunition factories, institutes for the blind and asylums for the insane."

"Don't interrupt me. Drink, be quiet and live, you murderer with the scalpel. Let us sit calmly in the last sunset of civilization and look at the most beautiful street in the world and praise the mild winter night and let us not despair." He winked at Ravic, and Ravic winked too.

They sat for a while. The fire in the coke ovens crackled. A man with a violin stood by the curb and began to play Santa Lucia.

Morosow grinned. "By the way, how are you getting along with your second-rate night-club singer, who sings that song?"

Ravic lifted his glass. "Remember your prewar education, you brutalized provincial general! The word you've forgotten is discretion. Salute!"

"Salute! I didn't know that it had become so serious. Nevertheless—"

Morosow stopped. Ravic was no longer sitting at his side. He had jumped up and worked himself through the crowd standing in front of the café and had run in the direction of the Avenue George V.

Morosow gazed after him astonished. Then he took some money out of his pocket, threw it into a china plate beside the glasses and followed Ravic.

He saw him again only when Ravic had reached the Avenue George V. The traffic lights changed at that moment and the jammed lines of cars dashed forward through the avenue. Notwithstanding, Ravic tried to cross the street. A taxi almost knocked him down. The cab driver was furious. Meanwhile, Morosow had reached Ravic and pulled him back. "Are you mad?" he growled.

Ravic did not answer. He stood on the curb, bent forward and staring across the street. The man he was looking for had already crossed over.

It took ages before they heard the shrill whistle of the policeman who stood in the middle of the Champs Elysées.

Ravic dashed across, past the last cars. A dark gray coat—that was all he had to go by. He crossed the Avenue George V and Rue de Bassano. Suddenly there were dozens of gray coats. He walked on as quickly as he could, crossing streets and pushing through the crowds until he reached the Place d'Etoile, huge, confusing, full of traffic, with streets branching off in all directions. Gone! No one could be found here.

He turned around slowly, scrutinizing the faces of the crowd. Suddenly he felt very empty. He must have been mistaken again, or the man must have escaped his eyes a second time. But could one be mistaken twice? . . .

"What happened?" Morosow asked when he had caught up with him.

"I don't know. I am probably seeing ghosts again."

Morosow's eyes contracted. "Was it your man, Haake?"

"I think so. Quite certainly. And yet—I am not so sure any more."

Morosow stared into the crowd. Then he shook his head. "To run around now and look for him here is pointless. Let's go back to Fouquet's. That's the best we can do now. In case he comes back that way, it's easiest to see him from there."

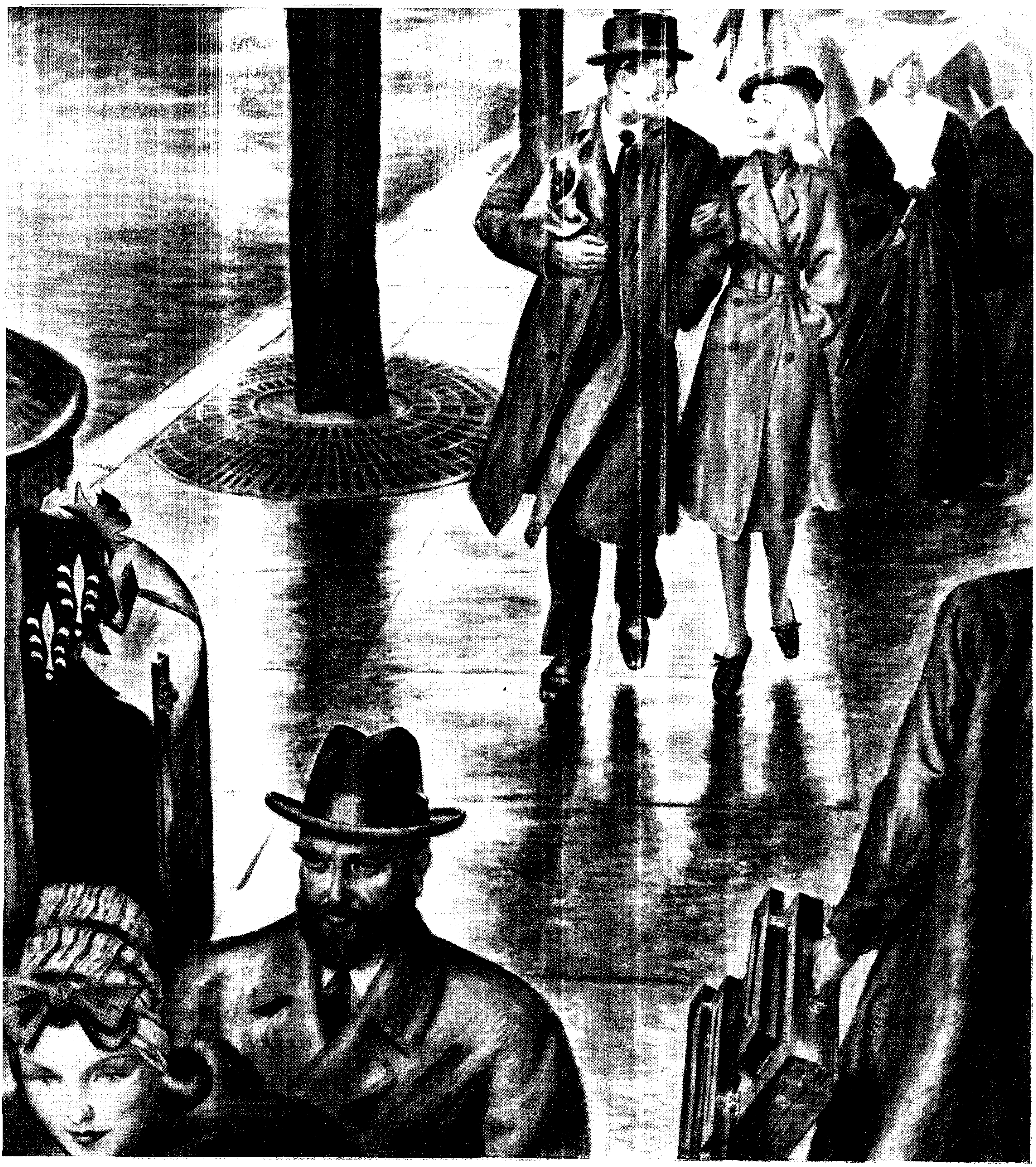
They walked back and sat down at the outermost table which had free passage in two directions. For a while they sat silently. "What do you intend to do if you meet him?" Morosow asked finally. "Do you know yet?"

Ravic shook his head. "I don't know, Boris. I really don't know."

"You have nothing on you, have you?"

"No. Nothing to kill with."

"If you had attacked him without planning it, you would



Ravic carried the bottle of calvados and they stepped out on the street. "I wish it were summer," Joan said, shivering. "I've never longed for it as I have this year"

have been separated in a minute; h[illegible] would be at police headquarters and he would [illegible] have got away with only a black eye. You know that, [illegible] you?"

"Yes."

"Bear it in mind, then. Bear it in mind with all your might. Tell yourself time and again, every time you think of it: do nothing if it isn't absolutely safe. Follow him and find out where he lives. Nothing else. Everything else is nonsense. You understand?"

Ravic nodded. . . .

Later that evening, Ravic went to the Hotel Milan. Joan would still be home.

She came to meet him. "Ravic," she said surprised. "Are you coming here?"

"Yes—why not?"

"You never come here."

He smiled absent-mindedly. "That's true, Joan. We lead a strange life."

"Yes. Like moles. Or bats. Or owls. We only see each other when it is dark."

"I work during the day and you must sleep. What can be done?"

She paced the room with long smooth strides. She wore a dark blue tailored dressing gown, drawn tight about her hips with a belt. The black evening gown which she used at the Scheherazade was lying on the bed.

"Don't you have to go soon, Joan?"

"No. Not for half an hour. This is the best time for me. The hour before I must leave. You see what I have? Coffee and all the time in the world. And now even you are here."

She brought him coffee. Her face was radiant and she was very beautiful.

He took the cup and set it, untasted, on the table. Then he took her hands tenderly. "Joan," he said.

The light in her eyes dimmed. She stood close to him. "Tell me what it is at once—"

"Why? What should it be?"

"Something. There is always something the matter when you are this way. Why did you come?"

He felt that her hands tried to pull away from him. She did not move. Even her hands did (Continued on page 55)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS GROENHOFF

The F-F-F-FTTT! Coach

BY ART ROBINSON

Nobody seems to know just what that means, but Carroll Widdoes' opposing coaches say he has it. Moreover, he has infected his Ohio State footballers with it—they won all of their games last year

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY'S football fans, a wild crowd of Scarlet and Gray rooters who came close to filling a 72,000-seat stadium every Saturday last fall, at last believe they have what they have been wanting for 55 years—a coach who can inspire a team to win every game in a season.

The new coach is Carroll Curtis Widdoes, an ex-Sunday-school teacher and choir singer. He is quiet and modest. He lacks personal showmanship. There is no hokum about him. But he gives the players something which makes them fight as no Ohio State team ever fought before. One rival coach coined a word for it. He called it "f-f-f-fttt!"

Widdoes, who sent Ohio State through a tough, nine-game schedule last fall, winning every game, is a newcomer to big-time football. Ohio State fans accepted him last year as a wartime substitute, not expecting much. Until the start of the 1944 football season, he never had been head coach anywhere except at a junior high school. At the end of the 1944 season, his team had won the Big Ten championship and was a top competitor for the mythical national honors; and the "unknown" coach was chosen by vote of his fellow coaches throughout the country as Coach of the Year. Members of the Athletic Board at Ohio State University, having such a favorite when they least expected it, didn't know just what to do about it. They already had a highly popular head coach on leave of absence to the Navy, Lt. (jg) Paul Eugene Brown, who is coaching the Great Lakes football team.

Brown had done pretty well at Ohio State in three years, winning eighteen games, losing eight and tying one. He had also won the Big Ten championship in 1942. But he had lost at least one game each year.

The Athletic Board saw itself compelled, after the war, to choose between Head Coach Brown and Acting Head Coach Widdoes. But that problem has solved itself. Lt. Brown announced last winter that he would not return to Ohio State. He will become coach and manager of the Cleveland Club in a new professional league.

Members of the OSU Athletic Board sighed happily and wasted no time naming Widdoes head coach. Before this decision was made, there had been numerous rumors of a personal feud between Widdoes and Brown. Actually, they are the best of friends. Over a period of twelve years they had co-operated in turning out an amazing number of winning football teams. But Widdoes always was the man in the background.

They met in Massillon, Ohio, a town of 26,000, where support of the high school grid teams is comparable to the wild enthusiasm for Ohio State teams in Columbus.

Brown was named head coach in Massillon in 1932. Widdoes had been there six years, teaching mathematics and general science in Longfellow Junior High School and coaching junior high school teams. After two years Brown enlisted Widdoes as an assistant coach at Massillon High.

Brown's Massillon teams had phenomenal success, winning all but eight games from 1932 to 1940. They were victors in all but one of the last sixty games in which Brown coached them. Brown and the team rocketed to national fame. Widdoes remained unknown.

Wanted: A New Coach

Early in 1941, Ohio State officials were searching for a new coach. The Ohio High School Coaches Association suggested Paul Brown. The 500 scholastic grid mentors argued that Brown deserved the chance and was ready for it. Of course, they had another possible motive; they were tired of being trounced by Brown's Massillon teams.

The high school coaches indicated they would support Brown at Ohio State by trying to persuade the best high school athletes to enroll at the big state university. This, plus the fact that alumni groups were rooting for Brown, convinced the Athletic Board.

Brown went to Ohio State University as head football coach in 1941. Widdoes went along as assistant.

And that's the way things stood until early in 1944, when Brown's draft board in Massillon reclassified him from 3-A to 1-A. Brown wrote to the draft board, asking it to disregard an appeal filed by the university. Meanwhile, he applied for and received a commission in the Navy.

Brown recommended to the OSU Athletic Board that Widdoes be made acting head coach. The board followed this recommendation.

The Navy appointed Brown football coach at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. And on October 21, 1944, the Great Lakes team under Brown met the Ohio State team under Widdoes before 73,477 football fans in the big horseshoe stadium along the Olentangy River in Columbus.

Up to that time, Great Lakes had won four games and tied one, beating Ft. Sheridan 62-0, Purdue 27-18, Western Michigan 38-0, Northwestern 25-0 and tying a powerful Illinois team 26-26.

Ohio State had played and won three games, Missouri 54-0, Iowa 34-0, and Wisconsin 20-7.

Both teams had scoring power and good defense. The Great Lakes players were older and more experienced. The Ohio State men were reported in better condition. Most sports writers gave the edge to Great Lakes.

On the night before the game, the two coaches were seated beside each other at a dinner in the Columbus University Club. They avoided talking about the game during the dinner. Afterward, Brown made a short speech and left just as Widdoes was starting to talk. Brown went to the Quarterback

(Continued on page 72)

Ready for the Knockout—
Flying Horsepower Punch!

And After Victory, Flying Horsepower for Cars...
from the Same Super Fuel Development!

Right now, the right place for all our superpowered fuel is in the tanks of U.S. fighting machines. For *Flying Horsepower* is helping hasten Victory—*and the day when you'll enjoy a great new Mobilgas!*

Result of Socony-Vacuum's Catalytic Cracking program—greatest of its kind in the world—*Flying Horsepower* means faster take-off, climb, maneuverability for U.S. warplanes.

And just as soon as war needs are met you'll enjoy *Flying Horsepower on the road*—new pick-up and power-pull at all speeds and under all driving conditions.

For the same super power ingredients that give U.S. planes their fighting edge will go into *New* Mobilgas postwar. Look for a new driving thrill!

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.
and Affiliates: Magnolia Petroleum Company,
General Petroleum Corporation of California

Official U.S. Navy Photo

Tune in
"INFORMATION PLEASE"
Sponsored by your Mobilgas Dealer
Monday Evenings, 9:30 E.W.T.—NBC

AFTER VICTORY—

Mobilgas

Mobilgas
SOCONY VACUUM

for Flying Horsepower

The smiles are worn by William Denis Kendall and two charming friends. They are amused because Collier's photographer sat astride the hood of Kendall's car to make this picture. It got results

BY STANLEY FRANK

William Kendall was a very unorthodox engineer. Now, re-elected to England's House of Commons, he's upsetting it in a similarly unorthodox way

INFORMED Englishmen who like to keep an eye on rising young men in the government are baffled by William Denis Kendall, the member from Grantham in the House of Commons. The fellow—a Tory synonym for "blighter"—is an engineer by profession, a politician by indignation and is capable of dashing off in so many directions of leadership in postwar Britain that his compatriots don't quite know where to watch him.

Unaccustomed to such meteoric chaps in public life, the conservative crowd mutters that the man has enough energy and cheek for a damned American. At this, the grin on Bill Kendall's handsome, rugged pan grows broader, and he hopes, out loud, they're damned right. Says he wants to think and act as though he were representing Philadelphia in Parliament.

Kendall came up the hard way and has behind him a record of important achievements that would be noteworthy for a man twice his forty-two years. People who attempt to determine the turning point of his crowded career miss the mark by the breadth of the Atlantic Ocean. Late arrivals on the Kendall band wagon go back no further than 1942, when, participating in the first election of his life either as voter or candidate, he won his seat in Commons and became the first independent since the outbreak of World War II to defeat a candidate picked and supported by Churchill. That the victory was no fluke was demonstrated in the general election, July, 1945, when Kendall, standing for re-election as an Independent, survived the Labor landslide by a comfortable margin. People aware of the political power that can be controlled by anyone who commands the soldier vote marked Kendall for future reference last year when he introduced a bill providing for generous increases in the notoriously low salaries and family allotments of British servicemen.

Those captivated by big numbers sat up with respectful attention in 1941 when Kendall, still unknown in his own country, topped the industrialists of England with a salary of £92,750 (practically $375,000) for the year. They believe he will make more clamorous noises with his recently perfected radial automobile engine, which may revolutionize the European small-car market.

Friends with a flair for the dramatic like to remember that Kendall was so essential to the Allied war effort that Lord Beaverbrook once ordered a ship carrying £50,000,000 in gold bullion to turn back, when it was 250 miles out at sea, so that Kendall could attend an armament conference. Or they might seize upon the time Kendall shot down, with an antiaircraft gun of his own design, a Junkers 88 that was bombing his factories; or perhaps his co-ownership of a waterfront dive in Shanghai at the advanced age of 17.

The big moment in the life of W. D. Kendall occurred in 1929 in the city of Gloucester, N. J., across the Delaware River from Philadelphia, which he considers his second home. Kendall walked into the U.S. Immigration Office and confessed he had entered this country illegally as an alien 10 years earlier.

"Jim Ettinger was the name of the man who interviewed me, and I'll never forget it," Kendall says. "Ettinger had the authority to make or break my entire future. I was working for the Budd Company in Philadelphia, and they offered me a wonderful job in Paris as production manager of the Citröen plant for more money than a kid of 26 was worth.

"Another fellow in the Budd organization who had been angling for the job had heard me tell that I jumped a British ship in 1919 and threatened to turn me in. Although I had gone to France several times merely by demanding a passport of the British consul in Philadelphia, I knew I'd get into trouble sooner or later. I decided to make a clean breast of the whole thing.

"Ettinger listened to my story and said his office had been looking for me for ten years. He asked me what I had been doing. I told him of the jobs I had held and then he looked at some papers he took from a file. He sat back in his chair, glanced out of the window and said it was okay. I could go to France and re-enter the States on a passport because I had behaved myself. It was as simple as that.

"By giving a foreign-born kid the chance to take advantage of the opportunity of a lifetime, Jim Ettinger showed American democracy at work. In England, democracy has been a pretty word, as phony as the tradition that's supposed to guarantee it. Sure, I love my country, but that's an emotion from the heart. My admiration for America comes from the head, which is much safer to follow. I've been in love too many times to trust the heart.

"Engineering is my field, but I'll keep my seat in Parliament as long as the people want me. The next best thing I know to living in America is trying to make England as much like America as possible.

"These crapehangers who moan that the war has ruined England financially give me a terrible pain. England's postwar industrial potential is tremendous, fully as promising as America's. Both countries can compete for free world markets and expand the producing and consuming powers of all countries with mutual advantage. The war has shown us that freedom is affected everywhere if one democracy is threatened. By the same token, it's about time we got it through our thick skulls that all of us will be broke if any country is suppressed industrially."

In March, 1942, the Grantham-Sleaford seat in Commons was declared vacant when Sir Victor Warrender, the incumbent for 22 years, was elevated to the peerage. Churchill selected Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore, Inspector General of the RAF, to fill it, and the business of an election appeared to be a mere formality. In forty-five previous by-elections, the government candidate had been virtually unopposed under the political truce the major parties agreed to observe for the duration. Kendall thought it was time to break it.

"Sir Arthur is an utterly charming man, a splendid fellow, but not the man I wanted to represent me in Commons," Kendall says. "He's a charter member of the old school of privilege. I knew he wouldn't fight for the democracy we need in England. And I object in principle to the government choosing national candidates. That's right out of the handbook of Fascism."

Tory Leaders Were Stubborn

Kendall expressed these sentiments to the local Tory leaders. He was told he was impudent. He informed the gentlemen he would not support Sir Arthur. No one clapped his brow in feverish consternation. Kendall suggested other candidates. The gentlemen bade him a firm good day.

That week end, A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, was in Grantham with a football team, and Kendall told him, in Sir Arthur's presence, that he would contest the election. Alexander asked whom he intended to support. Kendall blurted that he would run himself if he found no acceptable man. He meant it as an off-the-cuff figure of speech, but a newspaperman overheard the conversation, and the following day every paper in England carried a story to the effect that W. D. Kendall, industrialist, had announced his candidacy. That did it.

Kendall made 96 speeches in two weeks, all at night after working hours to forestall criticism that he was neglecting his war plants. He says he made perfectly dreadful speeches on a platform advocating social reform, social security, a square deal for postwar agriculture, the elimination of incompetents from office. The speeches must have made good sense to the constituents, though, for he managed to lick Sir Arthur and the Tory machine by 371 votes in 23,000.

Presently Kendall was making other speeches that consolidated national opinion against a long-standing grievance—the subsubsistence pay and family allotments of the British Tommy. Aggravation was piled on irritation by comparative figures, particularly American, Australian and Canadian, which showed the British soldier was among the poorest paid of Allied fighting men.

The British private was getting three shillings a day (60¢) and his wife was given 21 shillings a week ($4.20). Allowances for children were pegged on a descending scale from $1.90 for the first, to $1.10 for the fourth and additional child. It cost the army 35 shillings a week to support one soldier. Kendall demanded to know how a civilian, paying rent and buying food in a rising market, could live on 21 shillings a week. No one was able to answer him.

In March, 1944, Kendall introduced a bill in Commons increasing by approximately 50 per cent in most categories the wages and allotments of enlisted men in the British army. Government officials blanched and said the bill would impose an unbearable strain of £200,000,000 a year on the national budget. Kendall retorted that the cost would be nearer £50,000,000 a year, and he added pointedly that his proposal still was inadequate to maintain a satisfactory standard of living.

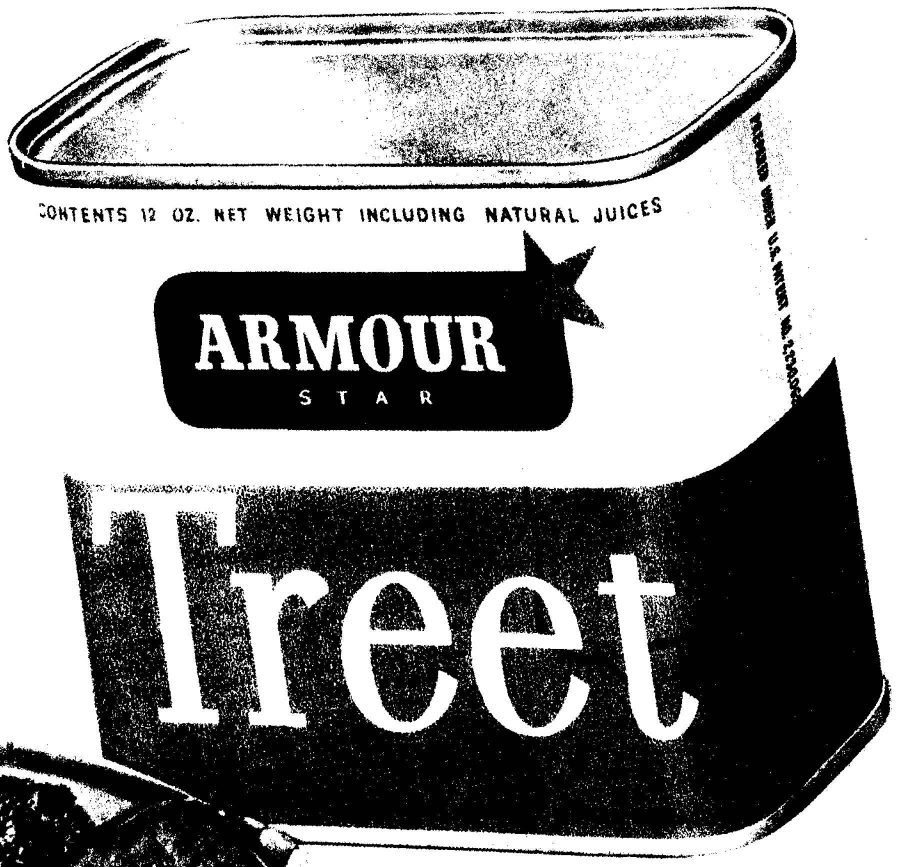
The government contrived to bring the measure to a vote at 10:30 one evening when only 103 of the 615 members of Commons were present. The bill was defeated, 63–40,

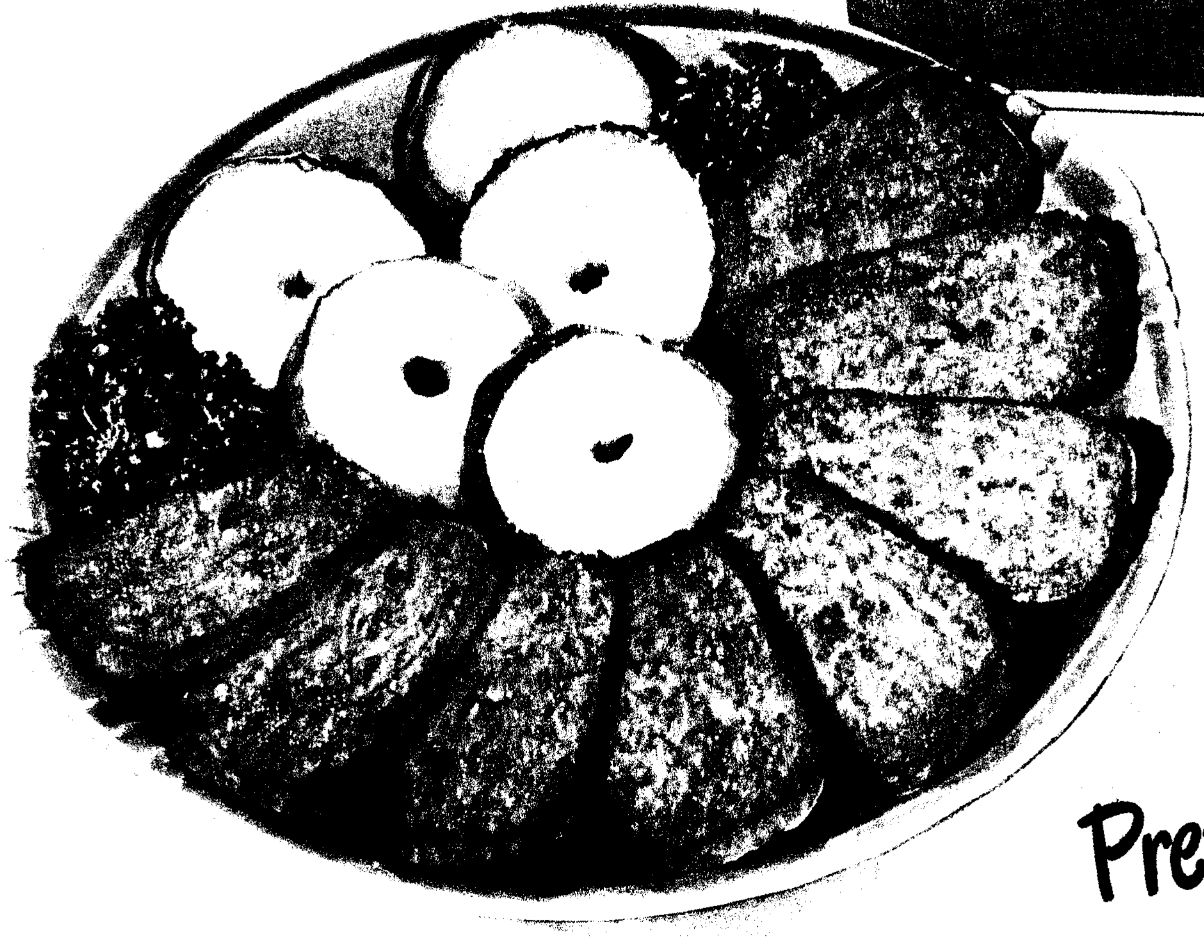
(Continued on page 80)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE DEARING

The meal-ready meat most folks like best!

NOW! Look for this New Treet Label





Treet with Sugar-Dipped Apples –Brown the Treet 1½ minutes to the side in frying pan . . . then brown sugar-dipped apples in the same fat. A delicious, quick meal!

Preferred over all other brands!

Yes! Treet is the Meat!

More people choose Treet than any other meal-ready meat! And no wonder – for all-meat Treet is choice pork, carefully selected for Treet alone! And it's sealed in the tin before cooking, so Treet is extra flavorful, extra tender and high in vitamins! Compare it with any other meal-ready meat and you, too, will say: "Yes, Treet is the meat that's best!"

© ARMOUR AND COMPANY 1945

Any Week

Continued from page 4

boy. "Rock that one," demanded Mr. Mack, pointing to a small one in a near-by tree. The boy threw. Down came the squirrel. "Son," cried Mr. Mack, "I'll make you the best left-handed pitcher in baseball." The boy protested that he wasn't a southpaw. "Then why didn't you throw right-handed?" asked Mack, looking puzzled. "Paw won't let me," the kid explained. "He says I mangle them thataway."

WE NOW have a wastepaper basket that isn't doing anything. One basket's enough. This is clearly a sign that the war's over. The daily cargoes of statements, directives, appeals, addresses, schedules, rulings and so forth sent us by war emergency bureaus in Washington have dwindled to a mere trickle—perhaps a dozen a day. A large percentage of the government literature we aren't getting any more either bade us save paper, refrain from talking about activities we'd never heard of before or instructed us not to hoard commodities that we didn't know were going to be scarce. All very confusing. Most of it we never read anyway. Didn't have time. Anyway, we now have a spare wastepaper basket which we shall probably need soon for trick slick financial schemes aimed at solving the nation's money problems and, incidentally, those of the authors.

A PARATROOPER recently demobilized but still in his lushly beribboned uniform was stopped on State Street, Chicago, by an elderly lady who gave him a bar of candy and asked what he was. "Lady," he replied, "I'm not any too sure. But I think I must be one of these postwar problems you hear so much about."

BEFORE the State Department issues a request that American newspapers and magazines refrain thereafter from saying anything offensive to the Japanese, Mr. Ed Lilibrough of Spokane, Washington, wishes to report that he knows a diner whose proprietor has posted notice that he'll give "One month free eats to any serviceman knocking off Emperor Hirohito by accident in a friendly manner."

OF COURSE things are moving pretty rapidly these days. The following conversation between a couple of veterans gives you an idea. Mr. Warren Holm Jensen of New Orleans, Louisiana, reports the first one saying: "What's become of the Atlantic Charter?" And the second vet asked: "What's the matter, sunk? What troops was she bringing home?"

COME to think of it, what *has* become of the Charter? We asked a Democratic congressman and he said that it got one of those Mexican divorces. . . . W. D.

The Great Lift

Continued from page 21

Ferrying Command—with his directive of July 1, 1942.

That was only three years ago. Today, in its magnitude, it is a salutary measuring stick for other nations to judge the imagination, resources, production and ingenuity of American industry and of Yank ability to get things done when roused to war. It has established hundreds of bases and set the American flag thereon in centers of trade and population as well as in stinking jungles, on deserts, in arctic wastes and lonely islands. The European Division alone, quite aside from the present lift, has handled 500 million passengers, billions of air-mail and V-mail letters, tens of thousands of wounded men, as much as 1,500 pints of whole blood daily during the heaviest fighting, and, in emergencies, has turned from its routine work to fly gasoline and critical equipment to embattled ground units.

Today, Air Transport Command has on scheduled flights the globe around, more than 500 Douglas C-54s, the largest four-motored land-based air liner in regular use, besides thousands of other types of planes.

The European Division, every 20 minutes around the clock, starts across the Atlantic more persons than sailed aboard the Mayflower. The Atlantic Divisions carry over in one day many times more people than Columbus did in 70. Every month they move twice as many fighting men as there were in the Spanish Armada. Less than a generation ago, Slim Lindbergh, in his solo flight to Paris, was the sixty-seventh man to fly the Atlantic. Most of the others had traveled in dirigibles. That was the sum of the first quarter century of powered flight. Now, before the second quarter has ended, Air Transport Command flies that many across every hour of every day.

Foresight Born of Confidence

Preparations for this stupendous aerial lift were, of course, a long and cautious time in the making and planning. With foresight, confident of victory, they began while the hedgerows of Normandy were still in the fighting news. They entailed negotiations with our Navy and with the British for certain bases, and for the mothering watch by sea and air kept by the fleets, in addition to the Command's own Rescue Service.

Advantage was taken of the meteorological network. From merchant and naval vessels no longer under wartime radio silence, from aircraft en route from reporting stations as far apart as California, Africa and Greenland, from specially equipped reconnaissance planes daily flying thousands of miles from Norway to the Azores comes a vast amount of reliable information which, constantly assessed, posted and broadcast, forms a weather safety curtain over all lines. Teams of experts had to be gathered, trained and disposed into staging areas for the inspection of redeployable planes, the indoctrination of crews and the briefing of passengers.

Big deeds had to be accomplished in little time in the expansion of bases, the augmentation of planes and personnel (with intensive reschooling of the latter, some thirty thousand of whom came from Air Force combat units) and in the increase of maintenance facilities.

Against this organizational background, schedules had to be laid on with Grand Central precision. A bomber, or an air liner with passengers, would be departing from Europe every three minutes.

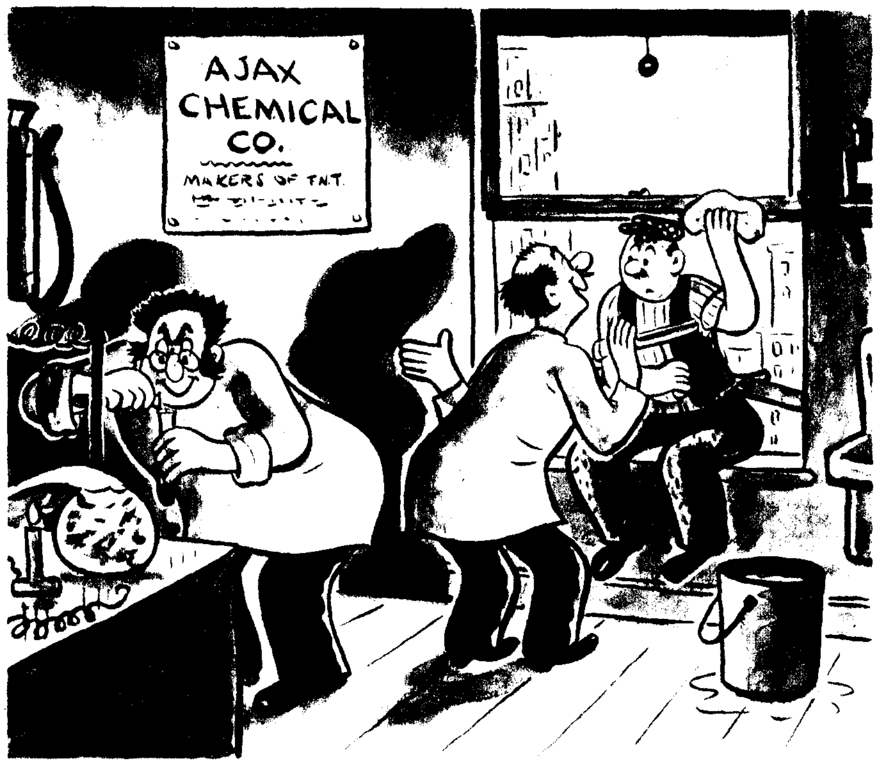
It is not possible to detail here all the technical factors involved in the Great Lift. This much is certain: It will remain an everlasting monument to the workers of the Air Transport Command that the westward flow of the Lift, the most exacting and responsible undertaking in scheduled flight history, actually began in May—only nine days after V-E Day.

Although others, both commanders and workers elsewhere, share in the Lift, it is here at its source and take-off in Europe, the point of vantage from which we are observing it, that the main labors of origination and stabilization must fall. Brigadier General Earl Seeley Hoag bears the brunt of these labors. And seldom have a man and a job complemented each other so well, from the heart as much as from the professional mind.

You can trace a human and interesting connection between the safe home-coming of your boy across the Atlantic today and a glimpse that another boy had long ago of an airplane from a train window in Rapid City, South Dakota. That was in 1910. Earl, just 15, was moving with his parents to a new home in Florida. Born in Sioux City, Iowa, he had lived there and in South Dakota until then. It was the first time he had ever seen a plane and he could not get it out of his mind. The next year in Miami he saw another—this one in flight—and now he was sure what he most wanted to be in life.

But it was 1916 before he learned to fly; when, as a cub reporter on the Miami Herald, he interviewed Glenn Curtiss, who had gone there to open a school, Earl signed up as the first student. War looming, the members of the class enlisted in the aviation section of the Signal Corps as sergeants.

Later, a first lieutenant, he became an instructor at renowned Kelly Field and it was in this rank he was commissioned in the regular Army in 1919. He served variously at



"Never mind that window, Tony—this experiment will blow it out anyway"

COLLIER'S SYDNEY HOFF

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE

*F-N TEST?

*F-N
the famous
Finger Nail
Test

1. It's F-N, the test for men! The "Fingernail Test!" Scratch your head and see if you find dryness or loose, ugly dandruff. If so, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

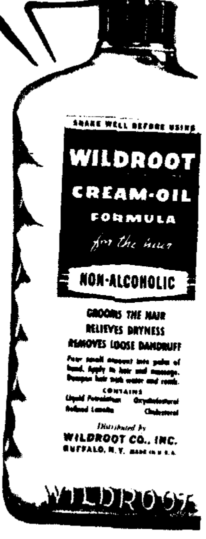
2. Keeps your hair well combed all day long, and without a trace of that greasy look! And grooming without grease means no more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC

CONTAINS REFINED

LANOLIN!

3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to preparations formerly used. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long, long way. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.



SPECIAL NOTE TO WOMEN...

Thousands of women use Wildroot Cream-Oil to remove loose dandruff, relieve dryness, and help beautify their hair. Try it before a shampoo . . . also after a permanent wave to relieve dryness. Excellent for training children's hair.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

"Nice evening the boss is lining up for himself"

NEXT to a companion like Skippy, the pleasantest prop we can suggest for *your* fireside evening is a Calvert highball.

For here's a pre-war quality whiskey that's definitely *the real thing*...so gloriously smooth and mellow it simply can't be imitated!

Little wonder that year after year, Calvert is reported "the whiskey most often asked for by name". So why not curl up *tonight* with your pipe, book, and a Calvert highball?

But be sure you get Calvert... if you want *the real thing*.

CLEAR HEADS CHOOSE Calvert

Calvert
RESERVE
Calvert
SPECIAL

It's the Real Thing

CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof – 65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof – 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits home and on foreign stations in the between-war years. The beginning of this one found him a colonel on the General Staff in Washington, in charge of research and development. Such innovations as radar, the Garand rifle, the jeep, the "weasel" snow vehicle, the rockets, all passed over his desk. Two years ago in the flowering of both his technical military studies and his aviation record, he was transferred to the Air Transport Command. Among his chores, before he assumed command of the European Division, was the conquering of the sinister Hump in the China-Burma-India theater.

We have already reviewed some of the marks set by Hoag's European Division before and since D-Day. But it is the Lift which claims our attention now. It is divided into the White Project and the Green Project. The White deals with airplanes—the big Libs and Forts of the Eighth and Fifteenth Air Forces, which tore Germany's homeland to pieces; the twin-motor craft of the Ninth and Twelfth Air Forces that shredded its Wehrmacht; and the ships of the Troop Carrier Command which dropped paratroopers and sent down gliders filled with airborne infantry behind many a flaming barricade.

The 6,000 (more or less) planes flown home by the White Project do not, of course, even closely approximate the total number of planes we had in combat in Europe. It does not include fighter planes. Also a big Occupational Air Force remains in Germany; while many bombers and troop carriers have been converted for the peak support of the Green Project.

The White Project includes some passengers, chiefly members of the ground crews of units from which the planes come. Their number varies with the type of plane. Altogether, probably 100,000 personnel will move with the ships.

Last Stop on Long Flight Home

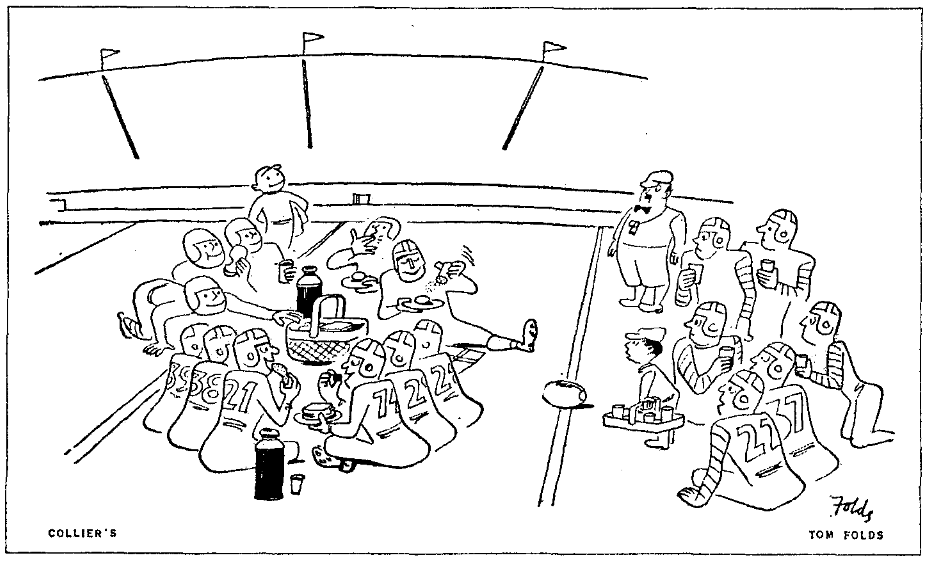
The heavy bombers of the Eighth flew across the North Atlantic route from Valley, a green and pleasant field on the Isle of Anglesey in the Irish Sea. Valley is a base expanded by the Air Transport Command from a small RAF night fighter station. Into it funneled the bombers from scores of dromes through England. Here they received a final checking, refueling and briefing, for departure usually within twenty-four hours. Their final sight of the England they had saved was Holyhead, in Wales, once used by the Luftwaffe as a landmark reference for attacks on Liverpool.

The four-motored bombers of the Fifteenth Air Force left from the Mediterranean area. So too did all twin-motor planes because of the shorter hops on the southern route.

When first the White Project was broached from Washington, the required time estimated was one year for the Eighth Air Force alone. Refinement of plans before V-E Day finally got this down to a seemingly impossible 60 days. Actually the job of moving intact this huge fleet of murderous airpower, more than 2,000 heavy bombers together with more than 40,000 highly skilled personnel, was substantially completed in 51 days. This included six days on which foul weather kept all planes grounded, in accord with Air Transport Command's policy of not taking the slightest risk with our valuable men and planes. The entire White Project should be over by the time you read this.

It is the Green Project—which, until the war's end was labeled the redeployment of combat troops—that most affects the ordinary soldier and his family. The men who traveled via the White Project were air personnel used to flying. For most of the hundreds of thousands of soldiers who, in the coming year, will travel by Green Project, their first introduction to flight is a trip across the Atlantic. In the words of one of these foot veterans of beachheads and foxholes: "It's a hell of a rugged introduction."

The Air Transport Command must provide not only the Lift of the Green Project passengers, but also their messing, billeting, statistical control, medical care and post-exchange facilities from the time it emplanes them until they are subsequently taken over after deplaning in the States by the Army Service Forces or other agencies. This obviously embraces far more than mere flying. Consequently, it is truer to describe the major bases of the Command as complete, integrated communities with every public utility and service, rather than just as airports.



COLLIER'S TOM FOLDS

Glamorous, storied Casablanca under Brigadier General Stowell's North African Division is Green Project's biggest and busiest crossroads, for through it streams about two thirds of the Lift fed to it from the Mediterranean, and coming from all of Europe and the Middle East. The big field at Orly, near Paris, is second in volume of Green traffic, and Prestwick, the international airport in Scotland, which has been developed to its present size and importance by the Americans is third. On all these fields the Lift is in addition to routine Air Transport Command work. From Prestwick and Paris, the happy riders of the Green flow directly over the Atlantic—in the one instance via Iceland, in the other, the Azores. The Casablanca arrangement, however, is more complicated. It is a transfer point for passengers received through what is known as "Green Project Support." One of the most interesting incidental values worked out by Green Project Support has been the absorption of combat fliers and planes into passenger work.

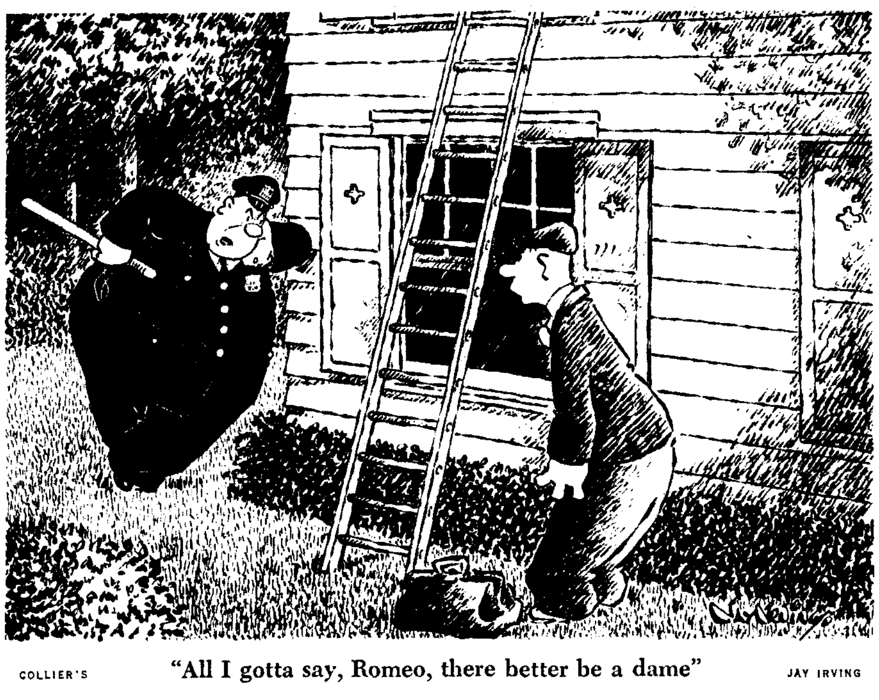
Green Project added to normal transatlantic schedules enough mileage to equal a flight around the world at the equator every 50 minutes. Tackling such a formidable job, the Air Transport Command had to increase its aircraft in the affected divisions by more than 175 per cent, and its personnel by 75 per cent. Obviously this could not be done quickly enough from its own resources.

Aid from the Combat Air Forces was therefore arranged. At key points on the Mediterranean shore, certain heavy-bombardment groups of the Eighth and Fifteenth Air Forces, especially chosen as most deserving, were stationed with their battered and beloved Flying Forts. These groups, which flew in combat right to the end of the war, have had to see their own home-coming postponed while they help in the home-coming of their land force comrades. Virtually overnight, fighting men and planes became a passenger ferry line. It was a unique event fraught with speculation. For more was involved than mere physical conversion of the bombers—removing their armor plating, turrets, guns and other fighting equipment and installing seats. Of much richer significance, it was a matter of changing the psychology of the crews from the fatalism of deadly missions and offhand acceptance of constant peril as a part of flying, to the intense safety consciousness and instinctive acceptance of the safety measures of passenger handling.

Airline Pilots Can't Take Chances

Thousands of combat pilots have dreamed of the commercial aviation prospects that should open when peace comes. The problem facing them, however, is that more is at stake than flying ability. The airline flier is a totally different bird from the combat flier in training and in professional and intellectual approach. The fighting pilot knows that he and his comrades and his plane are expendable and that he must take chances in pressing for the success of his mission. Death has an inevitable percentage on the charts of war flying. It has none on those of passenger flying. In one it is a common risk; in the other, uncommon accident. The airline pilot must take no chances.

The psychological difference here in physical and mental reflex patterns is profounder than it may sound. It is why commercial airline employment managers shy from job applicants whose sole experience is combat, and why even those military fliers who are taken must face not only a spell of probation and retraining, but also a process of re-evaluation within themselves.



COLLIER'S "All I gotta say, Romeo, there better be a dame" JAY IRVING

The Air Transport Command is a military, not a commercial enterprise. Yet its safety principles, records and standards are comparable with those of any commercial airline. Service with it, therefore, for pilots and crewmen, lessens the gap between war and peace flying. After all, you cannot buzz your sugar's top-floor apartment with a planeload of ambassadors, congressmen or G.I.s.

The manner in which these decorated and battle-hardened "refugees from flak"—as they put it themselves—fell into pace with the safety restrictions of their strange new mission, sent a glow through General Hoag's division. All seem to realize the advantages of their assignment. All put on the airs of airline crewmen. They pin up progress maps for their soldier passengers and hold bull sessions with them, point out scenic objects to them, initiate them into the "short snorters," let them peep into the cockpit. "The crew treated us plain G.I.s," one boy commented, "as if we were V.I.P.s" (Army slang for Very Important People). Which emphasized another unplanned value of the Green Project. By getting them home in a day or two instead of in weeks, in comfort instead of in crowding, it is making a lot of Americans who might not otherwise ever have set foot in a plane very air-minded.

Neither the Mediterranean nor the Atlantic has ever seen a summer like this, their first of peace in half a decade. Here along the Riviera, across Sardinia and Corsica, morning and afternoon, giant wings draw long arcs through hot and brassy skies, their shadows on the blue water below outnumbering the hulls of surface vessels. Each dawn, hundreds of Yank soldiers who have been assembled at near-by staging areas from the interior of Europe, are trucked to the airports at Marseille, Pisa and Naples, and loaded at once, twenty to a bomber. For a parting look, they have the Leaning Tower or the smoky nose of Vesuvius or, perhaps, Gibraltar. After a flight of five to eight hours, they reach Casablanca, whence the C-54s bear them onward, now thirty to a plane, either to Miami or New York via the middle route or to Natal in Brazil. If the latter, they are again transshipped going northward in hundreds of C-47s of the Ninth Troop Carrier Command.

Meanwhile, back on the African coast, the Flying Forts are overnighted and refueled at Port Lyautey near Casablanca. And when they return to their Mediterranean bases the following day, as often as not they carry French or Italian refugees home.

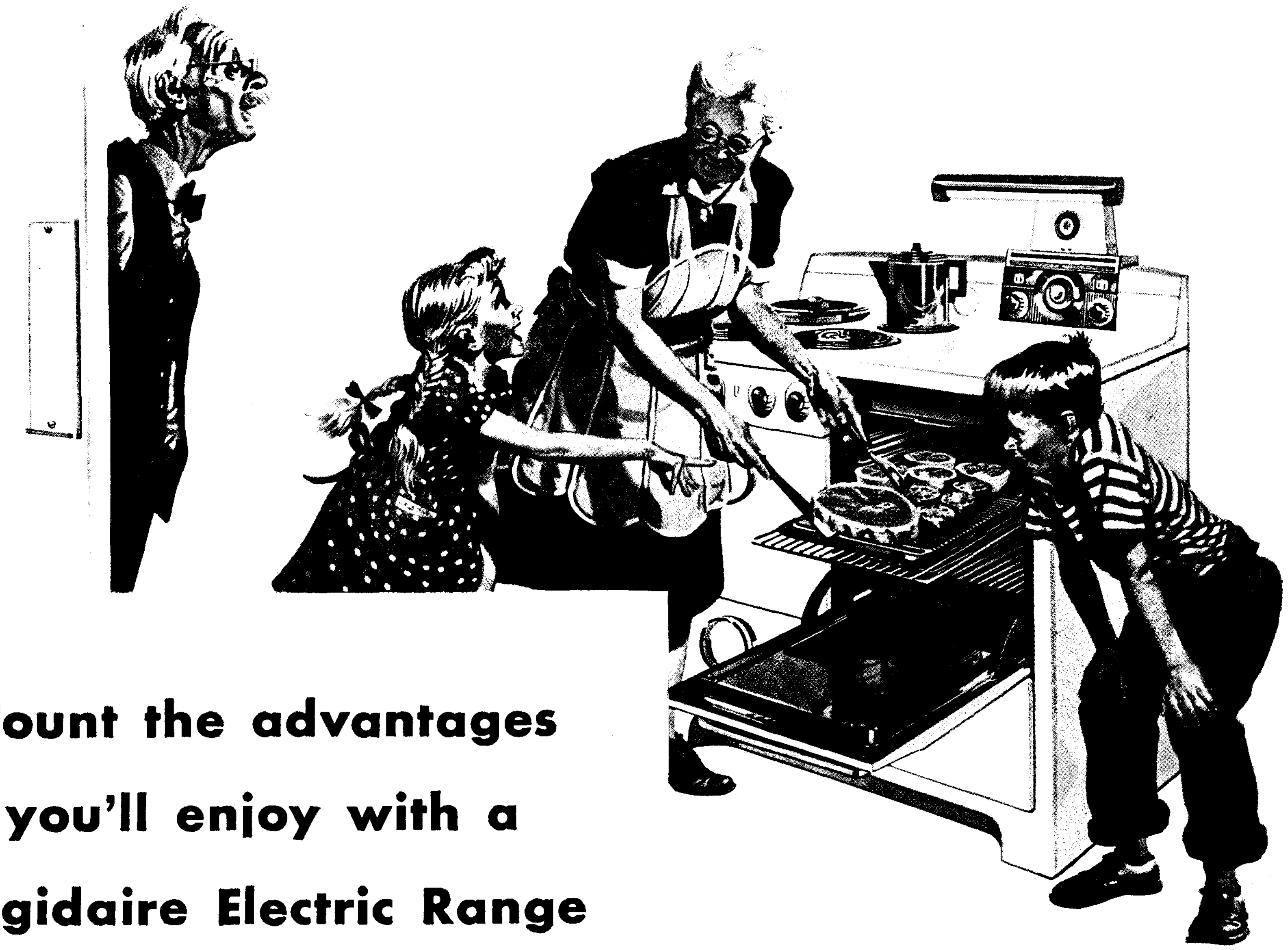
Crew pride, in both the old job and the new, is shown in the legends over the door through which the passengers board. Just above it may be read "Home Bound Air Lines." Scattered about are the names of the missions in which each ship participated, a wider and more romantic listing than Napoleon inscribed on all his battle standards—Munich, Linz, Graz, Bologna, Hamburg, Oeschersleben, Huls, Leuna, Vienna, Bleckheimer, Schweinfurt, Marienburg, Berlin and dozens of other places that are not on the map of the Reich any more.

Scars of War Still Remain

The fields at Pisa and Naples are, to the airmen at least, just fields. But even the most blasé of them is fascinated by Istres, the field of the Marseille area, not only because it is the largest airport in the world—about forty square miles—but because it is probably the only one whereon all you need to make a new runway is a broom and a mine detector. It takes a plane as long to taxi from one side to another of the field as to fly sixty miles or more. German fighter squadrons preyed from here upon Allied shipping and, when they fled, mined the place so thoroughly it is not yet fully deloused.

The ATC pilots are putting tomorrow's wing trails in the sky today. Here as everywhere, they have marked for America a noble leadership in constructive world flying. Only surrender to negligence and niggardliness in peace can lose our country the long-range benefits of their devotion.

THE END



Count the advantages you'll enjoy with a Frigidaire Electric Range

Share and Play Square with Food!

Speedy, Carefree Cooking . . . Quick meals that almost make themselves, always ready on time. Switches you can set and forget. Controls that turn themselves low, or off, at the right time, while you're away. Dial-set, exact cooking speed for ALL heating units. Automatic reminder signals.

Penny-wise Meal-making . . . Intense heat at small current-cost. Cooking units that transmit heat into utensils without waste. Small cooking units for small jobs; a bigger unit for large jobs, thriftier heat-use. An oven that hoards heat behind a thick wall of insulation. A separate compartment for thrifty cooking of smaller amounts of food—from meats to desserts.

Sealed-in Vitamins and Flavor . . . Scientific heating that helps meat and vegetables retain natural color and texture, checks loss of savory juices. Penetrating, even heat that bakes and roasts clear through, preventing cake failures, reducing shrinkage so roasts go further. Low-water cooking that conserves vitamins. Radiant heat for delicious "charcoal-type" broiling to suit every taste.

Cool, Comfortable Cooking . . . A range that won't heat up the kitchen. No fumes. Everything handy, everything within easy reach. No need of kneeling, oven-peeking or pot-watching. Not a wasted motion. Work-top light, electric clock, loads of other conveniences.

Big Meals in Little Space . . . A compact range, taking little floor space, yet with room galore in the oven for banquet-size roasts or fowl. Plenty of storage space for pots and pans. Roomy warmer compartment where foods stay hot, dishes keep safely warm.

Beautiful, Spic 'n' Span Kitchen . . . Strikingly styled cabinet with that "built-in" look. Finished in gleaming porcelain that wipes clean in a twinkling. One-piece stainless porcelain top with no seams to gather hard-to-remove dust and grease. Smudge-free cookery that leaves no telltale traces on walls or ceiling.

Look to the Favorite . . . Look to Frigidaire!

VISIT YOUR FRIGIDAIRE DEALER

Ask him to show you the dozens of advantages of this truly fine electric range. See why a Frigidaire Electric Range provides you with all the benefits of modern cooking. Or write Frigidaire Division, General Motors Corporation, 146 Amelia St., Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, 271 Commercial Rd. Leaside, Ontario.

For Excellence
ARMY E NAVY
in War Production

FRIGIDAIRE
Made only by
GENERAL MOTORS

Refrigerators
Ranges
Water Heaters
Home Freezers

Millions of Men are married to this Shirt

What is there about a Manhattan Shirt that makes a man fall in love with it? Very simple! It retains its smart shape and good looks for keeps. It always seems to have that "tailored for you" appearance. It's Size-Fixt, Man-Formed and Collar-Perfect till it dies of old age. When you start wearing Manhattan Shirts, *you'll be married to them for life!*

Manhattan

shirts... *Ties, Pajamas, Sportswear, Handkerchiefs*

Hot Money

Continued from page 13

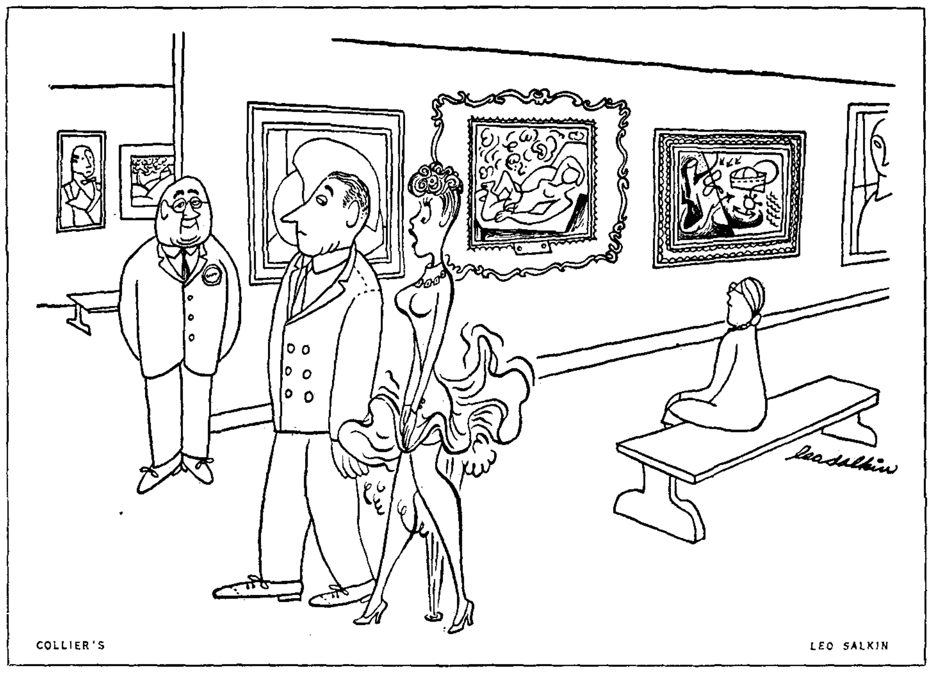
are caught. They enter their *legal* transactions in books but use every possible device to conceal *illegal* profits. One of these is the "side-money" operation. This is how it's done:

A merchant needs whisky for his clamoring customers. He asks a salesman to find him some. The salesman says he can wangle a shipment of liquor for him but the whisky will come high. The merchant says price doesn't matter. He's got to have the whisky or go out of business.

The salesman guarantees the delivery of $50,000 worth of liquor at ceiling prices and sends a bill for that amount. But the merchant must get up another $50,000 in cash "side money" in advance. Then he sends a check to pay the legitimate $50,000 bill.

In such a transaction there's no evidence upon which either the OPA or the Treasury can act unless somewhere along the line someone makes a slip, is double-crossed and turns informer or is caught red-handed. Rarely, chance fishes a violator out of the vast black-market sea. Recently in a large Eastern city a side-money collector, also known as a "bagman" because he carries the cash in a suitcase, was traveling from the South to New York, picking up payments from retailers and wholesalers en route.

The bagman was hurt in an automobile accident on the way from the station to his hotel. He summoned his clients to his hospital bedroom. A nurse unexpectedly entered while about $100,000 in big bills was spread about on the bed. Suspecting bank robbery, the nurse called the police.



The amount of cash passed under counters and in back rooms to make up the difference between OPA ceilings and the actual cost of black-market goods makes the imagination reel. The Treasury and the OPA have uncovered a single operation involving as much as $2,000,000, all of it pure profit—which poses a problem, because that amount of what one of Mr. Damon Runyon's characters calls "moola" becomes unmanageable in bills of less than $50 and $100. As the size of their side-money deals grew, the black marketeers' need for big bills increased. They changed their fives, tens and twenties into fifties and hundreds. They acquired the longer green, too—bills of $500, $1,000, $5,000 and $10,000. The Treasury knew that there was about $7,500,000,000 worth of these large bank notes in circulation. Almost all of it is, as the Treasury puts it, "outside the banking system"; in other words, it's not in cash in banks, trust companies and savings banks. It's in safe-deposit boxes, in old mattresses, milk bottles and other figurative socks.

The Treasury has the serial numbers of all these bills. Working on the principle that sooner or later the racketeers must pump the money back into normal channels, the Treasury called on all financial institutions to help pin-point the lawbreakers. One of Henry Morgenthau's last acts as Secretary of the Treasury was to write to ordinary banks and trust companies, private banking institutions, investment bankers, building and loan associations, securities and commodities brokers, currency exchanges and all other "persons or organizations engaged in cashing checks and exchanging currency."

He asked them to report on (1) all transactions involving $1,000 or more of United States currency in denominations of $50 and up and (2) all negotiations comprising $10,000 and more of currency of any size unless the financial institution thought the deal commensurate with the legitimate and customary conduct of the business, industry or profession of the person involved.

Jail For Tax Dodgers

Most of the 15,000-odd institutions cooperated willingly. They reported deposits of big bills. When the owners thereof had acquired them legally, declared them as income and paid the taxes, nothing happened. When the bills came from black-market operations, and their owners tried to dodge taxes or to settle for less than the law demanded, they went to jail.

Some banks—more than the Treasury liked—refused to help. They complained that to give information about their clients' finances was a violation of banking ethics. How well the Treasury and other law-enforcement agencies would succeed in bringing the racketeers to heel might depend on the completeness of the banks' co-operation.

The Treasury retained, of course, a trump card. It could call in all large bills, cancel them and issue new currency. If all other means fail, the Department might play this card, one that has been used by the Bank of England to kill manipulations in British Sterling on the Continent.

The Treasury's efforts to spot-check the origins of big bank notes have produced a phenomenon unique in American financial history. Holders of wads of $1,000 bills have offered them for sale at below their face value. You can deduce from the size of the losses they're willing to take what enormous profits they must have made in the process of acquiring the big bills. In New York, Chicago and San Francisco $1,000 notes have been reported offered for sale at from $750 to $800 each.

The Treasury has received reports of such offers and even of sales but no agent of this Department or any other has actually seen such a transaction or obtained provable evidence. There is, however, one recorded case of a man who offered a bank cashier three single $1,000 notes for $2,300 in small money. The cashier refused to buy but the man got away before he could be identified and questioned.

It isn't unlawful, incidentally, for one citizen to sell another a piece of U.S. currency for less than its face value. But if you try the trick you're liable to be hooked by another law. There is one, for instance, which says that although a transaction may not be in itself unlawful, it may become so if it is part of a conspiracy to defraud the United States. It's Section 18 U.S.C.A. 88 (law students please copy) and it says:

"If two or more persons conspire either to commit any offense against the United States or to defraud the United States in any manner and for any purpose, and one or more of such parties do any act to effect the object of the conspiracy, each of the parties to such conspiracy shall be fined not more than $10,000 or imprisoned not more than two years, or both."

If, therefore, you may be tempted to buy a $1,000 bill for less than the figure so expertly engraved thereon and that bank note was illegally acquired by the seller, you may be as liable to "fine or imprisonment or both" as the lawbreaker himself unless you can prove you had no idea the bill seller was a crook. There is also, obviously, a moral stigma attached to selling or buying your country's currency short and, although that might not bother the racketeer, it might conceivably interfere with *your* slumbers.

Those who hold the big bills may be literally as well as figuratively holding the bag. They can't dispose of their oversized notes easily for it's unlikely that citizens will go in for large-scale purchases of hot money. And while the ways of acquiring money are almost as infinite as the arithmetical possibilities of being gypped by a slot machine, the means of disposing of it are comparatively few. Money can be variously made by the exercise of ingenuity and talent, in both orthodox and unorthodox ways. But it's strange how limited are the methods for disposing of it.

What can you do with money? Well, you can buy real estate with it. You can use it to acquire jewelry, mink and sable furs and horses. You can bury it or put it in a safe-deposit box. You can invest it. None of these possible channels for hiding black-market profits are completely and satisfactorily cop-proof.

Deeds Often Reveal Frauds

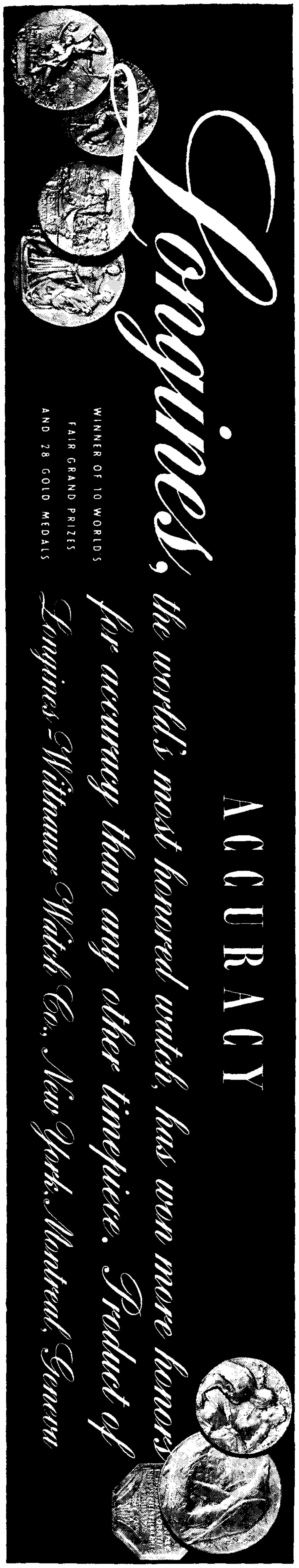
Any large realty deal involving huge sums of cash will attract the attention of Judge Fred M. Vinson's Treasury agents. Deeds must be recorded even if the financial operations leading up to it are hidden in a maze of double bookkeeping. Most racketeers keep two sets of books, one for the income tax collectors and another for their private edification. But a deed is a true record. So is a sales slip for a diamond spray or a flossy fur bought for cash. Reputable jewelers and department-store clerks are on the lookout for hot money as well as most bankers. Horses? Revenue agents can read owners' names on the form sheets too.

Bury it? This isn't very desirable either. The money does no one any good; it just stays there, in some dark hole, usually inaccessible and inconvenient. Eventually, if the party who buried it dies, the money is willed to someone and a will is a legal record. It's never too late for the revenuers to ask questions. Besides, the money often rots and to replace damaged bills they must be sent to the Treasury. Then where are you?

The experience of one money burier illustrates not only the inadvisability of putting cash into a hole in the ground but also of investing it ostensibly to evade the tax collectors. A West Coast man made about $100,000 in black-market manipulations in fruit. He buried his profits. One day he dug the money up and bought a lot of fruit orchards. Treasury agents moved in. They asked polite questions.

The man said first he had made a killing in a mining deal. But he couldn't even name the mine. Then he "confessed" that it had been willed to him by a millionaire "relative." Treasury agents are checking on the story, and the orchard buyer is very unhappy.

An inkling of how closely the movements of big bills are being watched may be had from the story of an $1,800-a-year stenographer in an Eastern city who moved to the West Coast and deposited $20,000 in large


Longines, the world's most honored watch, has won more honors for accuracy than any other timepiece. Product of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., New York, Montreal, Genev
ACCURACY
WINNER OF 10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES AND 28 GOLD MEDALS

RELIEVE SORE STIFF MUSCLES!

★help nature carry off "fatigue acids"!

When unaccustomed exercise makes muscles sore and stiff, chances are you can blame "fatigue acids" . . . waste products that settle in the muscles and often make them swell and hurt! The thing to do is rub those tortured muscles with quick-acting Absorbine Jr. By stimulating local circulation more fresh blood flows through the muscles—helps nature carry "fatigue acids" away! Then as swelling subsides pain eases—you feel grand relief you've longed for! Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. $1.25 a bottle at your drugstore!

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE Jr.

notes in a bank. Investigators worked first on the theory that she might have stolen the money. But they discovered that she had come by it legally. She *hadn't* declared it as taxable income, however, because she was a bit shy about admitting that she'd received it from her mother—who ran a brothel in Alaska. But it developed that the mother had failed to include the $20,000 in her income tax return, and now she has her explaining to do.

Complications In Mathematics

But the black-market operators and evaders aren't quite as thoroughly boxed in by the Treasury Department as might be supposed from the difficulties they experience in disposing of large bills. Not all of their profits are in oversized denominations. Besides the $7,500,000,000 in big bills, there is a total of $26,900,000,000 in circulation—not in the banks. That's an enormous amount of free money and how much of it is legally held and how much is in the hands of profiteers and tax duckers it's impossible for the Treasury or anyone to say. Judge Vinson's Department is busy adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing in a complicated arithmetical effort to assess the amount of money which might be illicitly owned. If they succeed, they—and the public—will have a clearer idea of the extent to which black marketing and tax cheating have influenced inflation.

Already there are dangerous signs that our money is being cheapened by unscrupulous men who used the war to become rich. In the spring of 1944, a Kentucky wholesaler who had paid $350,000 in side money to a whisky manufacturer was advised by the latter to "fix" matters with the OPA. This meant confessing to ceiling price violations and paying all fines.

"Go ahead," the manufacturer urged his client; "fix things up. What difference does it make if it'll cost $20,000 or more? I'll pay it."

A matter of a mere $2,000, for instance, wasn't worth bothering about in another transaction in Baltimore. About $175,000 was involved. The money was paid in small denominations. The racketeer concerned had to hire a bank clerk to count the cash. It took several hours and the account was $2,000 short. The racketeer said:

"Oh, what the hell—what's $2,000?"

One of the major tragedies of the rise of the rackets is that its operators were honest and law-abiding businessmen until the shortages materialized in commodities which people needed and were willing to pay extra-legal prices to acquire. Their business instincts, however, were more highly developed than their morals. They saw chances to make killings and they took them.

At one point raisins became scarce. Military requirements for energy-yielding raisins were heavy and they could be sold only to the U.S. government or under special permit. A price top of $185 a ton was put on raisin grapes, but no ceiling was fixed for culls and waste grapes which normally cut the crop by about six per cent. Last year about 44 per cent of the crop was sold as culls and waste at from $325 to $440 a ton. Tax evasion cases are pending against operators who've tried to hide profits totaling from $10,000,000 to $12,000,000 in raisin deals.

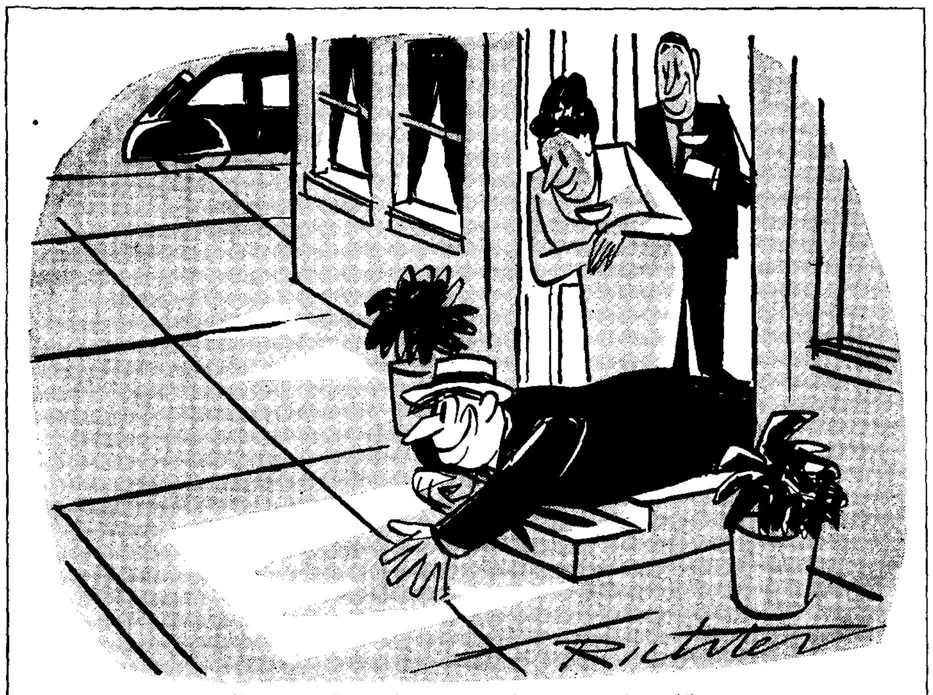
So far this year the Treasury Department has 3,600 cases of tax evasion under investigation and its operatives have turned up at least 22,000 other leads. They've struck pay dirt in transactions involving food, liquor, automobiles, furs, jewelry and night clubs. Night spots and restaurants are among the worst violators of both OPA ceilings and the tax regulations. Among the biggest sources of money hidden from the income tax inspectors are the hot-spot hat concessions. Millions are spent by night lifers every year to retrieve their hats and coats. The money is in nickels, dimes, quarters and small bills, and no books are kept.

The records of investigations made and indictments obtained by OPA prosecutors are even more eloquent of the extent of the black market and of what its profiteers are doing both to the American economic system and to American morality. From last January to the end of June nearly 45,000 penalties were imposed on violators of price, rent and rationing regulations and 60,000 additional cases were instituted, at the rate of about 500 a day.

The OPA in this period managed to jail 757 individuals, to have 695 others put on probation or given suspended sentences. More than 18,500 fines were collected and 7,325 operators were suspended from doing business. A total of 12,223 injunctions restraining price-ceiling operators from selling certain goods were served, and of these, 38 violators of the restraining orders had to be fined or jailed or both for contempt of court.

The OPA uncovered price-ceiling violations in fields where no ordinary citizen would suspect a black market. One such was the wastepaper business in which overcharges during the past year were estimated by an OPA official to have totaled at least $20,000,000. In addition to the side-money device, the wastepaper racketeers used "upgrading" as a technique for dodging price laws. A couple of million dollars worth of suits are pending against wastepaper jobbers.

Another lush field has been the used-car market. About 6,150 violators have been caught so far this year. Some 1,150 of these are fighting the charges but 5,000 of them pleaded guilty and paid fines totaling $350,000. Three defendants in San Antonio paid $2,500 worth of fines and were given jail sentences ranging from 10 months to two years. One Western dealer was fined $5,000, and a Georgia man paid a $4,000 fine and returned the money he'd clipped from customers.



COLLIER'S "Do you have far to crawl, Mr. Rushton?" MISCHA RICHTER

The OPA even found a national racket in roofing shingles. The agency's operatives broke it when they arrested Oscar J. Olsen, president, and H. R. Main, secretary, of the Northwestern Lumber and Shingle Company of Bellingham, Washington. An Oklahoma agent of the company with 24 other individuals, corporations and partners was also indicted. It took a year for the OPA's price cops to trail the violators through agents, brokers, lumber mills, yards and dealers. The tip-off came from a Texas lumber dealer who reported he was being forced to make side-money payments in cash, American Express checks and money orders to obtain critically needed shingles. At least $50,000 was involved in one deal and even Army and Navy contractors had to pay over-ceiling prices to fill wartime orders. The clique had practically cornered the shingle market.

Probably the biggest individual profits have been made in the rubber trade. OPA agents discovered a ring of tire "dopers" who bought up tires scrapped as useless after several recappings, pieced the salvageable bits together with cement and a once-over-lightly job of vulcanizing and sold the rubbish as reconditioned tires. One trucker paid $140 for one of these "tires" which lasted just 600 miles. A carload of them inspected by the OPA's men disclosed that of 159 tires only 11 were reasonably serviceable. Indictments, fines and jail terms are burgeoning in this racket.

Usually, however, judges are inclined to be lenient with violators. At least 50 per cent, and perhaps as much as 80 per cent, of the defendants are small businessmen whom the judges have known as reputable citizens for years. This understandable lenience to men from whom the judges have bought their cars, gas, tires, beefsteaks and shoes for years has made the OPA's job a difficult one. It has helped the black markets to grow and has helped the violators sidestep income-tax payments. In all of 1944 the OPA had a total of only 64,000 cases and collected about $20,000,000 in fines. In the first half of this year it has already collected nearly $14,000,000 in fines in 61,732 cases. By the end of the year the extent of black-market violations may triple the 1944 figures. V-E Day removed some of the moral restraints against civilian dipping into the black market; V-J Day relaxed the restraints even further.

It's within the power of the American people themselves to kill the black market at a stroke. If all Americans refrained from patronizing them for a week, the black markets would collapse. But they probably won't.

Angling For Big Fish

The only sure way to destroy the black markets is to release to consumers an abundance of the goods they need. But abundance is still a long way off. It won't come for another year at least. Until then the Treasury Department and the OPA and the other law-enforcement agencies will do the best they can to break the illicit traffic in consumer goods with augmented enforcement staffs and every legal weapon at their command. It'll be rough sailing for racketeers from now on. The federal agents will be fishing big-bill owners and tax dodgers out of the economic pond for years to come.

It has been the government's policy to fight a money war as much as possible and to keep the cost in human life down commensurately. It worked. But creeping inflation, black markets and the chiseling occasioned by heavy taxes have been part of the cost. On top of this has been piled the cost of the war in dollars, which so far has been more than nine times as much as the last one. But it might have cost a lot more in lives if we hadn't chosen to fight primarily with money rather than with men. The country has had to pay heavily in taxes, but other nations have paid proportionately at least as much in money—and a very great deal more in human life and in smashed towns and cities and broken hopes.

THE END

Famous Ford "Firsts"
SPECIALIZED TOOLS AND TRAINING WHICH ENABLE DEALERS TO OFFER FACTORY-TYPE SERVICE
Ford
Authorized
SERVICE

1st with a factory program for universal service

Henry Ford long ago declared: "A sale does not complete the transaction between us and the buyer, but establishes a new obligation on us to see that his car gives him service."

Early in its history the Ford Motor Company recognized the need for personal service, precision tools and trained mechanics. From all over the world men came to the Ford plant and were trained in service methods. In a sense, they took back with them a part of the factory itself, methods as well as ideals, and Ford service became universal.

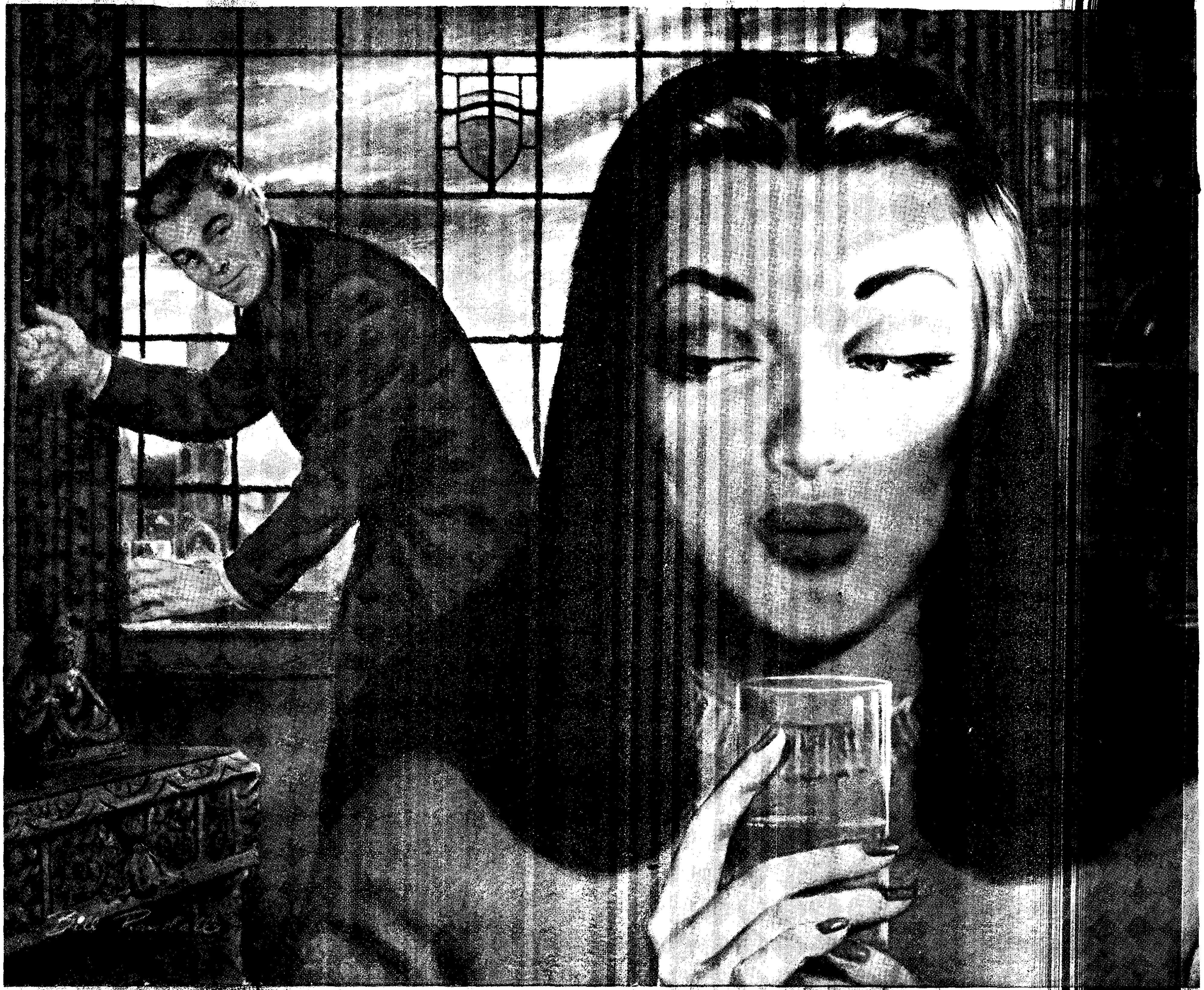
Through the development of special-purpose tools and scientific methods, Ford was first to make it possible for dealers to give owners service that measured up to the standard of precision built into the original car. Today Authorized Ford Service dealers everywhere have at their command a complete line of factory-approved tools. These tools mean finer workmanship—greater economy for the car owner. Furthermore, the Ford Motor Company continues to supervise the training of men who will use these tools. In a single year as many as 30,000 mechanics have received this training.

Here is one more of the many important Ford "firsts". It is paying extra rewards to owners now when wartime driving conditions call for better performance and longer life.

"THE FORD SHOW" Singing stars, orchestra and chorus. Every Sunday, complete NBC network. 2:00 P. M., E. W. T., 1:00 P. M., C. W. T., 12:00 M., M. W. T., 11:00 A. M., P. W. T.

EXPECT THE "FIRSTS" FROM FORD!

inkead



i’ said Jen

Every man has his weakness, and Johnnie Bates had to lead through his special weakness to find his own strength

THE people who really matter know the truth about Johnnie, and that should be enough, shouldn't it? Yet somehow it isn't when you hear girls whispering about him in the powder room at the Air Base. Or guys spouting lies in the bars downtown.

Like the time I was having dinner with Steve at the steak house; a gay champagne dinner with corks popping like mad and lots of good talk and long laughs. But the group at the next table defeated us by fact of their numbers, and began to make conversation a little difficult. They were talking about Charlie Rose's crash, and we didn't mean to pay any attention to them at first, Steve or I, but they were a little high and pretty loud.

"Crashed over the Hump," one of them said, and another put in:

"Yeah. Right where old Johnnie Bates got it last year." Steve tried to tell me something funny that had happened at Headquarters that day, but I wasn't listening to him, and after a while we didn't even pretend not to eavesdrop.

"Bates was a weirdie," one boy said. "He's a legend at Pensacola. Used to do the damnedest things."

"Spectacular as hell," the red-haired one said, "but no stuff really. He wasn't even a third-rate pilot, that's why they gave him that lousy run."

I could see Steve's knuckles showing white under his tan, and I kicked him gently under the table. "Don't let it get you, Butch," I said. "We know."

"Truth was," the red-haired one went on, "Bates couldn't hang together in a crisis."

The jg who hadn't spoken until then set down his drink and said, "He had a yellow streak as wide as my arm."

Steve folded his napkin carefully and walked over to the other table.

"Look, kids," he said in his nice, even voice, "you're talking about a pal of mine."

The jg stood up, and laughed. "Don't go pulling your rank on us, Johnson," he said. "Johnnie Bates was a damn' coward and everyone knows it."

Steve stepped back a little, and then his right arm shot out. It was as beautiful a thing as I've ever seen; graceful and effortless and dignified, if you imagine a sock in the jaw being that. When we were outside afterward, he wanted to say, "I'm sorry," and I wanted to say, "Thanks," but we were both so tight inside with anger and disgust and an acute loneliness for Johnnie Bates that we just hung on to each other's hand and didn't say anything. . . .

To understand how it was with Johnnie you have to go back years and years to when he was about nine years old. His mother and father were killed in an automobile accident, and Johnnie went to live with his grandparents. He was an only child and an only grandchild, and to say that his grandparents idolized him would be to understate the facts. If he had a sniffle he was put to bed; if he got a scratch it had to be cauterized. He was given cold shots, allergy tests, everything; he wasn't allowed to play football or baseball for fear he'd be injured, and if he rebelled there was always the threat, "If you want to go to college, John, you'll do as I say." College meant a lot to Johnnie because he wanted to be a doctor, so he behaved himself. When his grandfather died, his grandmother became even more solicitous. She forbade him to drink or smoke, refused to let him drive a car; and, in time, in spite of himself, Johnnie became a cautious, worrisome kid.

(Continued on page 48)

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL RANDALL

Suppose *YOU* hadn't been home for 3 years?

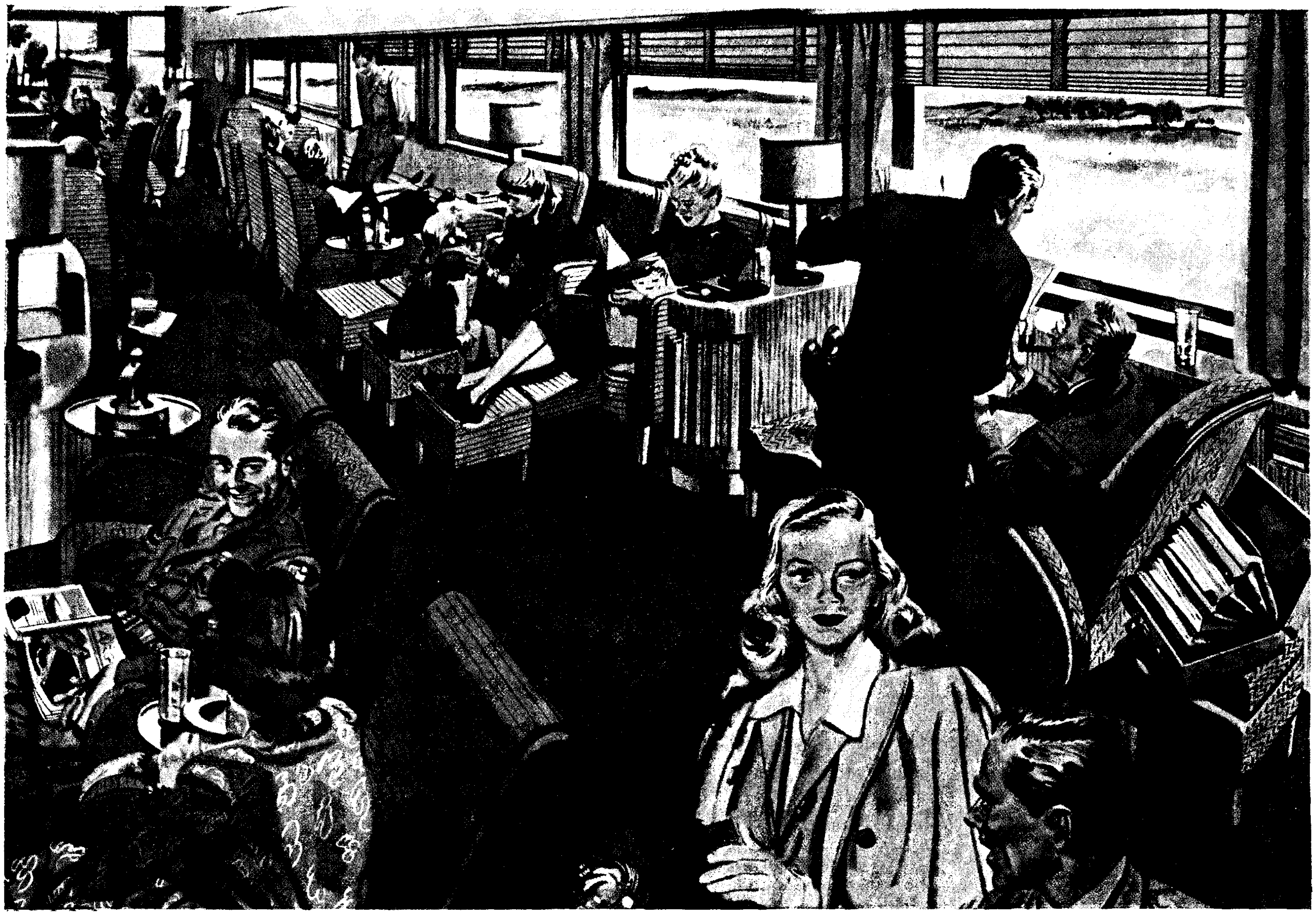
Chances are, the first thing you'd do when you got near a telephone would be to call the folks back home.

That's happening thousands of times every day now and we'd like to get every one of those calls through as quickly as possible.

So if the Long Distance operator says—"Please limit your call to 5 minutes"—that's to help everybody. It might be a service man who is waiting to get on the line.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LISTEN TO **"THE TELEPHONE HOUR"** EVERY MONDAY EVENING OVER NBC



PATENT APPLIED FOR

Invitation to Luxurious Travel

PULLMAN-STANDARD PRESENTS THE

"Living Room" Car

Your own ideals of perfect comfort in daytime travel are excelled by Pullman-Standard designers in the "Living Room" car. It will have everything thoughtfulness can provide in a quiet, sumptuous apartment on a modern train. Spacious and informal in arrangement, it will have the last word in lighting, seating comfort, deep-piled carpeting, smartly styled surroundings, scenic windows, and ultra-modern air conditioning . . . every facility to make sure that you enjoy your trip.

This "Living Room" car, while it is as new as Tomorrow, is the outgrowth of more than 85 years of leadership in carbuilding. It is from this rich experience that our large staff of versatile engineers and designers pioneered the present era of lightweight construction, and to which they are now contributing its most progressive developments.

Much of the quality and riding comfort of Pullman-Standard cars comes from unseen structural achievements—from the specialized skills of Pullman-Standard Master Craftsmen. Pullman-Standard builds every type of car, and all are engineered and constructed for the utmost in passenger comfort and safety . . . from their easy-riding trucks, smooth braking systems, joltless couplers and safety devices, to the smallest of their fittings.

Pullman Standard deservedly builds the most because it builds it best.

© 1945—P. S. C. M. Co.

PULLMAN-STANDARD *Car Manufacturing Company* **CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**

World's largest builders of modern streamlined railroad cars . . . Offices in seven cities . . . Manufacturing plants in six cities

Scene in the millinery workroom at Washington University School of Fine Arts

Campus-Cut Hats

By Ruth Carson

At Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., college girls learn to design hats. They even, sometimes, learn to wear them

"LOOKS like a baked ham," said the college boy, poking at a red satin hat studded with black buttons, "served on a black platter."

"If John-Frederics had designed that hat," said the college instructor, "everyone would say it was wonderful. We're putting it in the show for shock value."

The show was the annual millinery fashion show of the School of Fine Arts of Washington University, in St. Louis, Missouri. The hats starred in it were all products of the school's classes in millinery design which this fall is beginning its fifth year.

The school and local industry first got together some ten years ago, on the subject of dress design. The results were so productive of fresh young ideas and designers for the dress market, that the local millinery manufacturers got stirred up. They could use some bright young designers, too. And here was an idea: Stop hatlessness right in its lair, by getting hatless young school girls themselves interested in millinery design. So they propositioned the university.

Now millinery design is a required subject in the second year for students of the fashion arts, and elective third and fourth years. Most of the girls elect it.

"Put this down," said one member of the industry to us. "These aren't just college girls designing hats. They are all carrying a full four-year art program, with a major in dress design. These hats are designed by artists."

There's no taint of commercialism in the academic halls. The manufacturers show a fine restraint, never attempting to tell the university anything. They don't even see the hats the girls design except at occasional public showings, like the final fashion show of the school year. But they furnish generous support in the form of cash (to pay salaries of instructors selected by the school) and materials. Materials are no mean contribution. Plenty of fine felts, feathers and beautiful flowers, handmade to the girls' orders, find their way into the school workroom.

When ingenuity slumps, and the girls try to blame their lack of inspiration on lack of inspiring materials, Head Instructor Robert Mayes lectures them. "You can make a hat out of anything: gunny sacking—anything."

So Rosa Lu Abt goes back to the dorm and consults the janitor. Does he have any gunny sacking? He produces a potato sack, and Rosa whips up a handsome turban, twisting the sacking with black satin and sprinkling it with black sequins.

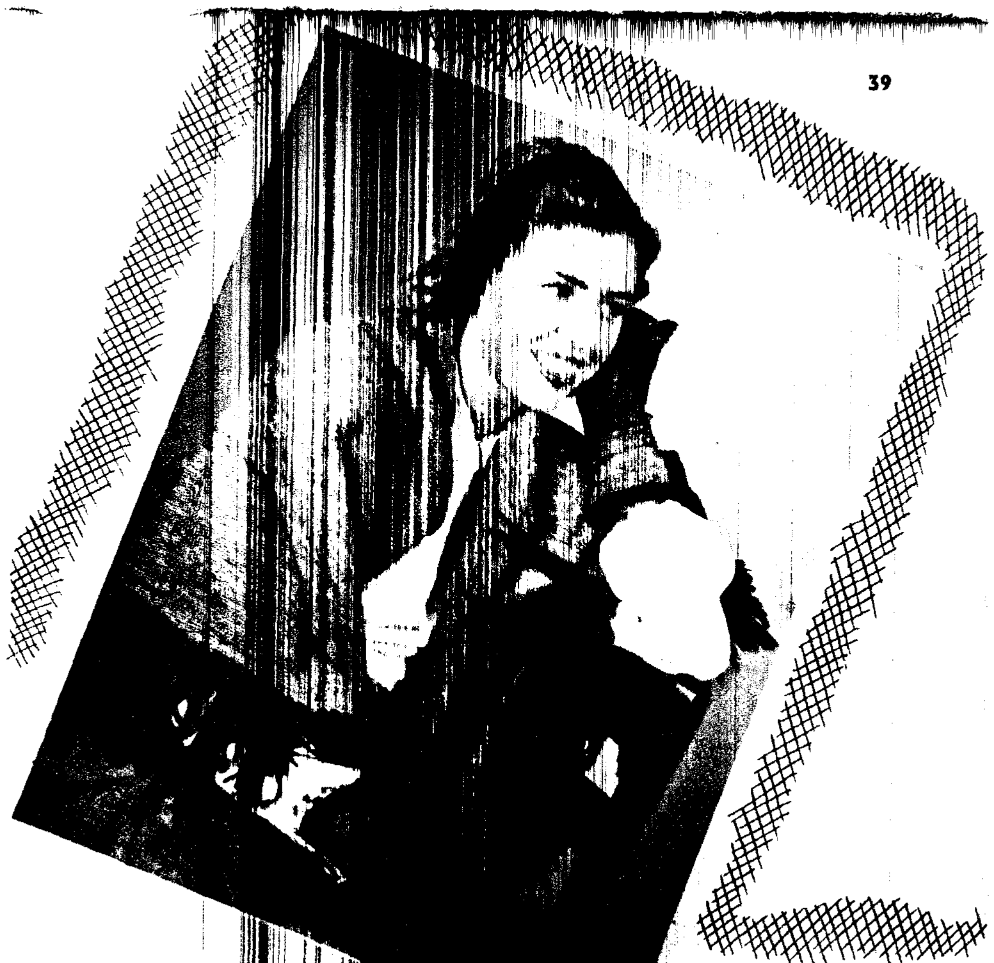
The school workroom, of course, provides all the proper equipment like steam irons and blocks. But when a girl really gets a creative streak on, she'll work into the night at home, and any props will do. A steaming teakettle, a wet towel and an iron right down on the floor work fine. You can use a kitchen pot or even a tin can for a block.

"That hat I blocked on a dripolator was really good," says Mrs. Rowena Dillon, one of the star students.

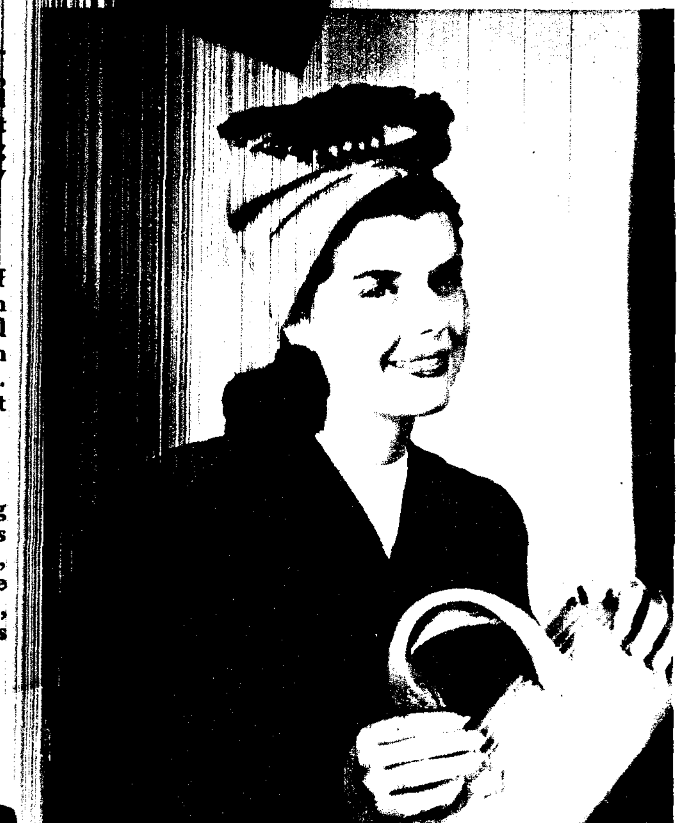
"Hats are like olives," says Jane Rosenberg, a junior. "You must cultivate a taste for them. My best hats are those people laugh at. They don't understand them." ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARIAN STEPHENSON

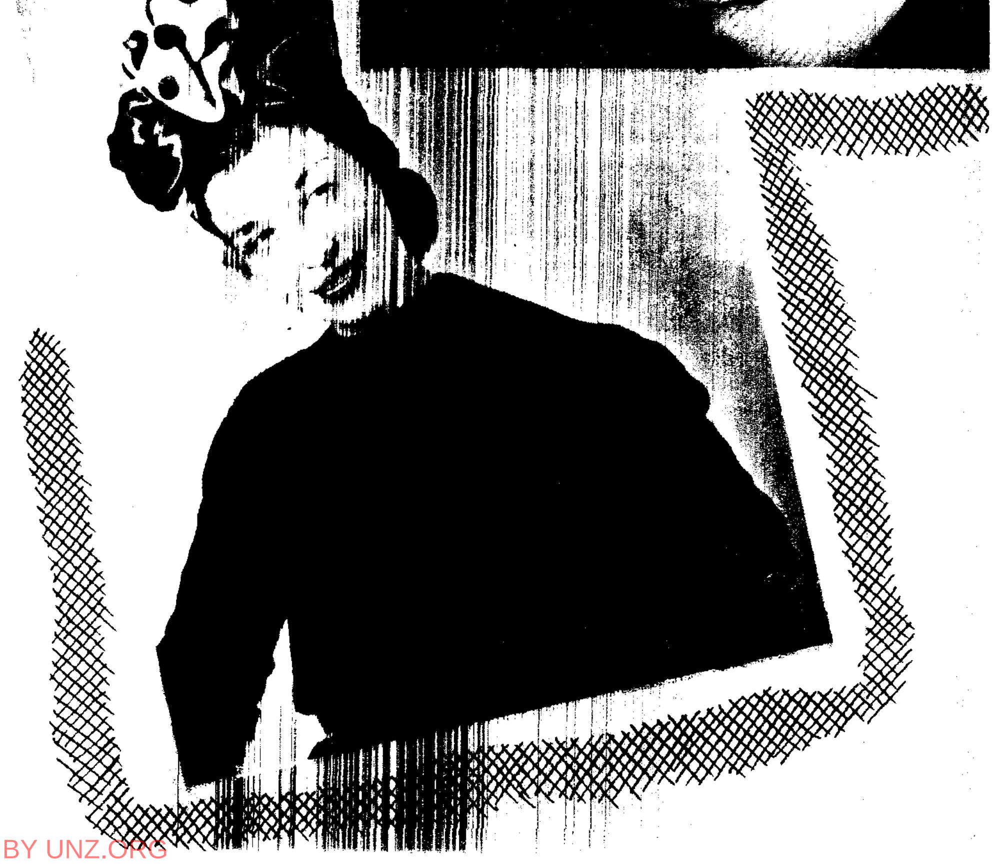
Gayed up with color, workroom is reproduced on stage for final fashion show



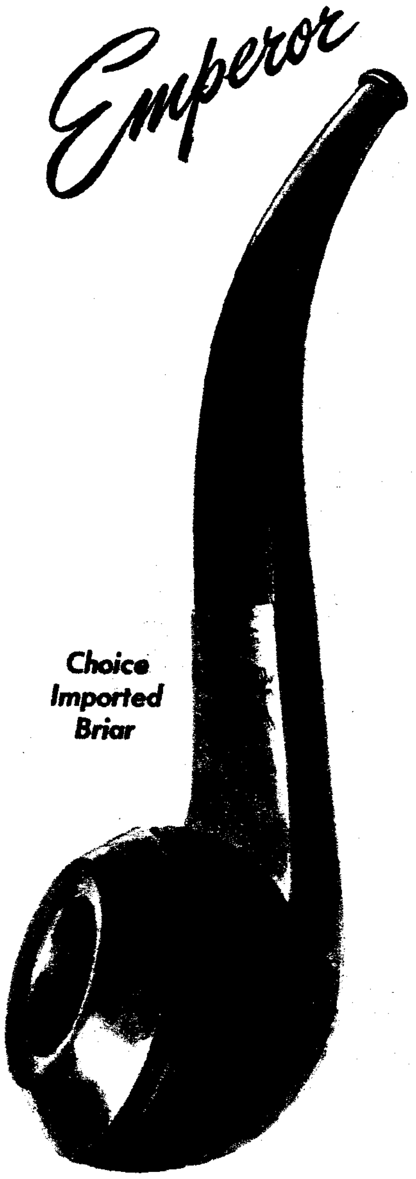
Anne Kinsey models Rowena Dillon's beret-hood, with matching gloves and shawl. Rowena calls it a hair-hider, appealing to girls in a big hurry



Jean Otani's cone hat of stitched felt and yarn can be adjusted several different ways, and worn with hair up or down. Gloria Peck models it



Most hats in final spring show forecast this fall's trend to off-the-face, down-in-back hats, like Rosa Lu Abt's turban, worn by Eleanor Lewis



EMPEROR

The Pipe that Knows No Peer

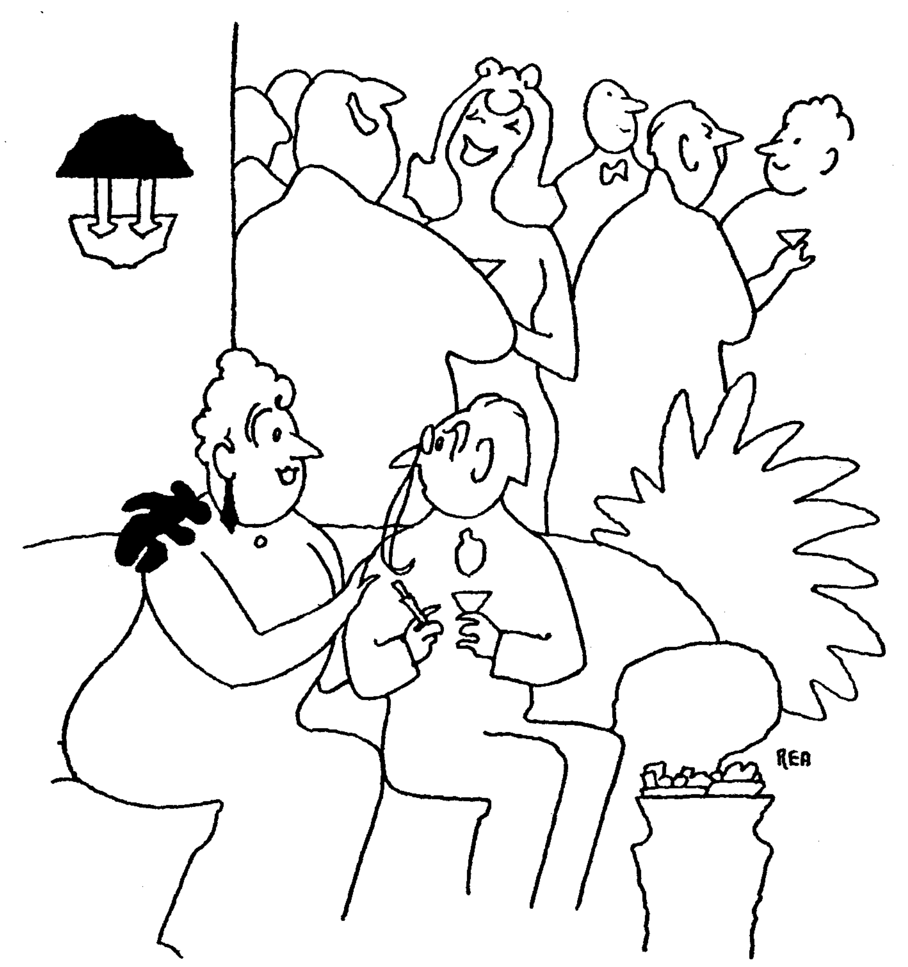
FOR symmetry, for rugged strength, for rare beauty of costly imported briar—here is true perfection.

For every Emperor Pipe is a notable work of art, a masterpiece created in the custom tradition. These are pipes you can confidently discuss with any pipe-lover. Truly you who own an Emperor possess a pipe that is second to none in America!

The shape illustrated above can be had at
$3.50 $5.00 $7.50

EMPEROR
PIPES

Empire Briar Pipe Co., Inc.
608 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.



"I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your latest book, Mr. Gilbey. And I wonder if you'd mind telling me how it ends?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

You Haven't Changed

Continued from page 20

more than half a dozen people here. And it was quiet. The place that once had been cheerfully and forever noisy with the clatter of a hundred conversations, the sound of girls' laughter, the metallic syncopation of a juke box that never stopped playing.

But behind the snack bar, there was still a boy in a soda jerk's cap. The starchy whiteness was like a beacon of familiarity in the strangely changed room, and Bob walked slowly over to ask for a Coke.

The boy glanced at the uniform and the ribbons and said, "Sorry, Sergeant; no Coke. How about a short lime?"

Bob nodded and the boy mixed the soft drink rapidly, putting it down on the counter with a respectful flourish.

Bob took the glass in his hand—they used to use paper cups—and walked self-consciously to the juke box. Turning his back on the people sitting at the tables, he stared for a long time at the list of records. But when he finally slipped in a coin and dialed a number, it was one whose title he hadn't even read.

AFTER the music started, he pretended to listen, but it was no good. In this room, the rhythm sounded dismal, not gay. Softly but aloud, he said, "Oh, to hell with it!" and put down his half empty glass and walked back through the swinging doors.

He turned to his left in the linoleumed hallway and went on through the building's back entrance, out into the quadrangle which lay between the Union and the Law Barn. There had been a fountain here.

When he saw it was still where it had always been, he felt profoundly grateful. But as he approached, he saw that it was dry, the cement of the empty pool littered with candy-bar wrappers, crumpled cigarette packages, even a few dead leaves.

Mournfully he stared up at the little boy in green bronze who stood on a pedestal in the middle of the dry pool, ridiculously squeezing a fat green porpoise from whose ecstatic mouth no water played now. He said, aloud again, to the disused metal youngster, "You and me both, brother," and went back into the Union.

There was a thing he wanted to do. It meant climbing stairs, and stairs were hardest of all, but he was determined to do it. After he made it up the first long flight, he stopped to rest on the landing which led off to the lounge, then started wearily up the second flight of stairs. He paused at their head, and the disappointment that rose in him at the sight of the closed double doors was ironically familiar. Just in case, he put out his hand to try the knob. Surprisingly, the door opened.

The room he hesitantly entered was big and dark, with a vaulted ceiling and an uncarpeted floor. Around three walls, long drapes had been drawn across tall windows. At the west end of the hall, two other windows, undraped and much smaller, were set at the back of a shallow stage. These let in just enough light to make the dust visible.

The stage itself was empty now, or almost. The orchestra stands which once had been there, very brave and gaudy, were gone. There was a juke box, unlighted, pushed back to one side.

Walking over to the stage, he could hear the soles of his shoes scuff grittily against the floor. Laboriously he pulled himself up, and stood in front of the juke box. It was an old one; it looked like the one that had been in the cafeteria the year he'd gone off to war. Excited, he bent closer, peering through the dirty glass to read the titles, and the names were the old names: Blues in the Night, Tuxedo Junction, A String of Pearls.

And there was *the* record, the Artie Shaw arrangement of Begin the Beguine, the song that was the music not for one particular year, but for all the college years; the music for all the times, all the people and the places which he'd known before the guns began.

He fumbled nervously in his pocket for a nickel and slipped it in the metal socket. Nothing happened. He stared dismally at the silent case, and then he looked down at the base of the machine and saw that the cord

IN PLYMOUTH, MASS.. 91% OF THE OIL-O-MATIC OIL BURNERS INSTALLED IN THE PAST 20 YEARS ARE STILL ON THE JOB

ARMY (E) NAVY

Plan your future security. Keep the War Bonds that you buy.

WILLIAMS
OIL-O-MATIC
HEATING
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

was unplugged. Too cautious to hope much, he bent down and put the cord in the socket. He heard a dusty whir, and suddenly there was music in the room.

Straightening up he stood there, catching the beat and remembering a lot of half forgotten things, best of all, the late afternoon dances in this room, when jazz and a couple of beers and the pretty, nearly anonymous faces of a hundred girls had all held time in a warm sweet solution.

Even in the empty present, the music could remind him that this was the time of afternoon when the dance would be settling down mild and mellow, the orchestra would be hot and sweet, the first formal attitude would have melted, and it wouldn't matter much if you knew the girl you held in your arms or not. You could be, as he had been, a stranger to most of them, and still it would make no difference; because you were young, and all the time in the world was beating as easily as this music in your blood with promises of things to come. . . .

ABRUPTLY he reached down to jerk loose the cord; the two metal prongs of the plug jarred scratchily on the bare floor. That was the only sound in the silence; but it was better than listening to the end of music in this too big, too deserted room.

Clumsily he got down from the stage and started across to the double doors. Just before he reached them, one of the panels swung inward, and a girl stood there peering at him. She said hesitantly, "I thought I heard music—"

"Me," he said. "I just turned on the juke box for a minute."

Her voice was quick. "It's perfectly all right. Play it some more if you want. We used to use it for the dances when there wasn't any orchestra any more." She broke off, her eyes searching his face in the semi-darkness. "You're a serviceman, aren't you? I'm—"

"I know. You're Nadine Catlett." He looked at her face intently, remembering the way he had last seen it, young and excited and over somebody else's Tuxedoed shoulder.

"Do I know you?" she asked, not coldly, just asking.

"I doubt it. I used to see you at the dances when you were a freshman. My name's Bob Carroll."

"But of course I remember! You were a D. U., weren't you, or was it Beta?"

"No," he told her, and a voice in his mind said: I wasn't any of them. I only used to be given bids to their dances once in a while. But aloud he said, "It doesn't matter, and it's been a long time."

"Well, anyway, I do remember," she insisted. "Maybe if you'd come out into the light, I'd remember a little better."

In the hall she looked at his face carefully. For just a second her eyes slipped quickly to his chest, to the ribbons there, then flickered back to his face again. "Of course I know you," she said, "and I want to hear everything that's happened since I saw you last!"

Looking down at her bright blue eyes and her red mouth, he thought obliquely that he hadn't remembered what a really simple color scheme it was. Still it was pleasant when she tucked her arm through his and said, "Look, why don't we run downstairs, you and I—"

With sincere regret in his voice, he said, "I'm afraid I've already got a date."

She made a mouth. "But, baby, I've got a date, too. Can't we sort of throw them to each other?"

"Sure," he said quickly, remembering now that that was the way the girls like Nadine used to talk. He added, "Only if you don't mind, I'd rather not run downstairs. I'd rather just walk."

"Of course. That was stupid of me. And I recognized the Purple Heart, too. We'll take the elevator. I've got a key."

He nodded, thinking he should have remembered that, too. They were the people who had always had the keys to everything.

Riding down in the slow automatic elevator, Nadine asked, "Was it shrapnel or what? Does it hurt much? Are you getting your discharge soon?"

He did not want to talk about it and ignored her questions, making her tell him about the school instead. As the doors opened and let them out into the hallway, she was saying, "So really for the last year, it's been like Miss Prentice's academy: not a man you'd be caught dead with!"

Before the phrase had a chance to irritate him, he saw Anne waiting for him in the hall, and he started toward her, but Nadine somehow was talking before he had a chance to explain.

"Anne, darling, look at this peculiar treasure I unearthed upstairs! And I suppose you're the mysterious date?"

Anne nodded.

"Well, I'm supposed to meet Carver at the Tavern, and I've simply got to talk with Bob for a while, and he said would it be all right with you if we made it a foursome."

Anne nodded.

Then somehow Nadine was between them, linking each of their arms with her own, and they were going out into the sunshine again, and Bob still could feel a kind of echo of the pride he would have felt once walking down toward the Corner, with Nadine Catlett on his arm. It was not exactly as it might have been once, but there was enough of the feeling left to make him wish it could be that way again.

When the three of them walked into the Tavern, at the Corner, it seemed to have changed less than any of the other places. This was ironic, because it used to be where he had felt least at home. Maybe this had been because it had always been the smartest place. . . .

Even now there were three or four boys in sports jackets sitting around with that high fraternity polish glazing them, and there were a great many pretty girls with sorority pins on their sweaters. It irritated him that the sight wasn't more pleasant than it turned out to be, because this was what he had come looking for.

As Nadine led them in, a tall thin boy in the last booth across the room stood up and waved at her.

THEY pushed through the tables, and Nadine put her hand in Bob's. He had the momentary illusion that it was less a handclasp than the shake a winner gives himself in the arena. Partly this sensation arose from the way she kept waving to various tables with the hand she had disengaged from Anne's.

As the girls slid into the booth, the thin boy stood, waiting for an introduction.

Nadine said, "Carver, sit down and stop making Bob uncomfortable. He's got a bad leg."

It was Anne who said, "Bob, this is Carver Horton; Bob Carroll."

Carver put out his hand and said, "How do you do, sir?"

Bob didn't have a chance to tell him to cut out the "sir." Nadine was already saying, "Be a charmer, Carver, and go get us some beer, won't you?"

Anne said, "A Coke for me, please, Carver."

Nadine raised an eyebrow. "Are you being deliberately naïve, angel, to make me out a fallen woman?"

"I just don't like the taste of beer is all," Anne said calmly. "Besides," she added, "Bob likes fallen women."

He looked at her quickly, but if her eyes were laughing, certainly her mouth was demurely straight.

Nadine was beckoning at two girls in sweaters a few tables away. They left their Cokes and came over.

"Darlings," she said, "I want you to meet Bob Carroll. He can't stand up, so don't ask him."

In the effort Bob made to keep his temper, he missed their names.

"Bob and I," Nadine was saying, "used to go to all the dances. Now he's a full-fledged hero. Isn't that wonderful?"

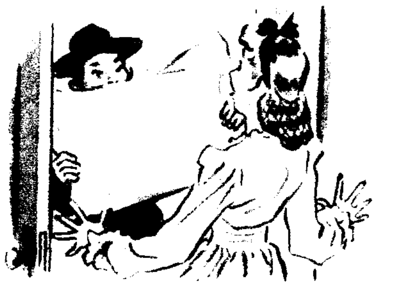
"Yes," said one of the girls, "it certainly is."

Bob could tell from the admiration in her eyes that she really meant it, but the admiration seemed to be about equally divided between himself and Nadine.

After the girls had been waved away,

Am I go forward— or am I go back?

1 All happen because I, Ling Lu, am walk home velly late from laundry work—when so-soft something fly out window—hit face. It sleepy pillow—fine linen cover. Too fine lie in street. I ring doorbell.

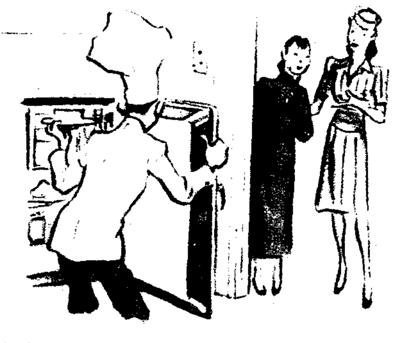


2 Lovely lady open door. "You lose sleepy pillow?" I ask. "That's no *sleepy* pillow!" she holla. "I tossed for hours on that, *wide-awake*, till I got so mad I *threw* it! But I guess *nothing* could help me sleep tonight."

3 "Please why, lady," I say. "Because," she say loud, "I had coffee for dinner—and the caffein in it strings me on wires, and keeps me awake. But OH, how I love coffee!" "Have calm," I say, "and drink Sanka Coffee."

4 "Sanka Coffee?" she ask. "Please yes, it has caffein out, all gone, 97%—*can't* keep awake. I bring some—cook for you." She say, "Are you a cook?" "I love cook," I say, "but work laundry—make much money."

5 Next evening I cook lady Sanka Coffee. She taste, she cry, "This is *wonderful* coffee! Such grand *flavor*—and *aroma!* Ling Lu, you're a gem. If I pay you good wages, will you be my cook?" I say, "Please yes."



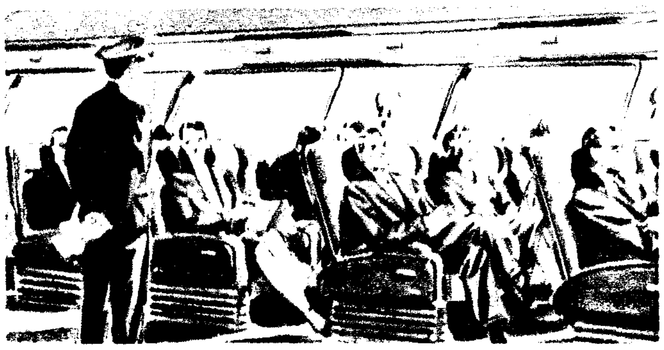
6 So lady all time drink Sanka Coffee—sleep like wall of China. I cook. *She* smile—*I* smile. Then lady gets pretty China girl laundress. Now again I laundry—help pretty one in spare time. No pay. Could be destiny?

SANKA
COFFEE
SANKA COFFEE

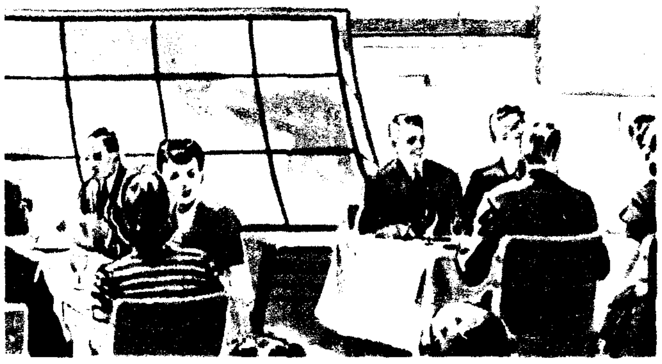
You can drink it and sleep!

Real coffee—all coffee—make it as strong as you like, it's 97% caffein-free! A product of General Foods.

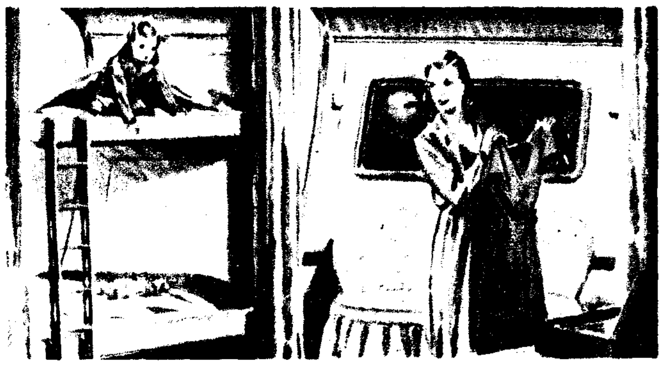
SANKA HAS A NEW RADIO SHOW! A half hour of laughs with Fanny Brice! Don't miss it—"The Baby Snooks Show." Sunday evenings on CBS.



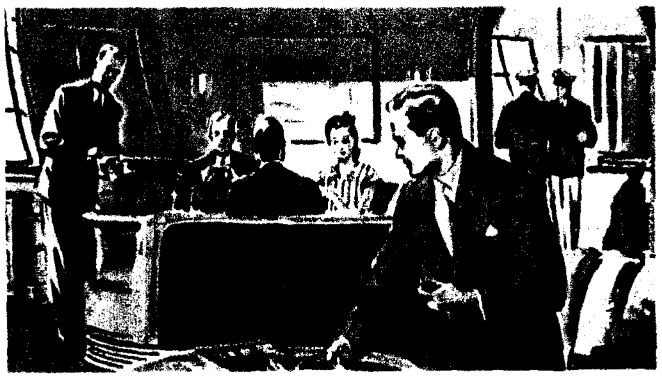
[illegible] — *Reclining lounge-chairs in air-coach type airships will set new standards of low-cost air travel. Speed and comfort at economy levels.*



ENJOYMENT — *Freshly prepared meals with a choice of menu, served at roomy tables. Smooth, noiseless cruising for undisturbed dining.*

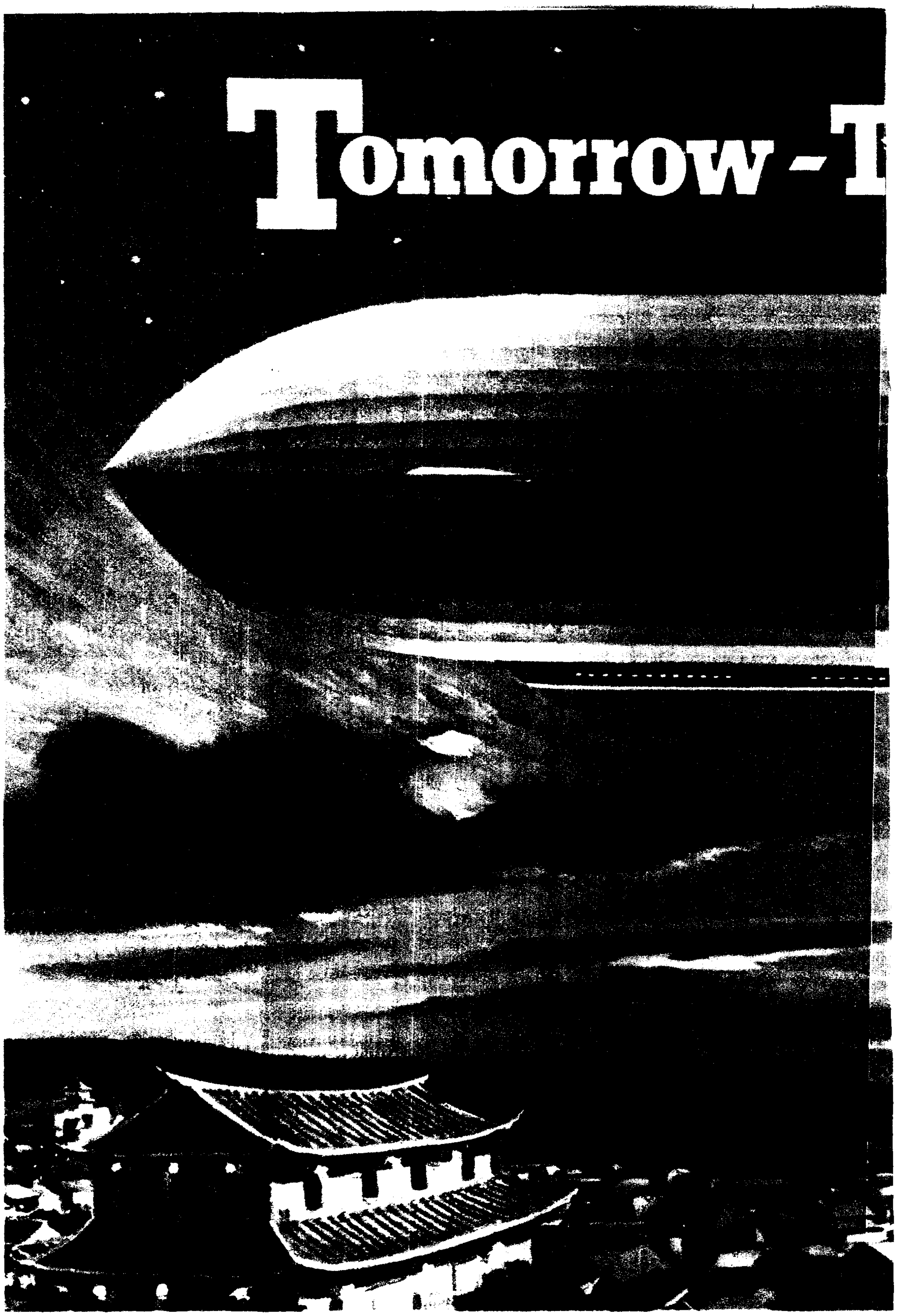


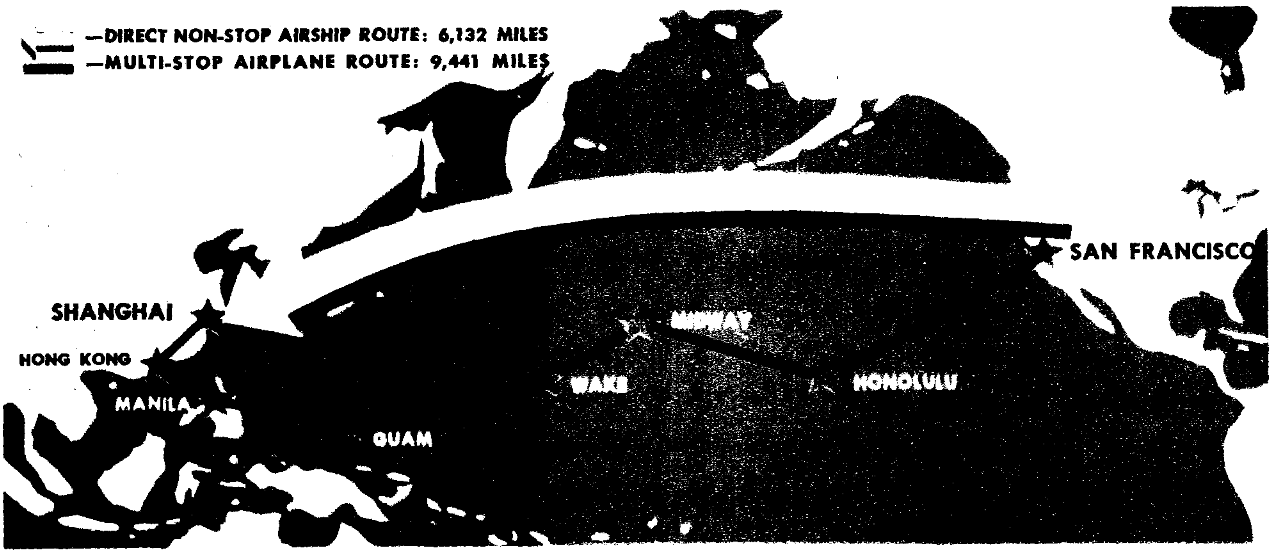
PRIVACY — *Cabins with ample room for dressing in addition to full-sized sleeping accommodations. No need for jackknifing.*



COMFORT — *Recreation, relaxation in club lounge quarters. Writing desks, card tables, library features in spacious surroundings.*

Tomorrow - T




—DIRECT NON-STOP AIRSHIP ROUTE: 6,132 MILES
—MULTI-STOP AIRPLANE ROUTE: 9,441 MILES
SAN FRANCISCO
SHANGHAI
HONG KONG
MIDWAY
WAKE
HONOLULU
MANILA
GUAM

YES, a tour of the fabled Orient from Manil to Madras will be easily possible within th limits of a two-week postwar vacation. Fo the seldom-remembered fact is: the peacetim record for the fastest transpacific commercia flight has long been held, not by the airplane but by the giant dirigible airship — the hote of the skies.

That trail-blazing flight was made 'way bac in 1929 when a passenger-carrying airshi spanned the 5,200 miles between Yokoham and San Francisco in 69 hours — *the longest non-stop, over-water cruise ever made by an type of aircraft*. And today huge 10,000,00 cubic-foot dirigibles are being blueprinted a Goodyear Aircraft that will make the fa longer jump direct to China — airships tha

ree days to the Orient !

will accommodate scores of passengers with luxury-liner comfort.

There are sound reasons why lighter-than-air transport is the most efficient and economical for all de luxe, long-distance travel. Only the airship combines relatively low fuel consumption with the high pay-load capacity essential to bring transoceanic air voyages within the means of millions of Americans.

And because of its far greater cruising range, the airship can span the vast Pacific on a great circle, "crow flight" course from America to Asia – without zig-zagging from island to island to refuel. This means a twenty per cent saving in air mileage and eliminates the weather and other potential delays unavoidable with numerous inter-island stages.

But most important of all – America alone among all the nations of the world has a sufficient supply of safe, noninflammable helium gas for airship operation. How valuable this is may be seen from the record of Goodyear's prewar fleet of non-rigid, helium-inflated airships in carrying 450,000 passengers on more than 150,000 flights without even scratching a passenger.

Thus America has the opportunity to win undisputed leadership in the one type of air transport that combines long-range, luxurious, hotel-like accommodations, high cargo capacity and low operating cost-per-ton-mile. To achieve it, calls only for that spirit of pioneering that has already made our country great in all other fields of transportation.

GOODYEAR AIRCRAFT

GOODYEAR AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
Akron, Ohio Litchfield Park, Arizona

COLLECTORS' CORNER

This fabulous French chessman from Rouen dates from the period, circa 1850. Of precious, hand-painted Faience porcelain, it is part of a rare set now in the china collection of the Guitel Montague shop on New York's famous Madison Avenue.

There's always a best of everything....

Fine Arts is *all* whiskey. 5-year-old whiskies are carefully selected for outstanding characteristics ... deep body ... aroma ... full-rounded flavor. These are then superbly blended into one — a whiskey of matchless perfection.

FINE ARTS
FINE ARTS
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

90 PROOF

Distributed solely by
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Nadine explained, "They're two of our freshman pledges, and this will give them something to talk about for days. I hope you didn't mind."

Carver came back with the beers and Anne's Coke, so Bob didn't have to answer. Instead he asked Carver what school he was in. He must have put it rather abruptly because when Carver said "Political Science," he said it shyly, as if it were a subject Bob wouldn't approve of. So Bob tried to draw him out. It was a curious, very civilian feeling, this business of drawing another man out, and it felt odd at first, and then right away it felt much better. Bob began to realize that this kind of talk was one of the things he'd missed, too.

"If you believe a lot of the editorials," Carver was saying, "all the ex-serviceman wants is a back yard full of rocket planes and Lana Turner twice a week at the air-conditioned feelies."

"Nuts!" Bob said, and started to explain various viewpoints he'd heard among his bomber crew, until he suddenly remembered that only a couple of hours ago he'd been quite a sucker for that editorial line himself. He stopped so blankly, they turned curious stares toward him.

"I was just thinking," he said slowly. "Maybe you're right about all that. Maybe it's part of what we want, but maybe this other stuff—a world police force, an organization of nations—is more important to us than we realize."

"Listen," Carver broke in excitedly, "that's what I told Doctor Nelson just this morning. I said underneath the surface stuff, the real G.I. attitude—"

"Darling," said Nadine's smooth voice, "don't you think it's really a little presumptuous of you to be talking about the G.I. attitude at all?"

Carver's mouth fell open. But it was not funny, not the way he blushed, or the miserable embarrassment in his eyes. Not the way he said, "I guess I have been shooting off my mouth about something I haven't got any right to talk about."

Bob started to point out in a loud, clear voice just why Carver ought to be thinking about peace plans and G.I. attitudes, but Nadine switched the subject as if it had been completely covered.

"Bob," she said, "would you mind explaining about the ribbons? You haven't yet, you know, and I've been wondering."

He felt suddenly shy, and it was a strange sensation, because he had never felt awkward explaining the ribbons before. But now he said, not looking down at them, confusing their order, "Well, one's the Purple Heart, and the Air Medal, and the D.F.C.—" He began blushing idiotically.

"I thought it was the Distinguished Flying Cross," Nadine said proudly. "How'd you get it?"

Anne said, "Does anyone know what time it is?"

Carver looked at his watch and told her, "Four-thirty."

"Then I'm afraid—" she said, and started to get up. Bob put his hands on the table to rise, too, and then Nadine cried, a little abruptly, "Bob, I've got a wonderful idea!"

HE LOOKED at her, a little nervously, because the idea that sounded so wonderful in 1942 might not sound so good any more.

She was turning a sweet glance on Carver. "Look, darling," she asked, "would you mind if we didn't have dinner tonight? Because," she went on quickly, "it just occurred to me how rugged everything would turn out if Bob and I sat around here and had another beer or two, and then I took him over to the house for dinner!"

Anne said quietly, "Wouldn't that be a little sudden for your housemother?"

"Of course it would! She'd be petrified! She'd be positive he was going to reproduce the sack of Nanking all over the drawing room, and he could tell about his experiences, and it would be sensational!"

Carver said miserably, "If you really want to, Nadine—"

She smiled happily. "Well, then it's settled!" She sent Bob a speculative look. "You don't feel too weak or anything, do you? I mean, your leg isn't hurting you—"

"Not below the knee," he said, with a peculiar smile. "I don't have any pain at all below the knee."

Nadine laughed a little uncertainly.

"But I'm beginning to get the picture of what you're after," he went on, "and why don't you work it like this?" His fingers fumbled for a moment at his ribbons and then he tossed them down before her on the table. "Why don't you just take these to flash, instead? They're what you're really interested in, and that's what you better take to dinner, because I don't think you and I are going to be at the same table from here on!"

He got up without looking at any of them, and began pushing his way past the sweatered girls, past the plaid sports jackets, out into the street. Walking faster than he ought to, he turned back toward the campus. There was the sound of light footsteps behind him, and he stopped angrily, but it was Anne.

She caught up with him, and still he didn't say anything. He started walking toward the Union again. Beside him, she didn't speak, either; not until they were almost there. Then she said, in a small voice, "Bob, aren't you proud of those ribbons?"

"I've never been so damn' proud of anything in my life," he said grimly.

"Then, why—"

"Because she made them easy as a frat pin! Because I felt ashamed wearing them around a girl like that! Because the only other way I could think of to get across what I meant was a straight right to the jaw!" Then he stopped walking and groaned. "Oh, hell!" he said. "All right! I guess I'll have to go back after them."

Anne reminded him, "You told her to keep them."

"I'll be damned if she will! Things like that you give to your girl—even if you do lose your temper. Come on," he said, and started to turn around.

"Wait a minute," she said. "Here."

SHE opened her hand, and there were the ribbons in her palm.

"I guess I felt the same way," she said. "It wasn't worth it, even to show her up. So I took them."

He picked up the ribbons, but he didn't put them back on. He merely looked at them for a minute, then he looked at her.

"Well," she said, "it's late. I've got to go now. You're going back to the city tonight?"

He nodded. "I'll walk through the Union with you."

They went on through the doors, and when they were in the hall, he looked on either side of him and shook his head mournfully. "The funniest thing," he said. "I keep thinking there's something here, but there isn't. It's all changed."

He held the door for her, and they went out into the quadrangle where the dry fountain was. "Do you mind if we rest a minute?" he asked.

"For a minute. Then I'll have to go on."

"And I'll have to go back." His voice was glum. "It wasn't much of an afternoon."

"I'm sorry," she said sincerely.

He looked at her. "You've still got that line of freckles across your nose," he said; "and your hair—you used to wear your hair that way, didn't you?"

She looked surprised and nodded. "Since high school. It's easy to take care of this way."

"I thought so," he said, and fell silent again.

AFTER a while, she touched his arm. "Bob, you won't let this afternoon make any difference, will you? About your plans for coming back to school?"

When he didn't answer, she went on urgently: "Because all this is just temporary. There'll be others coming back all the time now, and it'll be the way it used to be again. I know it will."

"The way things used to be," he said. "I don't know if I'd like that."

She looked at him in surprise.

"Well," he said, "maybe things seemed better than they were. A girl like Nadine—"

"She wasn't always that way." Anne's voice was firm with a determined fairness. "They've changed, too, the prom girls. They're greedy now, and they weren't before. Maybe just because they didn't have to be, but nevertheless—"

"Changes!" he said harshly. "Differences! Everything." Then his tone softened, and he said, "But maybe the one or two things that don't change, maybe that's because they're the way they should be. You know what I mean?"

"I'm not sure."

"I mean I'm coming back. If the other things change, it doesn't matter much, so long as—"

She looked at him, waiting.

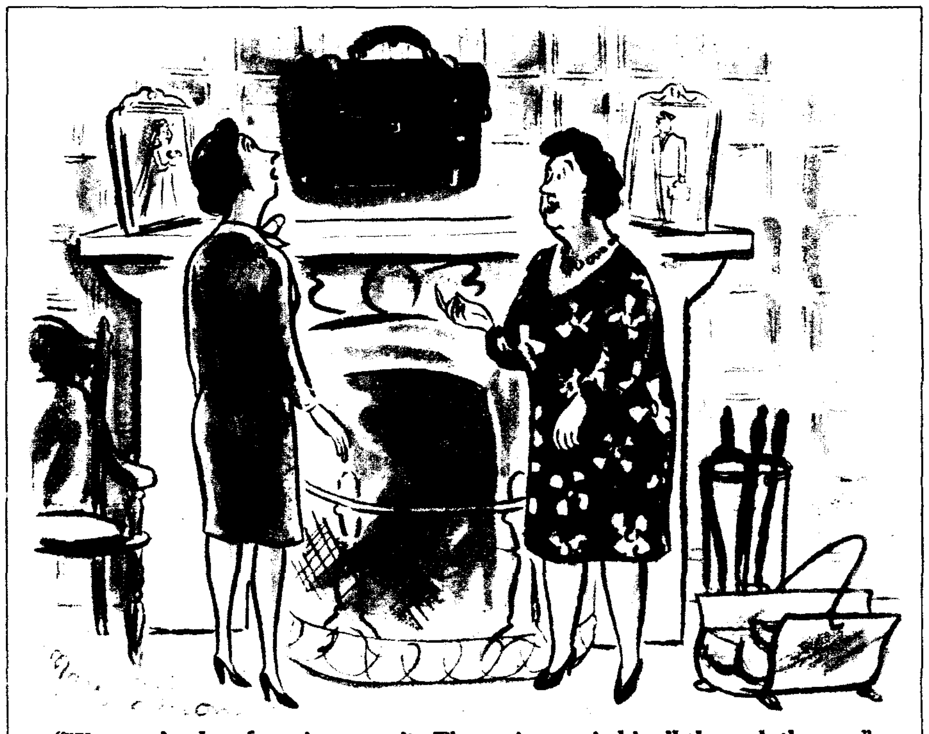
"Anne," he asked, "you haven't changed. Have you, Anne?"

"No. Not any, Bob." She seemed suddenly very happy. It showed in her eyes, in the quick involuntary movement of her head.

"Then there's something you'd better keep for me," he told her. "Something I want you to have."

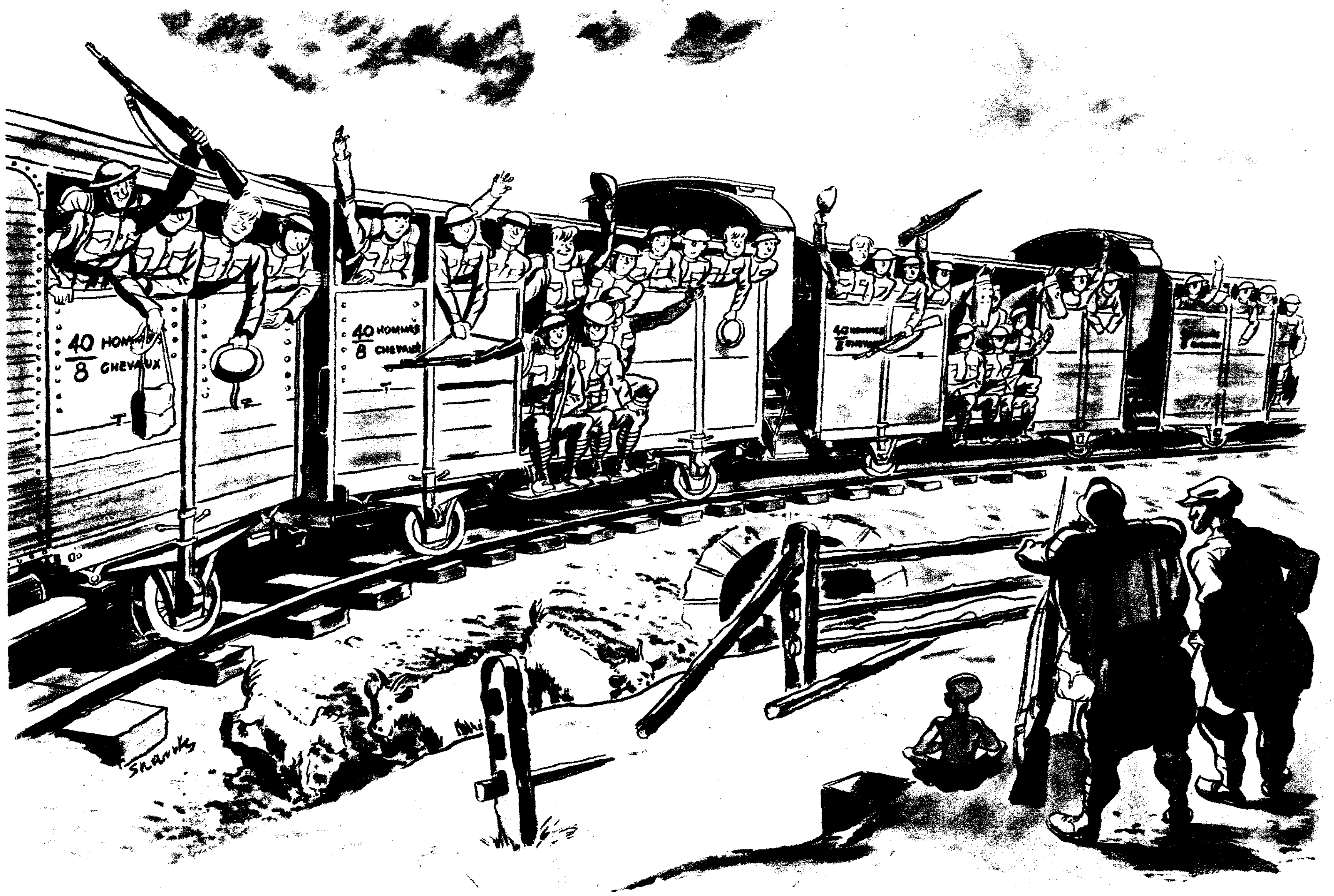
He put the ribbons in her hand. She looked down at them, and then her eyes went back to his, and neither of them said a word. But it didn't matter about their not speaking; they wouldn't have heard anyway. Because of the noise the water made playing in the fountain, because of the sound of music pouring from the ballroom.

THE END



"We attach a lot of sentiment to it. The major carried it all through the war"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON



IT'S ALWAYS A STRAIN MOVING ARMIES

For nearly four years we were building up our forces in Europe — to do a job. The job was done — and how!

And now, in the short space of 10 months or less, the millions of men who did the job in Europe are coming home — and along with them, the other millions who did the Pacific job, too. The end of the war does not mean that train travel will be less.

The total train travel this year will be nearly five times what it was before the war.

All this must be done with virtually the same equipment available in 1940, for during the war years the railroad program of buying new cars was halted by the government because of other and more pressing war needs.

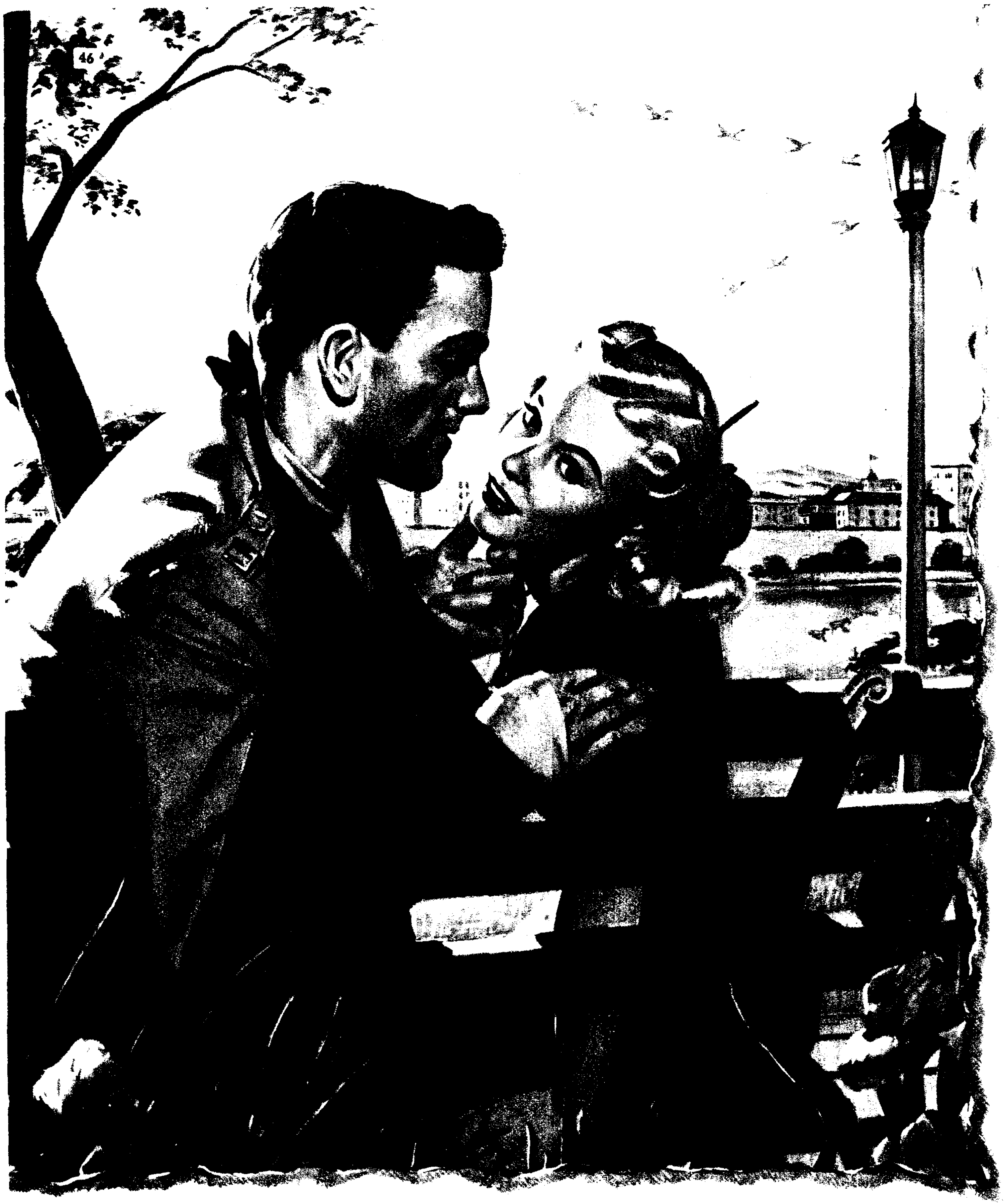
This means that now everything that rolls must be pressed into service. Sleeping cars have been taken off regular trains on all runs of less than 450 miles, so that approximately two-thirds of all sleeping cars are now available for troop train service. Coaches are being taken off regular trains. What's left in regular trains must serve not only civilians but a heavy military traffic as well. So travel is difficult for all — civilians as well as soldiers.

The railroads have two great needs — more cars and more men. Government agencies, military and civilian, are cooperating to recruit the men to help in moving the record load which is just ahead.

Since V-E Day, the government has authorized the building of passenger cars but not many can be completed in time to help meet the present peak travel load.

In the meanwhile, railroad equipment and railroad men are working harder than ever before — for the railroads must do the job with what they have.

AMERICAN RAILROADS



He suddenly caught her by the chin and pushed her head back. She knew he would kiss her and she would never forget it

Decision To Divorce

BY GEORGE WELLER

Mrs. Bentinck and Mrs. Shore had different reasons for coming to Reno. It was odd, then, that both hoped to learn the same thing about marriage

MRS. BENTINCK and Mrs. Shore, their halters undone in back, were lying on their stomachs on the roof of the Brookbank, getting tanned. The Brookbank's thoughtful manager had put out brown drill mattresses for guests who wished a sun bath. Since there was nothing else to do mornings in Reno but to try to get a deeper coat of tan, that was what Mrs. Bentinck and Mrs. Shore were trying to do.

It was one of the hot, silent mornings of late Nevada summer. The brown, gray and black peaks of the Sierras were silent in the distance, the mountains of the range overlooking California dappled with white.

Mrs. Bentinck, a sharp, quick brunette with a straight up-and-down figure, turned a bronzed face to Mrs. Shore. "Marion," she said, "did you notice the snow on those peaks?"

Mrs. Shore, a blonde who could dare to wear a canary bathing suit without wondering how her hair bore the contrast, turned her oil-lidded eyes toward her companion.

"Yes, I can see it right now, Betty," she said.

The two women looked at each other somnolently through their sunglasses.

"Well," said Mrs. Bentinck, "I know now that he must be a genuine cowboy and not a—what do they call them?—that word . . ."

"Gigolo," mumbled Mrs. Shore, now down on her face again.

"Gigolo. He must be a real cattleman and not a gigolo."

"I don't get the connection," said Mrs. Shore. Her straying halter tickled her a little. She looked around the roof to see if Mr. Kaufman, the only divorcé at the Brookbank, was taking his sun bath, but Mr. Kaufman had left and was probably in the bar for his preluncheon snifter. She ran her halter down daringly, covering her breasts with her small brown hands. Her head was sun-drugged, but she didn't want Betty to think her inattentive. "What's the connection with snow?"

"It's by something he dropped about that snow up there that I know he must be a real cattleman."

Mrs. Shore reflected on this a little. Sh hated to appear slow with Mrs. Bentinck who was so sharp and quick and sometime a little acid. Mrs. Bentinck had a way o half explaining things and then expecting you to get them that made Marion feel she understood a little of what had happened to her marriage from the point of view of Adam Bentinck. With her own husband, now, Marion explained things right off, or there wa trouble. "Could you tell me what he said?" she ventured.

This morning Mrs. Bentinck was willing to explain herself. She sat up to talk. "Yesterday afternoon when he took me out to the hot springs to swim, I said something abou the mountains look beautiful with all tha snow. Morton said, 'Yes, they're marbled with snow.' I said, 'That's a cute way to pu it. Is it original?' He said, 'No, that's jus an expression ranchmen like myself use. They describe meat that way.' "

"Meat?" said Mrs. Shore politely.

I wonder if I'm getting roasted on this roof grill, she thought. She dipped a little lotion in her palm and smeared her shoulder gently.

"Meat," said Mrs. Bentinck earnestly. "Morton told me that a good piece of meat was a piece marbled with fat. That means it has little dabs of white fat all over, the way those mountains have snow. Cattle that have both lean and fat all over give the best steaks, Morton says. Isn't it interesting?"

"Very," said Mrs. Shore.

It was evident to Marion Shore that there were things going on in Betty Bentinck since they arrived in Reno that she did not understand. She had thought that she was coming to Nevada with the suburban Mrs. Bentinck, the Mrs. Bentinck of the country-club teas and the home on Fairlawn Road and the weedy little boy who wore glasses and the husband who was an insurance agent.

But in the ten days they had been together in the Brookbank, notions had begun to pop out of the mouth and mind of the divorcée-to-be that she was unable to comprehend. It might have been because Marion Shore still felt like a housewife temporarily at large, while Betty Bentinck unmistakably considered herself already as divorced as though she had thrown her rings into the Truckee River.

"I suppose Morton can teach you how to pick out the best cuts of beef," said Marion a little drowsily.

"Oh, I shan't be fussing around butcher shops again for a long time," said Betty. "But I just wanted to show you that Morton is a real cattleman, not one of those Brookbank barflies. He wouldn't know the terms ranchers use, otherwise, would he?"

"No, dear," said Marion. "Do you think you could give me a little oil between my shoulder blades?"

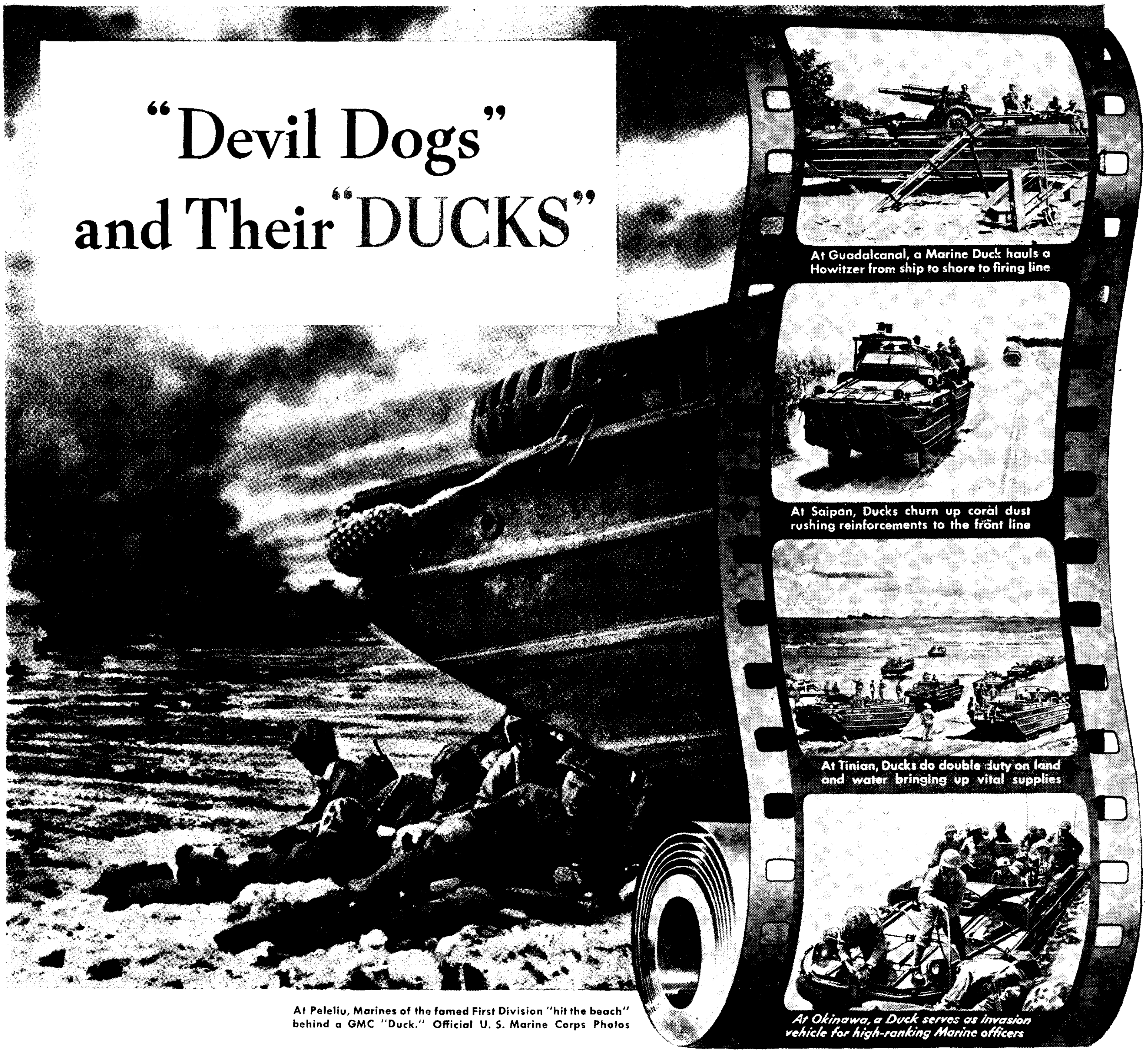
AS SOON as Betty Bentinck had made up her mind to get a divorce, she had, in her decisive, faintly brutal way, invited the soft blond Marion to go with her to Nevada. The truth was that as soon as she had decided to end her marriage, she felt a need to be companioned westward by the one woman in their set who seemed to her most undeniably an affirmation that other marriages could be happy. Leopold Shore was a drunkard, but he was not a public drunkard, and he was a financially successful drunkard. To Betty Bentinck, there was no discernible evidence to disprove that Leopold and his blond wife were happy—none but the ambiguous fact of their having no children.

In each disintegrating marriage there is a time of *Schadenfreude*, satisfaction in discord, when it is a comfort to know that there are worse marriages than one's own. The adjacent failures ease the ignominy of going on. But when the decision to divorce has occurred, then the world goes upside down again. Now the assurance one seeks outside oneself is not that other marriages break up, but that other marriages hold and endure. Marion Shore was all that Betty Bentinck

(Continued on page 64)

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR GROSS

"Devil Dogs" and Their "DUCKS"



At Guadalcanal, a Marine Duck hauls a Howitzer from ship to shore to firing line

At Saipan, Ducks churn up coral dust rushing reinforcements to the front line

At Tinian, Ducks do double duty on land and water bringing up vital supplies

At Okinawa, a Duck serves as invasion vehicle for high-ranking Marine officers

At Peleliu, Marines of the famed First Division "hit the beach" behind a GMC "Duck." Official U. S. Marine Corps Photos

GMC started to produce "Ducks" at about the same time that the Marines started to "jump all over the Japs" in the Pacific. Since then, the Navy's amphibious fighters have used GMC's amphibious trucks in a score of successful assaults from Guadalcanal to Guam.

At Arawe and Cape Gloucester, invasion beaches were blasted by a blazing barrage fired from "Ducks" equipped with rocket guns. At Saipan and Tinian, Leathernecks used many of these "landing boats on wheels" to help stage the surprise attack that put big B-29s within bombing distance of Japan. At Iwo Jima and Okinawa, Marines were supported by "Ducks" through some of their fiercest Pacific fighting, bringing Tokyo two steps closer.

The "Duck" makes an ideal transport vehicle for island hopping "Devil Dogs" because, boat and truck combined, it follows the fighting through sea, surf, coral sand and jungle swamp.

In addition to being one of the largest producers of military vehicles, over 575,000, GMC is building many commercial trucks for essential users. Civilian GMCs are powered by engines of the same basic design as the famous "270" used in the GMC "six-by-six". . . the "Workhorse of the Army."

INVEST IN VICTORY . . . BUY MORE WAR BONDS

GMC TRUCK & COACH DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS

HOME OF COMMERCIAL GMC TRUCKS AND GM COACHES . . . VOLUME PRODUCER OF GMC ARMY TRUCKS AND AMPHIBIAN "DUCKS"

No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS . . . but

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION is Worth a Pound of Cure!

PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat.

PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD.
CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS
Call

FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

I Remember Johnnie

Continued from page 36

When he was eighteen, two momentous things happened, one right after the other. His grandmother died, and Johnnie went East to college. The death of his grandmother left him first with a great emptiness, because now he was completely alone, but then there came an enormous sense of release, and on the train going from Chicago to Philadelphia, then from Philly to Princeton, he began to feel as though he were just beginning to live. Now there would be football and beer and late hours, and no one to shake a finger or utter a lugubrious warning. Now at last he was free.

It wasn't as simple as that, though. Nothing was ever simple for Johnnie. He went out for football, and of course the kids who had played in prep school had a big edge on him. But Johnnie was fast and he could pass like nobody else, and he learned like a flash. "That Bates is hot," the guys began to say, and Johnnie would hear them and want to die he was so happy. Later, as a sophomore, when he was picked for varsity he was completely out of his mind.

Then one day, right at the start of the Williams game, Johnnie got hurt. It was in the opening scrimmage. He went down and somebody stepped on his shoulder hard, and then fell on top of him. There was a pile-up and Johnnie was on the bottom. A wave of panic swept over him, and he clawed at the people around him savagely, fighting his way to his feet.

"Take it easy, Mac," somebody said, and that was Steve. Someone else said, "Watch it, Bates." Then it felt as though they were rubbing ground glass into his shoulder, and he passed out.

He came to in the infirmary, and he remembered and was ashamed. More than that, he was bewildered by the violence of the emotion he'd felt. He turned his head painfully, and Steve was sitting beside him, still in his football jersey. "Hi," he said. "Okay, fella?"

"Sure," Johnnie answered, and suddenly he was on the defensive. Nobody could have known what had happened to him out on the field, yet just looking at Steve, he felt as if it were a spoken thing between them. There was a moment when he almost said, "Gosh, that was a crazy thing this afternoon," when he almost said, "Did it ever happen to you?" But the moment was gone, and he said, "Got a cigarette?"

Steve lit one for him. "Pulled a couple of tendons in your shoulder," he told him. "Looks like you sit out the Williams game."

Relief surged through Johnnie then; he was lightheaded with it. And after Steve had gone, he lay there alone trying to understand the thing. Trying to tell himself he was making a mountain of a molehill. It was no go. He had encountered fear in himself. Blind, wordless fear, and the meeting had shattered him.

IN THREE weeks he was playing again, beating down the panic that spread in him like a dark stain at the beginning of each play. But presently he discovered that he could outrun anybody on any team, and by skillful dodging could keep himself from being tackled. He began to feel that he was safe from the recurrence of that hideous business, but then in the last quarter of the Yale game he learned that he wasn't. He was in the clear, carrying the ball for a certain touchdown, when he stumbled, and a pair of Yalies scorching up the field behind him, brought him down hard on the eight-yard line.

The minute he hit the ground he was struggling to get up; flailing out with his arms, bluing the air with profanity until finally he was on his feet. He stood for a second, breathing hard, clenching and unclenching his fists, staring at the other men. They stared back at him saying nothing, and then he turned and walked stiffly back to his formation. He got the ball over on the next down, and later on at the Nass everyone came around and told him how good he was.

He was in a strange mood that night, and he didn't join in the singing or try to wolf anyone's date. Just sat and drank, and when one pitcher of beer was empty he'd order another. By the time the Nass closed and the boys moved on to Jerry's, Johnnie was pretty drunk. At Jerry's he picked out a small table and sat there by himself pouring it down. Steve went over after a while and tried to talk to him, but for a long time Johnnie ignored him. Then out of a clear sky he began to talk.

"Steve," he said, "I'm the biggest damn' coward on the face of the earth, and I wouldn't play another game of football for anything in this world. Lord, I hate that game!"

Steve said, "Can that stuff, Bates. You're drunk."

"Have you ever been scared, Steve? Really scared? It's the rottenest, lousiest feeling there is. It gets you by the throat and shakes you till your teeth rattle. And when it's gone, you hate yourself so much—" His voice trailed off, and he sat there, staring down at the floor.

HE FINISHED out the season, and he never knew that he had told Steve how he felt that night. Watching him play, afterward, Steve always felt a little awed at him, he was so darned good. Only now and then, standing next to him when the signals were being called Steve could hear him clear his throat sometimes, could see a white line around his mouth. And whenever he saw him go down, Steve turned away and said inside himself, "Take it easy, Mac."

After the last game, Steve socked him on the back and said, "Good boy," and Johnnie met his gaze and knew that he knew. They talked about it after that, and Steve told him he had the kind of courage that counted. "Heck," he said. "An absence of fear isn't courage. Courage is being scared white and not letting it get you."

"Yes," Johnnie said slowly, as if he'd given himself that argument a dozen times, "that would be courage if you were scared in the face of real danger, but in a football game?" He shook his head.

"We're all scared of different things," Steve told him doggedly. "That's all. Courage is courage." Johnnie wasn't convinced, but talking it out with Steve helped, and it might have helped more if he hadn't run into Jen Phillips about that time.

She was Chris Hansen's date one week end, and that should have warned him. Chris' girls were a breed apart. Beautiful and sophisticated and not quite nice, if you know the kind. They drank too much, wore their dresses too low, looked at you wickedly and knowingly. Chris' girls were swell to wolf, but no good to fall in love with, and that's what Johnnie did.

He saw her for the first time at a house party in the spring, and for a long while he stood and watched her. She was not exactly typical of Chris' dates, but she had that bright hard finish that was characteristic of them. Jen was tall and rather lean, with straight black hair and a thin, alive face. This particular day she wore a white sweater with the sleeves pushed up and a slim black skirt, and she made the other girls look overdressed and a little ridiculous. She danced with a kind of careless ease, talking up at Chris now and then, more often listening to him talk and laughing at his jokes. Johnnie liked the way she looked. Liked her thin, red-nailed hands and the clean sweep of dark hair. He tapped Chris on the shoulder, waited while he introduced them, and then she was in his arms. She felt the way she looked, he thought, but he couldn't have put into words exactly what he meant. They danced without speaking and, though he held her close, there was no intimacy between them. She contrived to hold herself aloof someway, and he liked that about her. Eventually she spoke and her voice was low and unhurried.

"Saw you play some nice football last fall, Johnnie."

"Thanks." He wanted suddenly to swagger a little; to have her think him a hero.

"You play like a pro."

He thought that one over. "Is that good?"

"I don't mean it's good or bad. It's just a way of playing. You look as if you were doing it for money instead of fun."

He laughed a little. "Didn't you know?"

he said. "I'm a ringer." She looked at him amusedly, not quite believing him, and then someone cut in and Johnnie went back to just watching her.

She wasn't especially eager or flirtatious, but she got around. Bart cut in on her and Carl, then Chris reclaimed her. He held her possessively, and once he leaned down and kissed her hair, and Johnnie didn't know when anything had annoyed him more. He cut in again, and she smiled at him.

"Johnnie," she said with a rising inflection. It was no more than "hello," but it warmed him. This time they talked a lot, and he found out that she liked to ski and ride. That she was learning to fly. She didn't tell him about it boastfully at all, just conversationally, as if she were talking about someone else. He cut in on her as often as he could, and when the dance was almost over he asked her if she'd have a drink with him.

It was strictly illegal to drink in the club, but there were all manner of circumventions of that rule. Some of the guys kept a bottle in their cars, some secreted theirs in the cellar. Johnnie had his in a drawer of the office desk. Jen sat in the swivel chair holding the glass he had given her, and Johnnie sat on the desk.

"Say when," he said. She let him pour her a stiff one, then he poured one for himself and added some soda. "Sorry about the ice," he said. And she answered, "This is the way I like it."

"British as all hell, aren't you?" He grinned at her.

"I'm a Brooklyn girl myself," she said. "Lace curtain Brooklyn." He learned that she had gone to Sarah Lawrence and that she was twenty-two. She had an apartment in New York, and she was a model. She asked him about himself and he told her, and when he was finished she put her lovely pale hand on his and said, "Why, you poor guy."

It was such an unexpectedly gentle thing for her to do that it stirred him profoundly. Then he glanced over at her and she wasn't looking at him gently at all, but it didn't really matter. His hand found the light switch in back of him, and he flicked it off and came toward her. The light through the half-open door lay across her forehead, but her mouth was in the shadow, and he fumbled a little kissing her. He'd kissed girls before, brief, friendly kisses, but there'd never been anything like this. She moved her head away from him at last, and he straightened up and looked down at her. Her head was a little to one side, the dark hair falling forward, and her mouth looked blurred and soft. He took her hands and lifted her to her feet, and then he kissed her again, expertly this time, as if it were not something newly learned, but something he had always known.

"Jen," he said. "Jen."

Her hands were warm on his face, but her voice came to him cool and without emotion. "Lord, you're good," she told him. It shocked him, and he stepped away from her, feeling as if she'd slapped his face.

"Good?" He couldn't think of anything else to say.

"You're shocked, aren't you?" she demanded. "I'm afraid I can't be coy, Johnnie. I have the completely unfeminine habit of saying what's in my mind."

"That's great," he said. "Must make a lot of guys feel just dandy."

He had put the light back on, and they blinked at each other across the room. "I don't get it," she said. "I give you my prettiest compliment, and you get all stuffy about it." She took out a cigarette, but he made no move to light it for her.

"Shall we skip it?" he said, and he was angry at himself for being such a complete dope. Angry at himself for being angry. What had he wanted her to say, for Pete's sake?

THAT night before he went to sleep he tried to sort out his feelings about her and dispose of her mentally once and for all. Finally, he fell asleep knowing there was something hard and alien about her; knowing too that he wanted to see her again more than anything in the world.

He worked at one of the big department stores that summer and lived in a room at the Sloane House. He carried Jen's phone number around in his wallet, but he knew that nothing good could come of another meeting with her, and so he kept putting off calling her. He'd learned a lot about her in the months since he'd met her. Learned for instance that she'd been bounced out of Sarah Lawrence for having a cocktail party in her room; that she was the skiing champion of Skytop, but she'd forfeited her membership there after violating a few major club rules. She owned a plane, purchased for her by some old guy who had been completely nuts for her, and who had recently killed himself for undisclosed reasons.

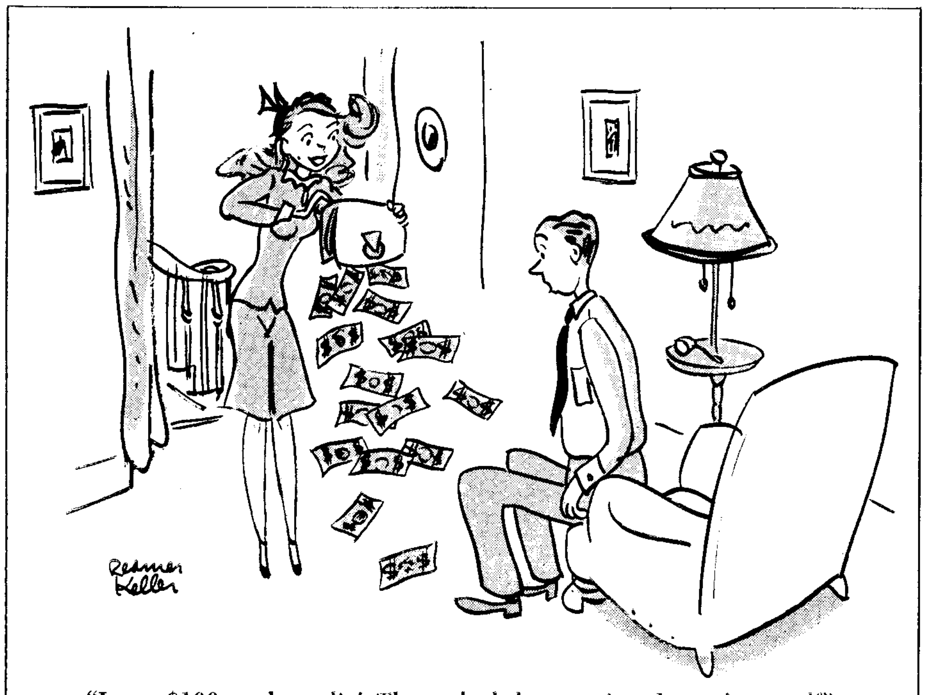
It didn't add up to a very savory total, yet Johnnie never got her completely out of his mind. She was like a tune he kept humming under his breath all day. In odd moments he would remember her voice and the way her long hair swung when she walked. He would remember how it had felt to kiss her.

It was practically inevitable that someday he'd call her, but the way things turned out he didn't have to. He was walking across 34th Street one day, and he saw her coming toward him with her unmistakable easy stride. She was wearing a black linen suit and no hat, and her skin was tanned the color of coffee with cream. When she saw him she lifted her hand a little.

"Hi," she said. "You look as if you'd just crawled out from under a stone."

He said, "Nice to hear. You're looking fit."

"Fit." She tasted the word. "I don't like it. Tell



"I won $100 on the radio! They asked the questions I sent in myself"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

Up in the Air
...about what battery to buy?

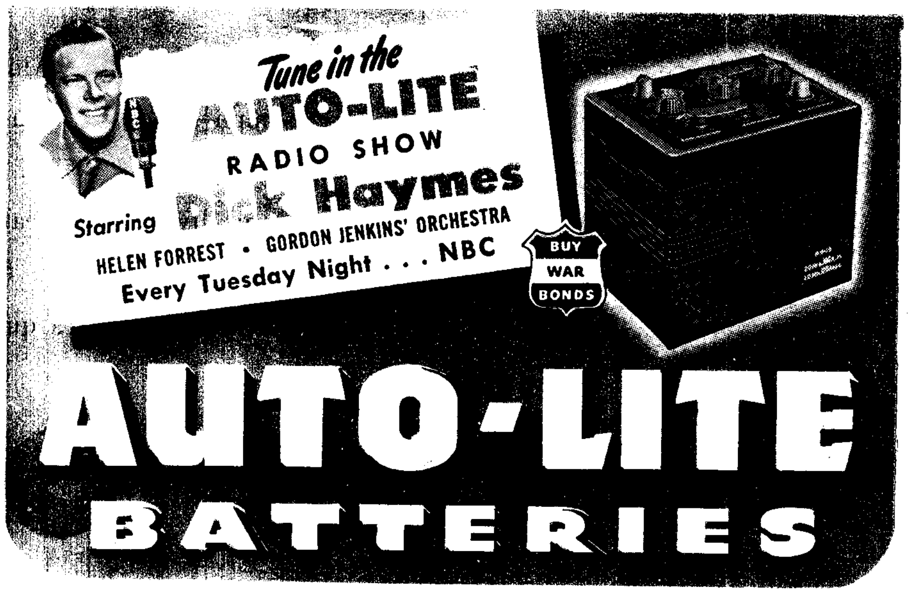
GET THE BATTERY EXPERTS CHOOSE

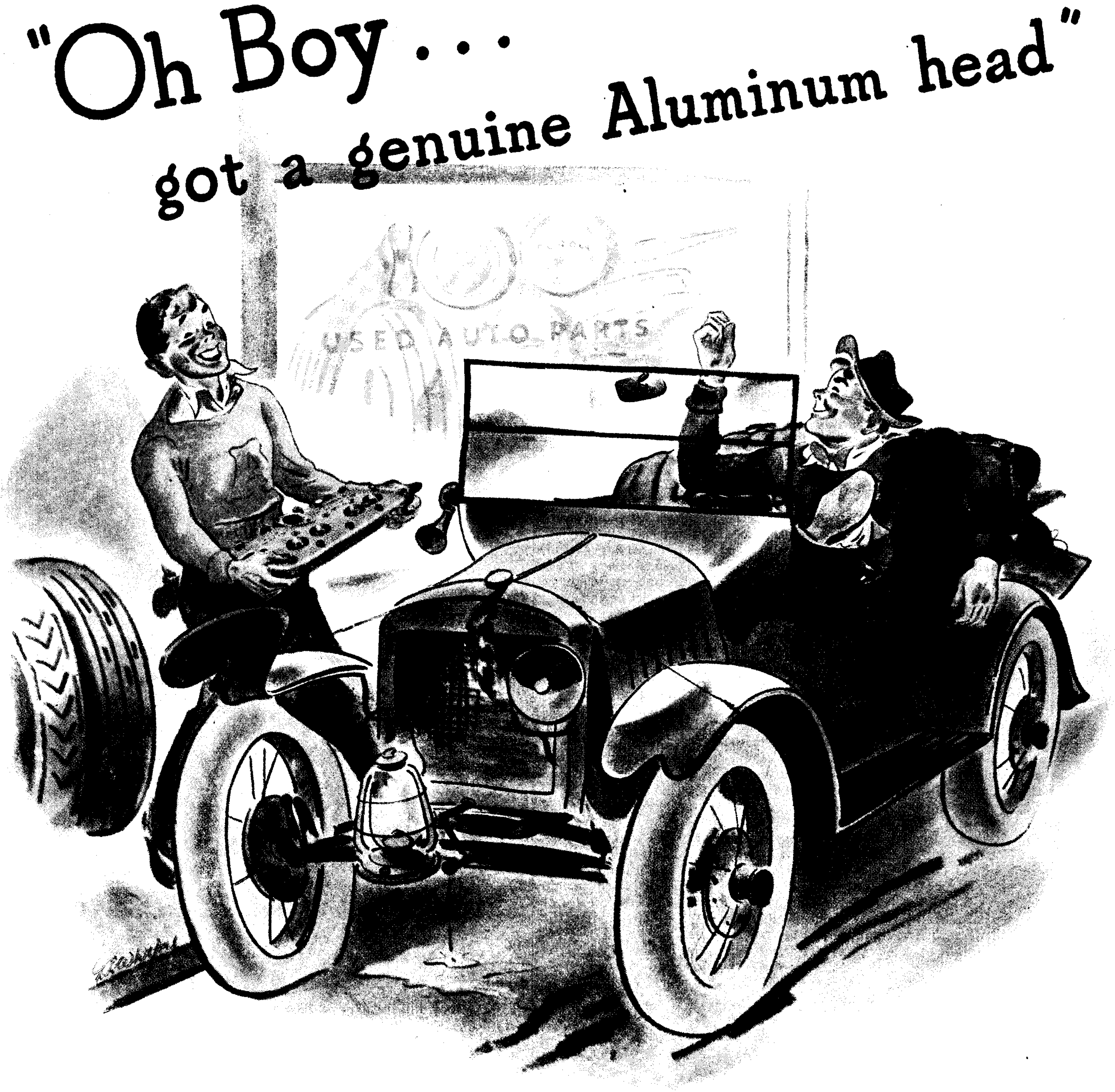
You can have the help of experts when you buy your next battery. Follow their example. They choose Auto-Lite for service in the million-mile ocean-spanning Clippers, for service with our fighting forces in jeeps, tanks and half-tracs.

The qualities experts look for in a battery are the same you need in your car battery — long life, quick starts, dependable power and low-cost operation. That's what you get when you buy an Auto-Lite battery — specified as standard equipment by leading automotive engineers.

AUTO-LITE BATTERY CORPORATION • TOLEDO, 1, OHIO

Manufacturing Plants at: Niagara Falls • Indianapolis • Atlanta • Oakland • Oklahoma City • Toronto


Tune in the AUTO-LITE RADIO SHOW
Starring Dick Haymes
HELEN FORREST • GORDON JENKINS' ORCHESTRA
Every Tuesday Night . . . NBC
BUY WAR BONDS
AUTO-LITE BATTERIES


"Oh Boy . . .
got a genuine Aluminum head"
USED AUTO PARTS

Good going, Joe. Cylinder heads of Alcoa Aluminum really give engines more oomph—proved on passenger cars, buses, trucks and airplanes.

Aluminum heads just naturally handle heat more efficiently than heads of other materials. You feel the difference when you call on an engine for a quick get away. That engine is tops in performance.

Alcoa Aluminum cylinder heads are standard on much of our fighting equipment. You can expect them on civilian engines just as soon as the war permits.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA, 1858 Gulf Building, Pittsburgh 19, Pennsylvania.

ALCOA FIRST IN **ALUMINUM**

me I look gorgeous and I might let you buy my dinner."

So there they were, a tall gal with a wide smile, and a tall guy with short blond hair and a serious young face, killing the Martinis at the sidewalk café of the Stuyvesant.

"Why didn't you call me, Johnnie?" she asked him.

The remark was so completely unexpected that it shot his poise to hell. He floundered a minute, and then he said. "Just never got around to it, I guess."

"You'll have to do better than that, Bates," she told him. "You and I had something."

He'd had a couple of drinks and his barriers were down. When she gave it to him that way with the eyes clear and honest, the voice low, he was a dead duck.

"You mixed me up," he said. "I thought I wanted one kind of a gal, and then you came along and I wanted you. Only I never admitted it to myself until this minute."

"I like you a lot," she said, and if she had said "I love you" it couldn't have been any headier.

They saw a great deal of each other that summer. Dinners, drives out on the island in her car, swimming at the beaches. There was never any tenderness between them. Their talk was always bantering and foolish and a little brittle. And their love-making was something that seemed to have no connection with the rest of their relationship at all. Each time there was for Johnnie that same terrific impact he had felt at first, and she was as aware of him as he was of her. And yet when sometimes he'd whisper, "Jen darling, I love you so much," her voice would come to him composed and emotionless:

"Don't be naïve, Bates, you love the way I neck." It had long since ceased to shock him, but it baffled and disturbed him.

What she appeared to like best about Johnnie was that he was superior to her in so many ways. He could swim better and run faster. He could murder her at tennis. It pleased her and amazed her, because she was good, and she knew it. Riding home from the beach one day, she said to him:

"You're a lot of man, Johnnie Bates. I could almost believe in a guy like you." He looked over at her quickly.

"You know, I don't know anything at all about you," he told her. "We swim together and dance together and go through the motions of being friends, but there's no meeting of minds anywhere, is there?"

"That's what I'm short on," she said slowly. "Mind. All I know is horses and planes and the good feeling of sun on my back, hot and beautiful like a mustard plaster. I live by my senses, Johnnie. I get things firsthand."

That was as close as they ever got to soul-searching conversation, and in time he came not to expect it or to miss it. It was enough to be with her, listening to her funny throaty voice that always seemed a little hoarse. Watching her lovely ever-changing face. Feeling the tremendous vitality and drive that were hers. It was enough to be a superman in her eyes, and Johnny wanted to leave college and marry her, but she just laughed at that.

"Look," she said, "marriage is for dopes. You can stay here any night you want to, Butch. You must know that."

"That's not good enough," Johnnie told her, and he turned away.

"If you're trying to say you want a vine-covered cottage and a couple of little ones, it's no sale, Johnnie. I was hiding behind the door when they dished out the maternal instinct. Okay, glare at me."

"Well, what's the end of all this then?"

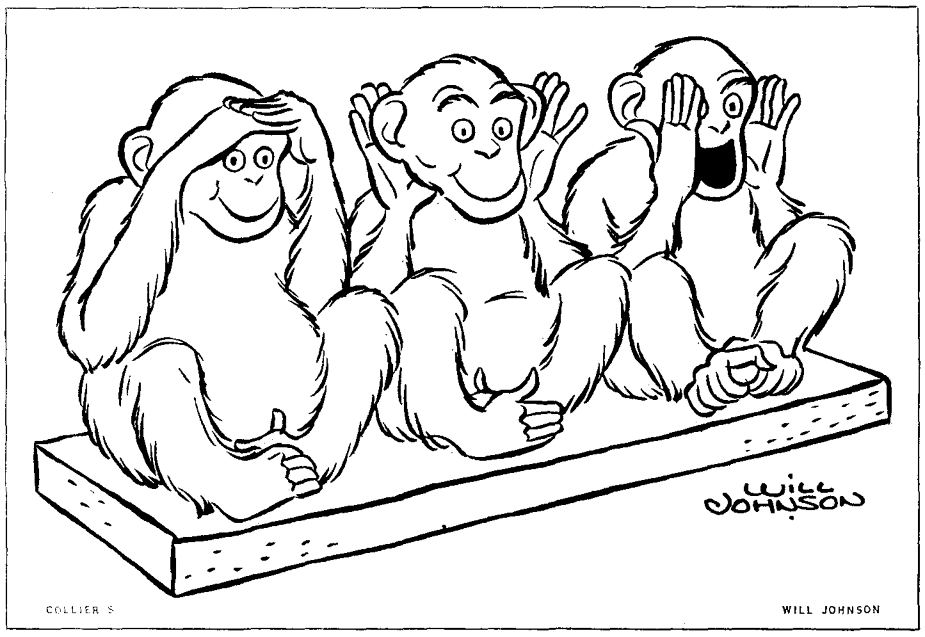
"You name it," she said. "Mayhem probably. Come on, I'll pour you a beer." And the end of it was strange and terrible, and it came not many months afterward.

JUNIOR year, Johnnie went out for football again, half expecting to be free from the old panic, but from the first day of practice he was aware of it squatting in the back of his mind, ready to spring to life at any moment. It never had a chance to get a throat hold on him, though, because in one of the first practice sessions he cracked his kneecap and was on the bench for good. Jen was pretty faithful about coming to see him while he was in the infirmary.

"Tough, Johnnie, you looked awfully beautiful in that orange and black jersey," she said one day, and then, "Anyway the doc tells me you'll be able to ski, so I still like you a little." That was the moment to say, "I'm not the great guy you think, Jen. But if you'll believe in me a little while—" That was as far as he got with that even in his thoughts. You asked no quarter of a gal like Jen.

They skied up in the Poconos week end after week end; Johnnie learning painstakingly on the small slopes, Jen rocketing down right-angle inclines. He was good enough at it, but his heart wasn't in it, and when he watched Jen flash past him he wanted to look away. And of course she began to learn the truth about him.

The day she persuaded him to take one of the trails with her, he stood at the top of a really steep and narrow slope, and Jen stood next to him, hatless, her face glowing above her white jacket. "Happy landings, Bates," she said, and poled off down the trail which dropped sharply between the high, ice-coated trees. He watched her go, the fine snow flying back in his face, but when he tried to follow her he realized that his knees were unsteady, that his hands, on the poles, were clenched. She was out of sight for a long time, and then he saw her climbing toward him. When she reached the top, he was smoking a cigarette, forcing himself to speak naturally.



"I've had enough, Jen," he said.

She stared at him hard. "You look scared to death."

He didn't say anything, and they walked back to the inn together.

He thought how wonderful it would be if he could tell her, and they could laugh at it together. He thought if she would grin at him and say, "You darned sissy," the whole crazy panic would dissipate like so much mist. He couldn't tell her, but he learned eventually how to take his courage in his two hands and go down any slope Jen did. Still, the fear was always there, and all through that winter he knew she was never really with him, or he with her.

Then in the spring, she began flying again, and after she soloed and got her pilot's license, she asked Johnnie to fly with her. That was the day she really found out about him.

He sat in the open cockpit back of her, loathing himself because he was so afraid. After a while he was sick, but Jen wouldn't bring the plane down. She was like one possessed, she did loops and spins, and once he said, "Oh, my God," and she looked back at him and laughed diabolically. After an eternity they were back on the field and she jumped out of the plane and without even looking at him strode to the field office. He got out and walked slowly to the car.

Sitting there waiting, he had no words for himself, he was so ashamed. "Afraid of what, for God's sake?" he asked himself, and he didn't know. It was something without logic. A horrible bottomless emotion that stripped him of intelligence and manhood.

In a little while Jen reappeared dressed in street clothes. He opened the car door for her, but she ignored him and went around to the other side.

"I'll drive, if you don't mind," she said. She spoke without inflection, and even her next words were without special emphasis.

"I guess I've known ever since this winter, but I never let myself really believe it," she said.

"Jen," he began, and he was going to ask her to be patient. He was going to explain that he was fighting the thing. But she cut in:

"To place such a terrific premium on your own worthless skin: as though, if you should die, the world would cease to exist!" It was as if she were talking to herself. "Oh, Lord, it must be a vile thing to be a coward!"

It was spoken. The word had been said. Just once, in a soft, unhurried tone, but it went deeper than his brain, it seared into his very self.

They never saw each other after that, and a few weeks later Jen Phillips' plane crashed and she was killed.

IT WAS just at the end of junior year, and no one ever knew how Johnnie got through the finals. He used to take his books over to the Nass every night, look through them a while, then give it up and get roaring drunk. The night before the chemistry exam, Steve went with him. They were both pre-meds, and Steve knew that Johnnie needed a one on the test to get him through. He hammered at him for two solid hours, but Johnnie seemed completely apathetic.

"Look, kid," Steve said finally. "Do you care about this stuff or not? If you don't you picked yourself a hell of a major."

Johnnie turned to him wearily. "I don't give a damn about any of it," he said. "I just want to squeak through the tests so I can get into Pensacola."

"Pensacola!" Steve gave a low whistle of amazement, and then because he knew Johnnie so well it made sense. "Well, start hitting the books then, for the love of Mike.". . .

Johnnie learned to fly, but he looked like a better pilot than he really was. He was colorful and a little bit reckless; he could fly under bridges, but he'd been known to go haywire on instruments. He wasn't dependable, that was the thing.

I met Johnnie right after he got his wings, and from the first minute I knew he was a guy I could really go for. Gosh, he was a wonderful-looking boy. Tallish, very tan, with close-cropped blond hair that was like a gold cap in the sunshine, and he had brown eyes and a way of looking at you that squeezed your heart.

Anyway, I was down at Pensacola with Mother and Dad for my brother's graduation, and that was where I met him. The night of graduation a mob of us were sitting at the bar in the hotel when he walked in. He was dateless which was apparently typical.

"Hold your hats, kids," Bob said. "He's on the prowl again." Johnnie eased over to us and grinned.

"I'm too old for that stuff," he said. "Leave it to the cadets." He ordered a beer and stood drinking it, his hat pushed way on the back of his head. Bob introduced him to us, and after a while Johnnie came over and sat next to me.

"Hi," he said.

I said, "Hi," and my tongue felt about three sizes too large for my mouth. Afterward he asked me to dance.

"Your brother's a nice guy," he said.

"He likes you, too," I said, not quite sure that it was true, groping in my mind for something Bob had once said about Johnnie.

"Does he?" It was so kind of eager, I was touched.

"Sure he does." Back at the table I remembered what it was Bob had said. That there was a funny guy in his class whom he used to get drunk with periodically. Guy by the name of Bates. He was a plenty good flier; a little flashy, maybe, but okay. Anyhow, every time he got completely stoned he'd sound off on how he hated to fly and how scared he was. The next day, except for a pair of three-dimensional hang-overs, the incident would be forgotten. The topic would be dead until the next binge. Bob used to say he hoped he never spilled it to the wrong ears or he could make things pretty rugged for himself down there.

I looked over at Johnnie, trying to figure him out. He looked as if he wouldn't be scared of anything. I noticed his hands, and they were big and square, and when he gripped the handle of the beer stein, his fist looked capable enough. When our party broke up, somehow Johnnie and I stayed together, and he took me downtown to a smoky little joint that stayed open all night. We didn't talk very much; we just kind of relaxed together. Every once in a while he'd lean over and say, "Hello, Joan," and now and then he'd close one eye in a slow and beautiful wink.

There was a postage stamp of a dance floor with a juke box at one end, and occasionally we'd dance. I remember once the juke box began playing Moon Glow and we looked at each other, and then I got up a little ahead of him.

"Hussy," he said, and I laughed and laughed the way you do when you're nineteen and falling in love.

WHILE we were dancing a man came up to us and tried to cut in. Johnnie steered me away from him, but he was drunk and persistent, and when he lunged toward us again, he managed to get his arm around me.

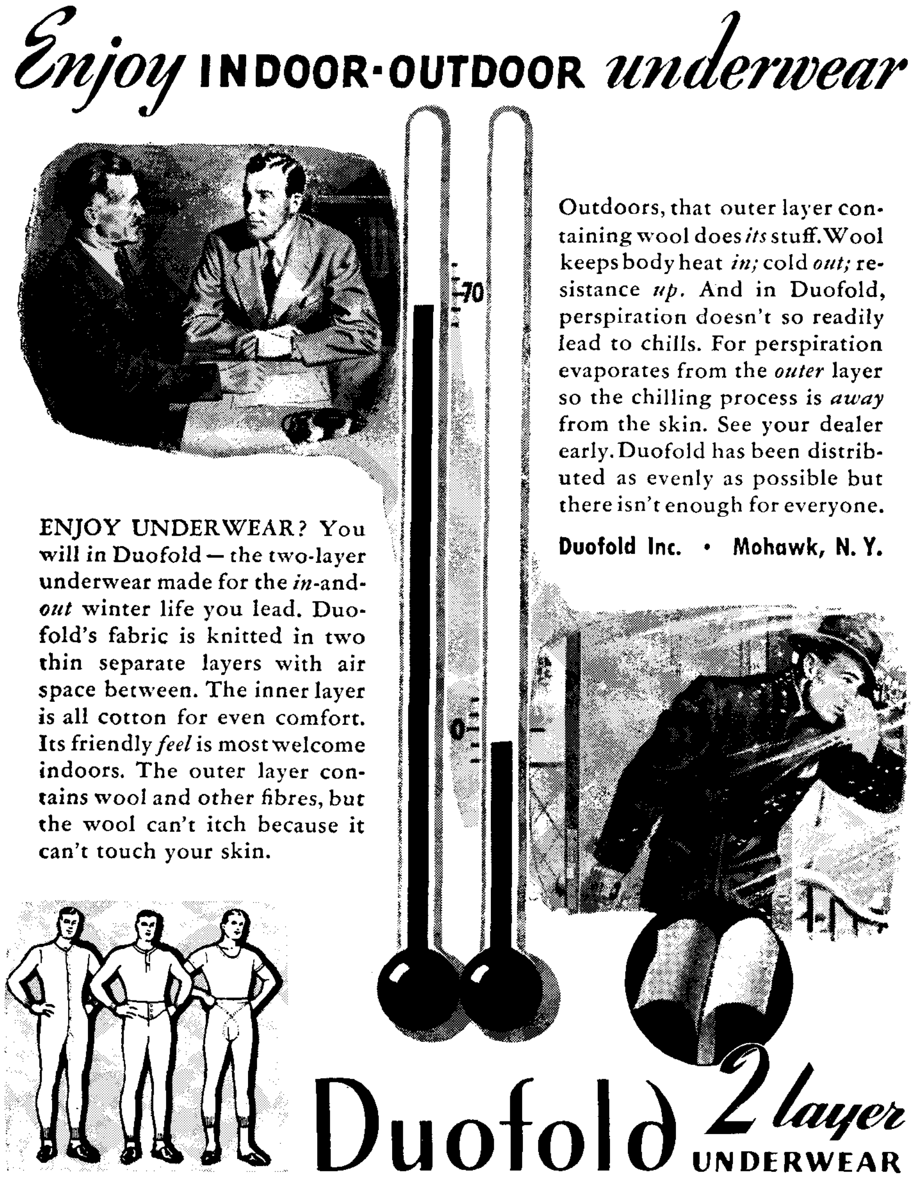
"Hey," Johnnie said, and then he stepped away from him and dropped a right on the man's jaw. There was a lot of confusion and the bartender walked over. He took Johnnie's side instantly without even hearing the story. Fortunately the Navy was royalty in that particular dive, and in the space of five minutes we were having drinks on the house, and Johnnie and I were staring at each other a little bit dazed by the whole thing.

"I'm going to grab the brass ring the next time round," he said.

I looked at the red knuckles on his right hand and I wanted to reach over and touch them. As far as Johnnie Bates was concerned, I was sunk. "I'm kind of dizzy, too," I told him. "Gosh, that was pretty."

"I never slugged a guy before," he said in hushed tones. He was exultant, you could see, and a little awed. "I was never in a kid's fight even." He was sloshing the beer around in his glass, watching the foam slide stickily down the sides. He was going to talk to me about himself, I could sense it, but I didn't want it wrung out of him in drunkenness. I wanted desperately for him to know what he was telling me.

"Let's make this drink last," I said. "We've had an awful lot." He nodded, and it was a promise. We didn't drink anything more that night. The story didn't come right away, but after a while it did, the whole works from the very beginning. He told me about the summers when he wasn't allowed to go swimming on account of infantile, about the walks home from school along the back streets with the kids hurling taunts after him. He told me about the day on the football field when he first knew what fear was. He told me about Steve, and a little about Jen. Not all about her, because I guess that still hurt a lot. It was fascinating as a movie to me, Johnnie's

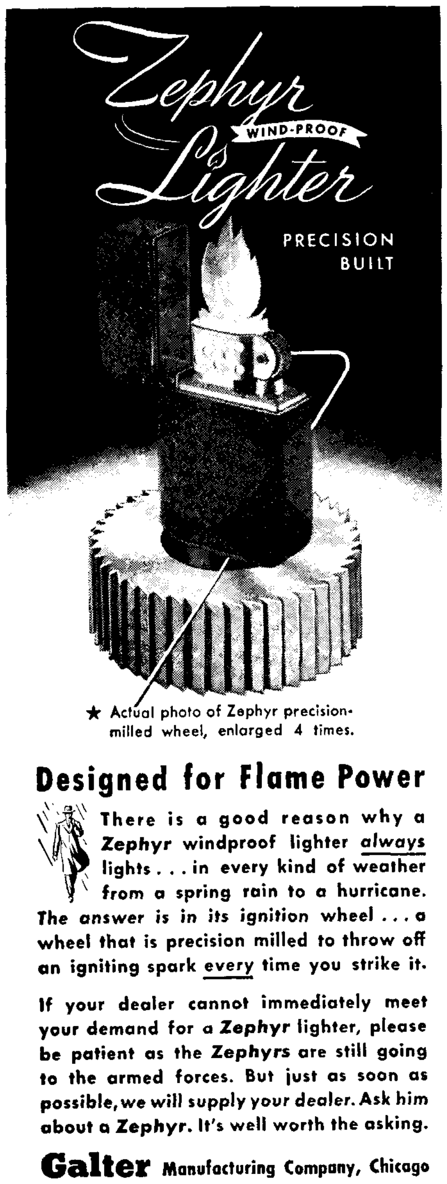

Enjoy INDOOR-OUTDOOR *underwear*

ENJOY UNDERWEAR? You will *in* Duofold—the two-layer underwear made for the *in*-and-*out* winter life you lead. Duofold's fabric is knitted in two thin separate layers with air space between. The inner layer is all cotton for even comfort. Its friendly *feel* is most welcome indoors. The outer layer contains wool and other fibres, but the wool can't itch because it can't touch your skin.

Outdoors, that outer layer containing wool does *its* stuff. Wool keeps body heat *in;* cold *out;* resistance *up*. And in Duofold, perspiration doesn't so readily lead to chills. For perspiration evaporates from the *outer* layer so the chilling process is *away* from the skin. See your dealer early. Duofold has been distributed as evenly as possible but there isn't enough for everyone.

Duofold Inc. • Mohawk, N. Y.

Duofold *2 layer* UNDERWEAR


Zephyr WIND-PROOF *Lighter*

PRECISION BUILT

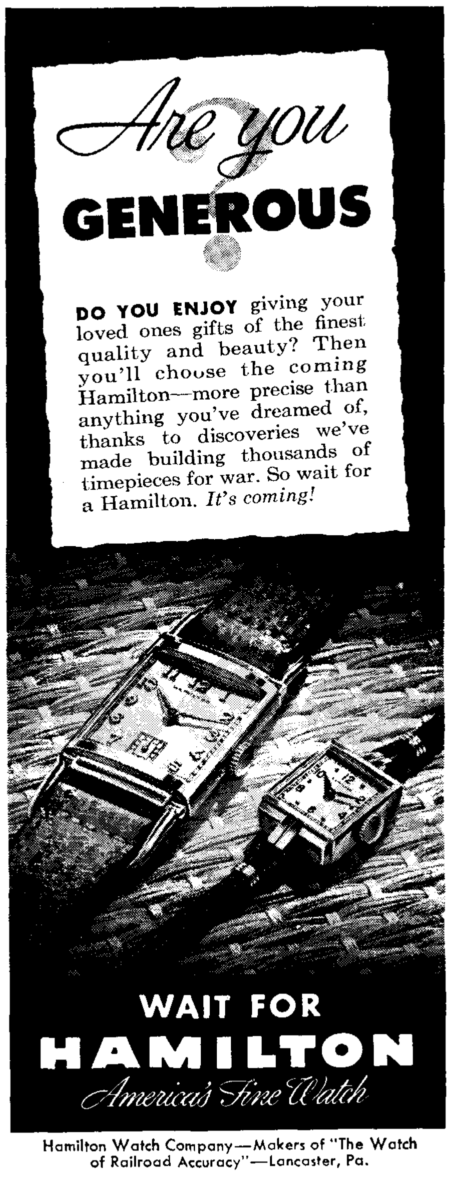
★ Actual photo of Zephyr precision-milled wheel, enlarged 4 times.

Designed for Flame Power

There is a good reason why a *Zephyr* windproof lighter always lights . . . in every kind of weather from a spring rain to a hurricane. The answer is in its ignition wheel . . . a wheel that is precision milled to throw off an igniting spark every time you strike it.

If your dealer cannot immediately meet your demand for a *Zephyr* lighter, please be patient as the *Zephyrs* are still going to the armed forces. But just as soon as possible, we will supply your dealer. Ask him about a *Zephyr*. It's well worth the asking.

Galter Manufacturing Company, Chicago


Are you GENEROUS

DO YOU ENJOY giving your loved ones gifts of the finest quality and beauty? Then you'll choose the coming Hamilton—more precise than anything you've dreamed of, thanks to discoveries we've made building thousands of timepieces for war. So wait for a Hamilton. *It's coming!*

WAIT FOR HAMILTON *America's Fine Watch*

Hamilton Watch Company—Makers of "The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"—Lancaster, Pa.

story, and the solution to his problem was right there in it for anyone with even a smattering of psychology to see.

"Look." I said when he had finished, "it's going to be all right." And I was so excited by the knowledge that I could help him that the words stumbled over one another. "It isn't your fault," I said. "You were brought up all wrong. Your grandparents taught you fear the way most parents teach their kids courage. But it's just a superficial thing. It has nothing to do with you, Johnnie darling." And the "darling" came as naturally as his name.

He started to protest, but I went on: "You didn't realize what was happening to you. You didn't find it out till you were nineteen, and you were so shocked by it you hid it away from everyone." He was listening now, leaning across the table to me. "If you'd only told somebody about it in the very beginning. A doctor or the chaplain here or someone wise. He'd have told you then that you weren't a coward, that you were simply reacting to a situation the way you'd been conditioned to react all your life. And instead of facing that fact, you built up a terrific fear of fear, that was worst of all."

"Yes," he said, looking at me wonderingly. "It was always fear of fear. Sitting there waiting for it, being so ashamed of it. When there isn't time to think, I'm fine."

"Listen, Johnnie," I said, and nothing had ever seemed as important to me as convincing this boy of what I knew was true. "You're not a coward, you're the bravest guy I've ever known." I hoped I wasn't going to bawl about it, but then I saw him grinning at me across the table, and I felt giddy with happiness because I knew he believed me.

We took a taxi home, and we sat close together, not talking at all. Just before we reached the hotel, he kissed me. I closed my eyes and put my hand up to his face. There was a brief lovely moment, then suddenly he was without ardor, without any interest in me at all.

"You weren't there," I said quietly, and I turned my face away.

"No," he said gently, "damn it! I'm sorry, Joan."

I WENT back to New York the next day. Back to Barnard and SAE house parties and a great awful longing for that Johnnie Bates. One day I got a letter from him postmarked San Diego. It was a nice friendly letter, and I skimmed through it looking for a revealing word about him. It was there at the very end: "Thanks for all your wisdom, you precocious brat. I still get scared now and then, but I'm not afraid of it any more. I never will be again."

There were other letters after that, from Norfolk and Miami, and then right after Pearl Harbor there came the incredible, wonderful one in which he asked me to marry him. He had a few days before leaving the country, and he was coming to New York. I met him at the train, and after two years he was exactly the same. Maybe a little taller than I'd remembered, but that was all. We had dinner in a quiet place, and he kept looking at me and smiling, and there was an urgency about him that was new.

"Johnnie, are you awfully sure?" I asked him.

"Dead sure," he said, and he looked at me long and hard, and I believed him. He'd imported Steve from Johns Hopkins to be best man, and we were married the next afternoon.

There were only four days, but they were the best days I've ever known, even the bad fourth one. I wondered if all brides liked to wake up early in the morning and just look at their husbands. I did. I used to sit for hours some mornings, looking at him and praying over him and sometimes crying over him. On his last morning he opened his eyes with no warning at all, and there I was, tears pouring down my face.

"Hey," he said.

"Go back to sleep," I snapped, and I got out of bed and hunted around for a handkerchief. He came up in back of me and turned me around.

"You love me, don't you, brat?" he said. His hair was mussed up, and he looked so very young and clean.

I said, "Do I have to tell you, dope?" He kissed me, and I said, "Do you love me?"

"I think you're the swellest gal I've ever known," he answered, and it hit me then that he had never said, "I love you," that he was never going to say it, because it wasn't true. And I hated Jen Phillips with all there was of me. I wanted to fly at him, to beat against him, to put my nails into his flesh.

I ASKED him finally, "Why did you marry me?" and I remember now my voice was pitched high above the ache in my throat.

"Because you're the only woman alive I care about. Because I know we can be happy—"

I sat on the edge of the bed. "The only woman alive," he'd said.

"I love you with all my heart and all my being," I murmured. He looked at me queerly.

"Serene and lovely Joan," he said. He knelt down and put his head in my lap. He must have felt me waiting, listening, for then he whispered, "I love you, too," and maybe that's the bravest thing he ever did. . . .

He was on a carrier for a long time, and at night when I'd listen to the news, I'd think about him, and dream about him. He was pretty good about writing, and his letters were silly and sweet and affectionate. Nice, warm letters, but not exactly love letters. I kept thinking perhaps he'd get a leave or maybe the war would end suddenly, and that we could get straightened out. I always felt that if we had a little time together I could make him love me the way I loved him, but time dragged on and on, and of course I never saw him again. . . .

MATERIAL CONTENTMENT

The outlook, indeed, is much brighter
For textiles and fabrics and cloth;
This cheering prospect's just dandy
for us
. . . And the moth

—Philip Lazarus

After he was killed, they sent me back his things—papers and souvenirs, a letter from Washington and a box with a Navy Cross. But the really important thing was a letter he had in his pocket when he crashed. It was addressed to me, and it said:

"Darling Joan, They need a guy to run a little errand, and I am going because I think it may be fun. You won't hear from me for a while, but don't worry, will you, sweet? There's no time to do you a fancy letter, but something happened today that you must know at once.

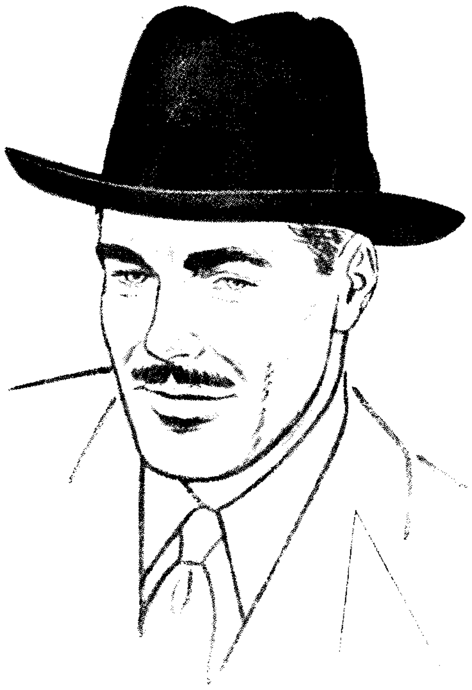
"You know I've never been a very hot flier. In combat that's bad. The flight surgeon cornered me today and asked me if anything was eating me. Trouble at home? A dame? Okay, there was a dame, and I told him about it. Even told him her name. He stared at me a minute, and then he kind of whistled. I said, 'Know her?' and he said: Hell, yes! Who didn't? He let me have it then in the straightest language he had, and when he was through there was no glamor left in her. I'd always known Jen was no angel, but I'd never seen her for what she really was before, a godless, sensuous, selfish woman. At the end of it he said, 'So Jen Phillips is dead.' I said, 'Yes,' and I knew that it was true for me for the first time.

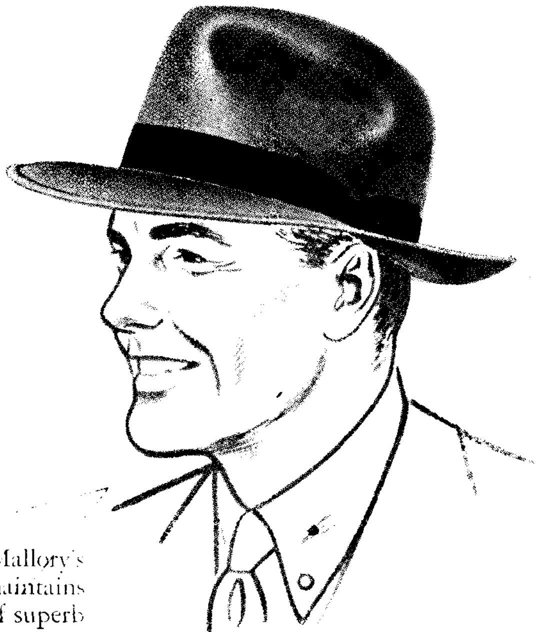
"I hadn't any right to marry you when there was that between us, but it seemed so important to have a wife waiting for me while I was away, and I didn't stop to consider how cruel it was to you. Can you forgive me and, darling, will you marry me now?"

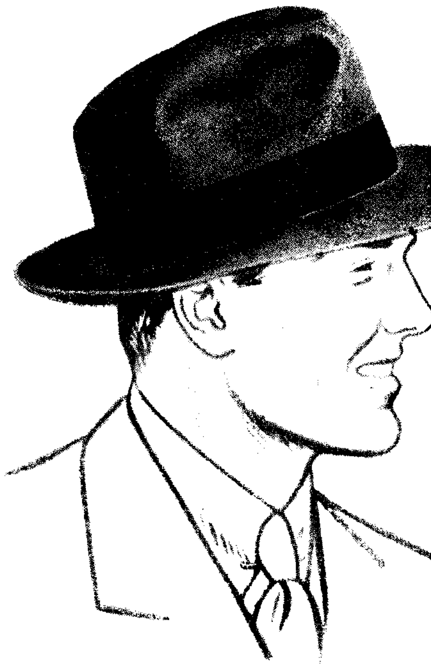
I could see that he had written out the words laboriously, as though even in his great haste he had pondered them in his heart, and I loved him so much. I was really happy then, although I know I was crying hard, and for a long moment I didn't feel like a widow at all.

THE END

Mallory's ★★5★★ Fashion Show for Fall



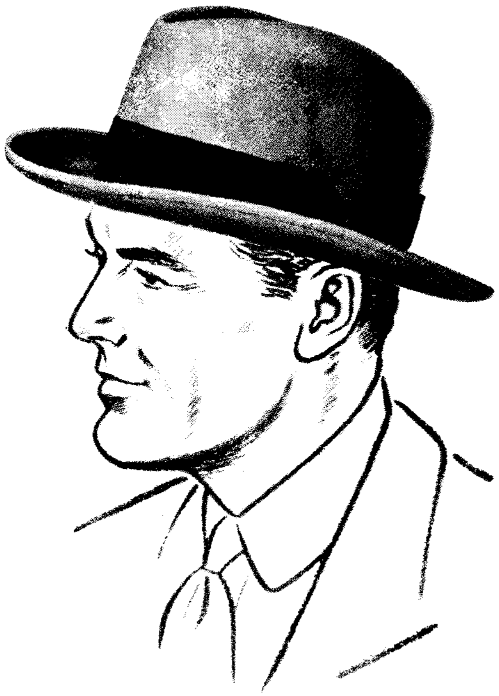


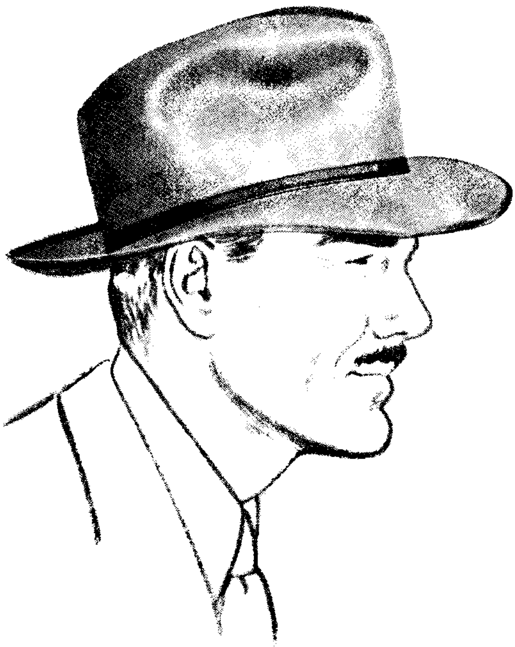


Meet these headliners in the all-star cast of Mallory's Fall Style Show! Smart, distinctive—every hat maintains the customary Mallory tradition. A tradition of superb craftsmanship, fine quality and outstanding styling. Whatever price you pay for a Mallory, you can be sure there is no better hat in its class. For Mallory has never lowered its high standards throughout 122 years of creating America's finer hats.

And when you select your Mallory, you'll appreciate this special feature . . . Mallory's exclusive *Cravenette* process that style-protects against sleet and rain.

At fine men's stores everywhere—priced from $6.50



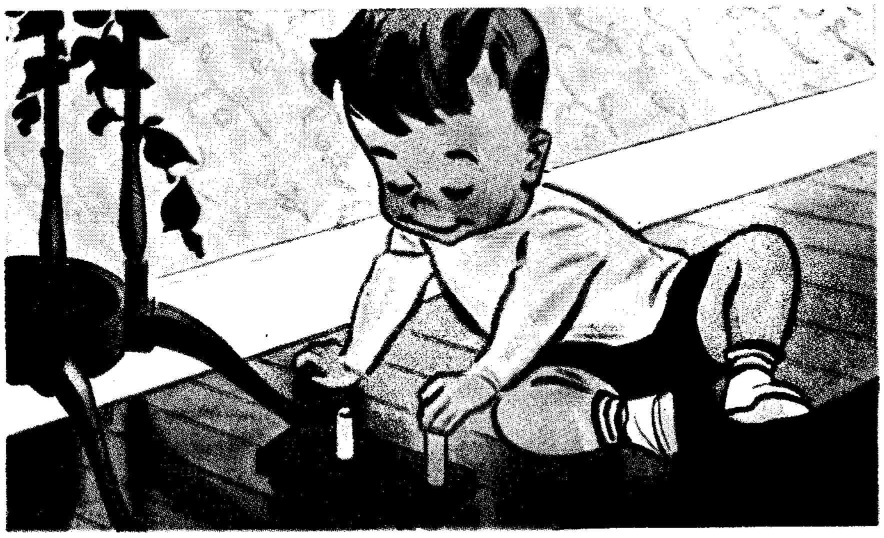


MALLORY
hats
STYLE LEADERS FOR 122 YEARS

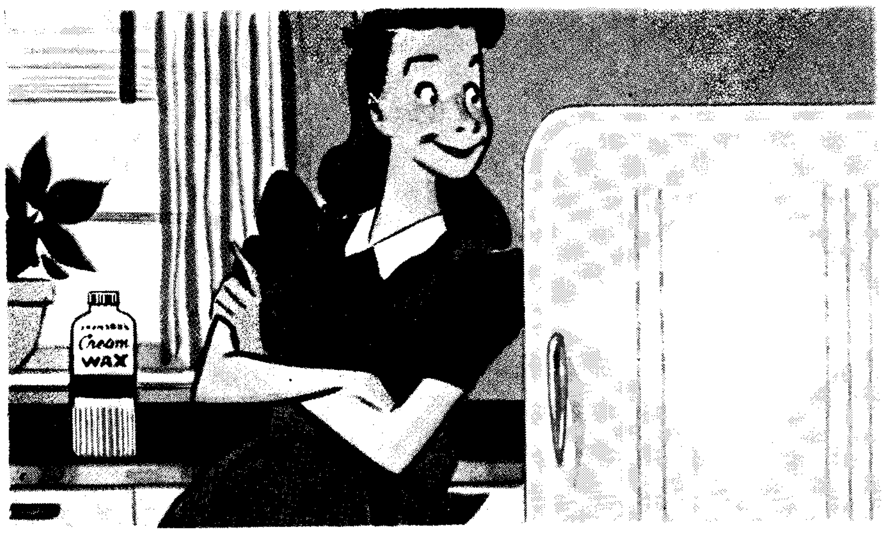
Buy War Bonds and War Stamps to help keep this hat in its rightful place, on top.

Says Molly McGee, "Wax makes housework click like clock-work!"

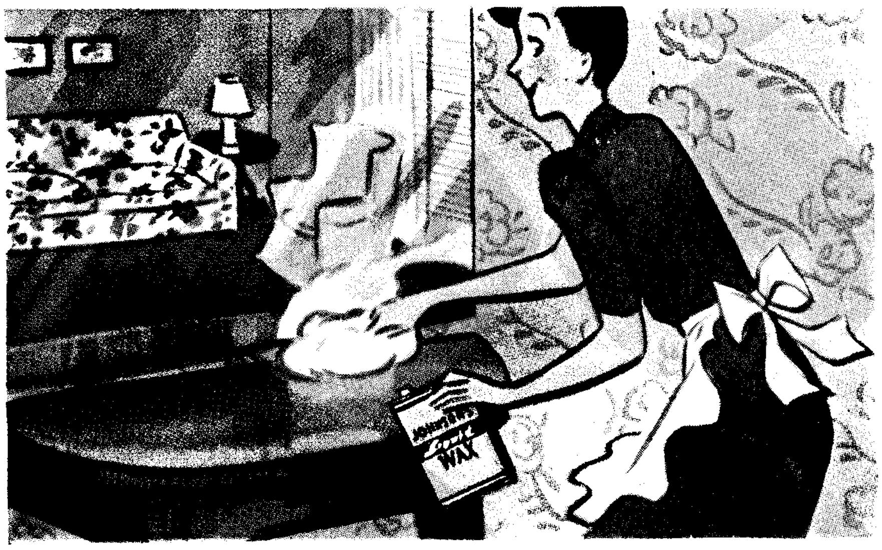
Tune in Fibber McGee and Molly—Tuesday night—NBC



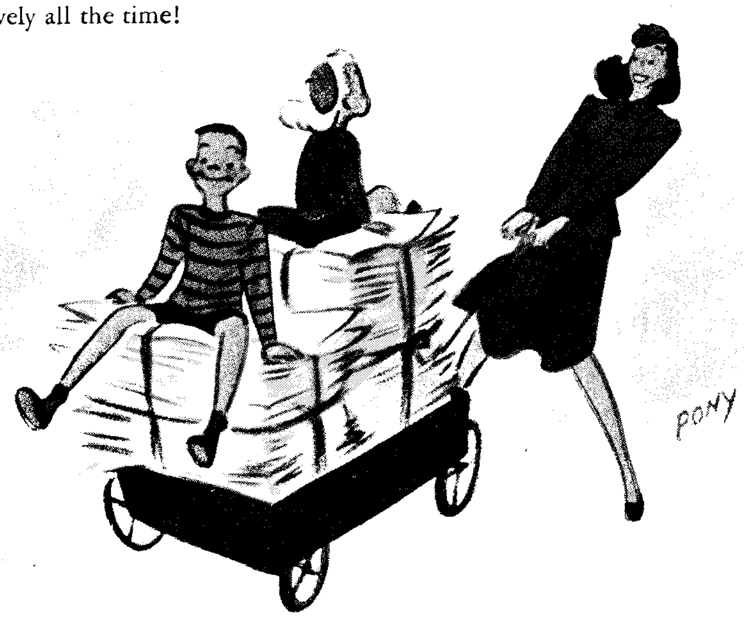
Why, baby can actually see himself in the shining surface of a floor polished with Johnson's Wax! And that wax means protection, too! Protection from marks and scratches . . . protection from dirt . . . so your floor's just about as clean as a table top! Baby can play there safely!



You'll take more pride in your kitchen equipment and woodwork when you keep it spotless and new-looking with Johnson's Cream Wax! It really cleans as it polishes . . . makes care easy . . . makes the finish last longer!



You can see by the side table the lovely shield of Johnson's Wax is mirror-bright! Every piece of precious furniture—and 100 other things in your home—deserve the protective care of wax! It makes them last so much longer . . . look lovely all the time!



Get on the paper-saving wagon! The magazines and newspapers you read, the cardboard boxes and paper bags you receive, have an important job to do in this war. Paper is still a Number One Critical War Material Shortage! Save all you have and turn it in as regularly as you buy War Bonds. Remember, Waste Paper is War Paper now!

Watch for WAX-O-NAMEL!

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Johnson's Wax laboratories have successfully blended high-quality enamel with wax. The result, WAX-O-NAMEL, a patented product, is a superior finish that will give new household equipment richer beauty, extra protection, and make cleaning easier. Remember the name—Johnson's WAX-O-NAMEL—and watch for it on the new things you will be buying.

"Johnson's Wax comes in 3 forms... paste, liquid and cream!"

JOHNSON'S
Liquid
WAX
JOHNSON'S
Paste
WAX
JOHNSON'S
Cream
WAX

© S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Racine, Wis., 1945

Arch of Triumph

Continued from page 23

not move; it was only as if something in them would pull away from him.

"I won't be able to come to the Scheherazade tonight, Joan," he said. "Not tonight and not tomorrow and perhaps not for a few days."

"Do you have to stay at the hospital?"

"No. It is something else. I can't talk about it. But it is something that has nothing to do with you and me."

She stood there for a while. "All right," she then said.

"You understand?"

"No. But if you say so, it will be all right."

"You aren't angry?"

"My God, Ravic," she said. "How could I be angry with you about anything?"

He looked up. He had expected questions, suspicion, lack of understanding, expostulations and he was prepared for them. Now it was as though a hand had suddenly pressed on his heart. Joan had said what she did without calculation, but she could not have done more to disarm him.

He gave little attention to what she murmured and whispered at night; it was forgotten when dawn stood gray outside the window. He knew that the rapture of those hours was equally rapture over herself, and he took it for what it was worth, but never for more.

Now, for the first time, like a flier who, through an opening of gleaming clouds on which the light plays hide-and-seek, suddenly perceives the earth below, green, brown and solid, he saw more. He saw devotion behind the rapture, confidence and love behind the babble of bright words. . . .

A room. A hotel room, a few suitcases, a bed, light, the black dreariness of night and the past outside the window—and here a bright face, with gray eyes and high brows and the bold sweep of the hair, openly turned toward him like an oleander bush toward the light. Here she was, here she stood, waiting.

He stood up. "Good night, Joan."

"Good night, Ravic."

SEVERAL nights later, Ravic was sitting in front of the Café Fouquet, silent, watching. He had done this every night since, for the second time, he had thought that he recognized Haake passing in the street.

Why am I sitting just here, he thought suddenly. The chances of seeing Haake again are the same anywhere in Paris.

He thought of Joan. Why didn't he want to see her any more? Here was someone to whom he meant something, someone to whom he was important, someone whose face changed when she looked at him. Something had come into his life, full of wild confidence, full of dangerous innocence, another life had penetrated his own, had attached itself to his without reservation and he wanted to sacrifice that to a twisted illusion, to the impatient rejoicing arrogance born of a faint hope for revenge—

What did he really want? Why did he resist? What was he saving himself for? Life offered itself to him and he raised objections. Not because there was too little—because there was too much.

A warmth rose to his head. He breathed deeply. He moved his shoulders. Suddenly he felt that he was alive again, as though a lump of lead in his brain was melting away. He called the waiter, paid, and left. . . .

The Scheherazade was crowded. Joan sat at a table with some people. She noticed Ravic at once. He remained standing by the door. The place brimmed with smoke and music. She said a few words to the people at her table and came up to him quickly.

"Ravic—"

"Are you still needed here?"

"Why?"

"I want to take you with me."

"But didn't you say—"

"That's over with. Are you still needed here?"

"No."

"Then come."

"Yes." Ravic looked at her, her shining shoulders in the dim blue-misted light. "Did you come back because of me?" she asked.

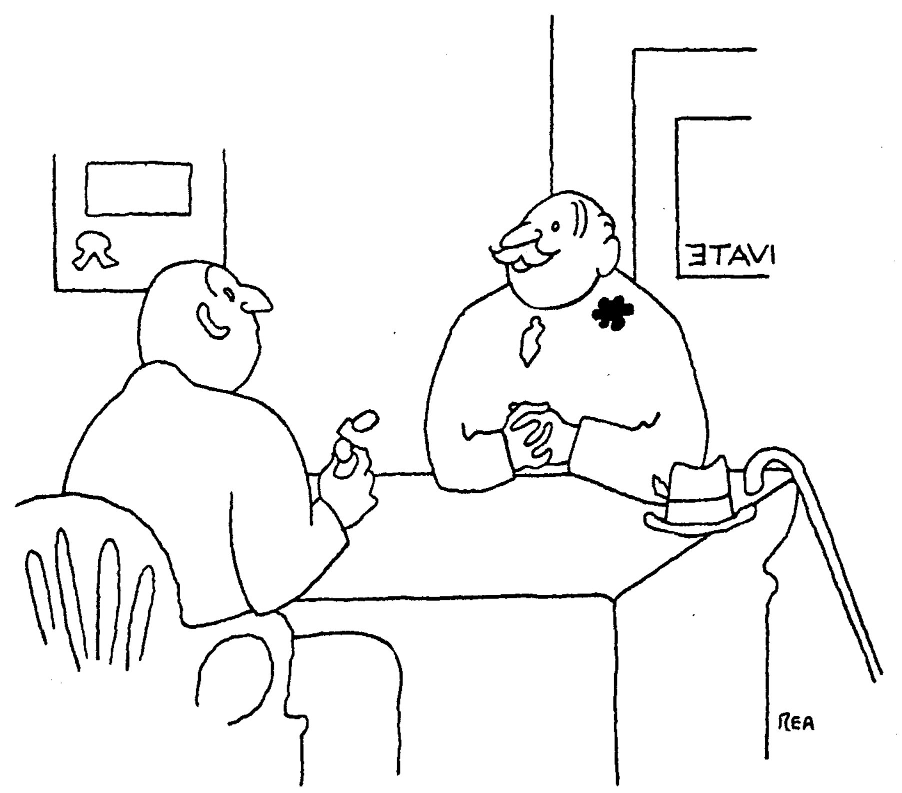
"Yes," he said in a low voice while her rapt face moved close to his. "Yes, Joan. Because of you! Where is your coat?". . .

The taxi maneuvered its way out from among the other cars. "I was afraid, Ravic," she said. "I thought—"

He bent over her. "Don't think about anything, Joan, about anything any more and don't ask any questions. Do you see the light of the street lamps and the thousand colored signs? We are living in a dying age and this city quivers with life. We are torn from ourselves and we have nothing left but our hearts.

"I was far away, in the land of the moon and I've come back. And here you are and you are life. That people love each other is everything and an ever recurrent marvel and the most obvious thing in the world; without love one is only half a man, nothing but a scrap of paper with a few dates and a chance name on it; and one might as well die."

The light from the street lamps swept through the window of the taxi like the circling searchlight of a lighthouse through the darkness of a ship's cabin. Joan's eyes were alternately very translucent and very dark in her pale face. "We're not dying," she whispered.



"Doctor, I'm slowly going nuts over women. Is there any way to speed it up?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"No. Only time. Damned time. It always dies. We live. We always live. When you wake up it is spring and when you go to sleep it is fall and a thousand times in between it is winter and summer, and when we love each other enough, time stands still and we are immortal and indestructible like the heartbeat and the rain and the wind, and that is a great deal.

"Day by day we are conquerors, and year by year we are defeated, but who wants to realize that and whom does it bother? Your eyes glisten, sweet beloved, and your mouth is young—"

She lay in his arms, motionless, so given up to him that she almost seemed absent, and he bent over her and spoke and spoke. And at the beginning he felt as though someone were looking over his shoulder, a shadow, that talked soundlessly to him, with a faint smile, and he bent deeper and felt that she grew toward him, and it was there still, and then it was gone. . . .

KATE HEGSTROEM was about to leave the hospital. She stood before Ravic, slender, sure of herself, her hands in the pockets of her coat. "Why don't you come with me, Ravic? Fiesole. Florence. A garden wall on which vines with yellow flowers grow. Books. A fireplace. Peace and quiet. Wouldn't you like that?"

"Yes." Ravic smiled. "But I couldn't stand it."

"Why not?"

"Quiet is only good when one is quiet oneself."

"I am not quiet. And in spite of that I want to go there."

"You know what you want. That's almost the same thing."

"Don't you know what you want?"

"I don't want anything."

Kate Hegstroem slowly buttoned her fur coat. "Well, is that happiness or despair, Ravic?"

"Both, Kate."

"Both?"

"As always, both."

She picked up her gloves and put them down again. "Sometimes I don't understand you."

Ravic smiled again. "It is so simple, Kate. One who doesn't expect anything will never be disappointed; and then anything that happens is a bit of luck."

He rose. "Do you know a doctor in Florence?"

"No. I have only been there a few times. Why?"

"You've just been through an operation. There can always be some trifling matter afterwards."

"I don't think so. I feel wonderful. And I'll come back if anything should happen."

Ravic nodded. "Naturally. This is just a precaution. There is a good physician in Florence, Professor Fiola. I'll write him to look you up."

"If you like." Kate Hegstroem took her gloves. "Adieu, Ravic. I'm leaving. Maybe I'll go right to Cannes from Florence. From there to New York on the Conte de Savoia. Maybe I won't ever come back to Paris again.

"If you happen to come to America, you'll find a woman there in a country house, with a husband and children and horses and dogs. I leave the Kate Hegstroem that you've known, here. Dead. She has a small grave in the Scheherazade.. Have a drink over it now and then when you're there."

"All right. With vodka."

"Yes. With vodka." She stood undecided in the dark of the room. "Strange," she said. "I should be happy. I'm not."

"That's true of every farewell, Kate. Even farewell to despair."

She stood before him, hesitating, full of gentle life, determined and a little sad.

"The simplest thing when saying goodby always is to go," Ravic said. "Come, I'll go out with you."

"Yes."

The air was mild and humid. The sky hung above the roofs like glowing iron. "I'll call a taxi, Kate."

"No. I'll walk to the corner. I want to walk. The air; that in itself is happiness, too. What was it you said? If one does not expect anything—"

"Then happiness is always within reach. All one has to do is pick it up."

She looked down the wet street. Then she smiled. "In some corner there is always a bit of fear left. Does that go with it, too?"

"Yes. That goes with it."

"Adieu, Ravic."

"Adieu, Kate."

She stood for another second as though she wanted to say something. Then she walked down the stairs with careful steps, slender, still supple, along the street toward the violet-colored evening and toward her destruction. She did not turn back again.

RAVIC asked: "Do you want another calvados, Joan?"

"Yes, let me have one more."

He called the maître d'hôtel. "Have you a still older calvados than this?"

"I'll see."

The waiter returned with a bottle which he held in his arms like a baby. It was a dirty bottle, not one of the picturesquely incrusted bottles for tourists, but simply one that was very dusty from lying in the cellar for many years. He opened it cautiously, sniffed the cork and then fetched two big glasses.

"Sir," he said to Ravic and poured a few drops.

Ravic took the glass and inhaled the odor. Then he drank, leaned back and nodded. The waiter returned his nod solemnly and filled a third of the glasses.

"Just try this," Ravic said to Joan.

She took a sip and put the glass down. The waiter watched her. She looked at Ravic, astonished.

"I've never tasted anything like that before," she said and sipped a second time. "I don't have to swallow it at all. It melts in my mouth before I can swallow it."

"That's it, madame," the waiter declared with satisfaction. "You've grasped it."

"Ravic," Joan said, "you're doing something dangerous here. After this calvados I'll never drink any other kind."

"Oh, yes, you'll drink other kinds."

"But I'll dream of this one."

"That's not bad. It'll make you a romantic. A calvados romantic."

"But then I won't like the other one any more."

"On the contrary. It will taste even better than it really is; it will be a calvados with the longing for another calvados. That in itself makes it less ordinary."

"That's the secret of romanticism, Joan. What would happen to love if that didn't happen, Joan? The remnant of desire for the man one leaves behind becomes the halo around the head of the new one. You have left the one because of the other—that gives the latter a certain radiance. One has already sacrificed something for him. The hallowed old illusion."

Joan put her glass on the table. "What are you saying, Ravic? Perhaps you want to leave me?"

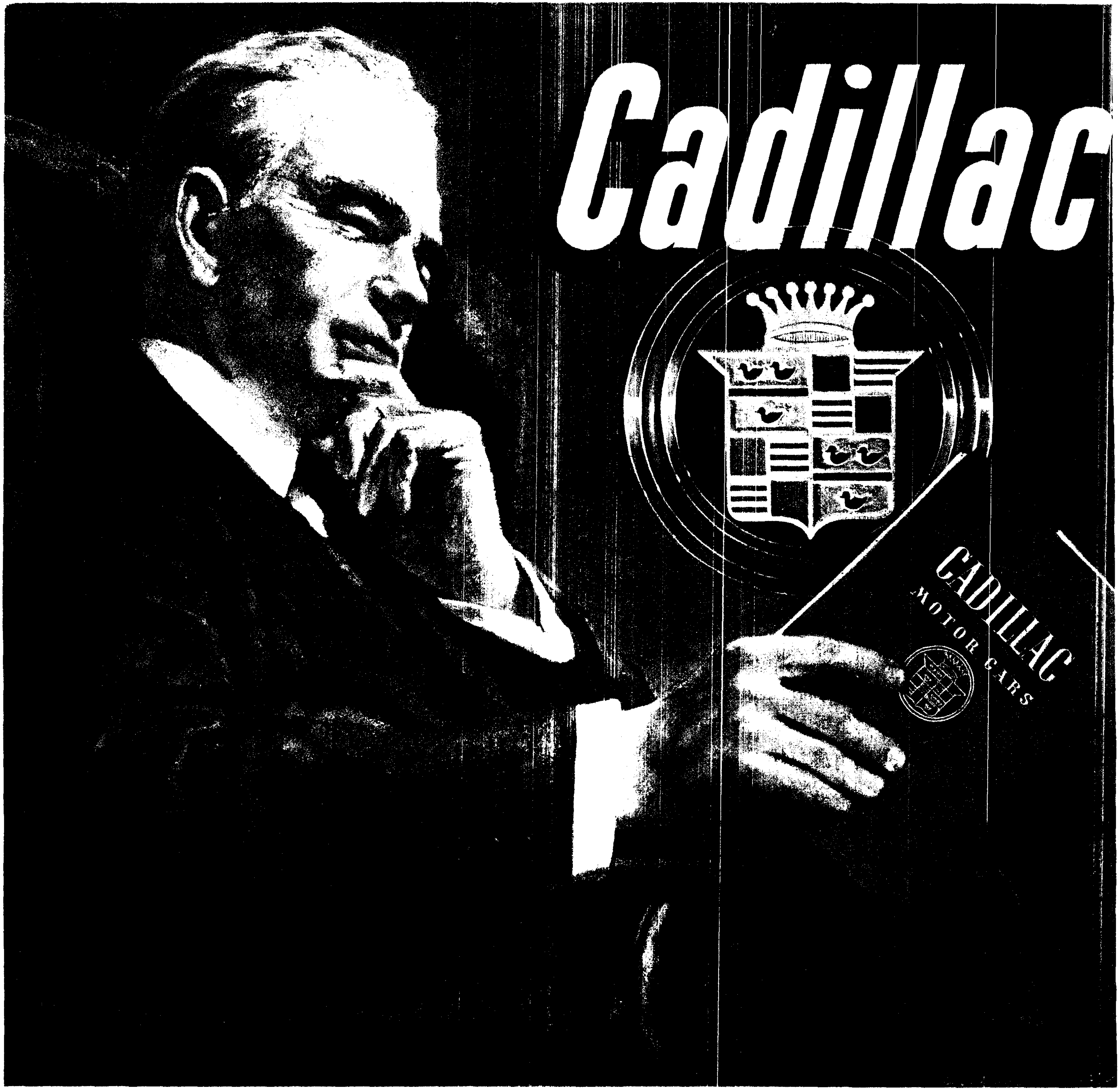
Ravic laughed. "Don't be so suspicious, Joan."

"I am not suspicious. I love you. And when one loves, one is afraid."

Ravic bent over the table. "You needn't worry about it, Joan. When it comes to that, you will be the one who leaves me. Not I you. That much is sure."

"What nonsense. You're trying to talk me into something again."

"I don't want to talk you into anything. But I'll tell you the story of the wave and the rock. It is short and instructive. Once upon a time there was a wave who loved a rock in the sea. The wave lapped and swished around the rock, she kissed him day and night, she embraced him with her white arms, she sighed and wept and besought him to come to her. She loved him and stormed about him and in that way slowly hollowed him out, and one day he yielded, completely



Just waiting for the day!

No other period in motor car history has so strengthened the loyalty of Cadillac owners as the years of nonproduction from which we are just emerging.

Cadillac owners have always appreciated the inbuilt quality in Cadillac cars. But today, with the average age of all cars in use well over seven years, this appreciation of Cadillac's basic quality is more deeply implanted than ever before. Cadillac owners have proof beyond doubt that their cars are not only enduringly beautiful and comfortable—but that they are a sound investment as well.

That is one reason why an impartial wartime survey, covering three million owners of all makes of cars, shows Cadillac with the greatest owner loyalty in the automotive industry. Percentage-wise, more Cadillac owners said they would "repeat" on their present cars, when they buy again, than did the owners in any other group.

And a great many more than our present Cadillac owners are "Just waiting for the Day." On every hand you hear *other* motorists—people who have owned many cars of many makes—promising themselves: "My *Next* Car will be a Cadillac." The Cadillac cars they see on the streets and highways are convincing evidence of the enduring quality of Cadillac craftsmanship.

Every Sunday Afternoon . . . GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

**BUY MORE
WAR BONDS
KEEP WHAT YOU HAVE**

hollowed out, and sank into his arms." He took a sip of his drink.

"And?" Joan asked.

"And suddenly he was no longer a rock to be played with, to be loved, to be dreamt of. He was only a block of stone at the bottom of the sea, drowned in her. Naturally, the wave looked for another rock."

"And?" Joan looked at Ravic. "What does that mean? He should have remained a rock."

"The wave always says that, you little bit of Italy in a wintry bistro of Paris. But they forget that things that move are stronger than immovable things. Water is stronger than rocks."

She made an impatient gesture. "What has all this to do with us? You'll leave me, that's the one thing I'm sure of."

"That," Ravic said, "will be your last statement when you go. You'll explain to me that I've left you, and you'll find reasons for it—and you'll believe in them—and you'll be right before the oldest law court in the world: Nature."

He called the waiter. "Can we buy this bottle of calvados?"

"You want to take it with you?"

"Exactly."

"Sir, that's against our rules. We don't sell any bottles."

"Ask the patron."

The waiter returned with a newspaper. "The patron will make an exception," he explained, as he pressed the cork tight and wrapped the bottle in the paper. "Here, sir. You had best keep it in a dark cool place. It comes from the estate of the patron's grandfather."

"Good." Ravic paid and took the bottle. "Sunshine that has lain, a hot summer and a blue fall long, on apples in an ancient windswept orchard of Normandy—come with us. We need you!"

They stepped out into the street. "I wish it were summer," Joan said. She shivered and buttoned her raincoat. "I've never longed for it as I have this year."

RAVIC was working with a fork at the cork of the calvados bottle. "It's unbelievable that we have no corkscrew in your room. You'll get one tomorrow."

Joan took her black evening gown out of the wardrobe. She flung it over a chair. "How I hate this sometimes. Always the same black dress! The Scheherazade! Always the same! Always the same!"

Ravic looked up. He didn't say anything.

"Why don't you take me away from here, darling?" she said.

"Where to?"

"Anywhere."

Ravic had eased the cork. He drew it out carefully. He fetched a glass and filled it. "Come, drink this."

She shook her head. "It doesn't help. Sometimes nothing helps. I don't want to go there tonight, to those idiots." She looked at him. "What can it be? What's wrong with me, darling? Is it the rain? Is it this wet darkness? Sometimes it's like lying in a coffin. These gray afternoons that drown me.

"I had forgotten it a while ago, I was happy being with you in that little restaurant; why did you have to talk about things like leaving and being left? I don't want to know or hear anything about that. It frightens me. It's different with you. You can do it. You're strong. You're not afraid."

"I haven't any fear left. That's worse."

She wasn't listening to what he said. She walked across the room with her long strides for which the room was too small. "I want to get away from all this, from this hotel, this rain, these gray afternoons, that night club with those greedy eyes, away from everything." She stopped. "Ravic! Must we live the way we live? Can't we be together and have things that belong to us around us, and evenings and security, instead of these suitcases and empty days and rooms where one is a stranger?"

Ravic's face was indecipherable. "Do you actually see that for us, Joan? A neat little apartment with a neat little bourgeois life. A neat little security on the edge of the abyss. Do you really see that?"

"You could just as well call it something else. Not quite so contemptuous. When you love someone, you find other names for it."

"I know, Joan. I know all the names. You're right, too. They are the most beautiful names in the world. They are the names of our dreams and desires. That they so often end on a garbage heap has nothing to do with it. That neither of us is made for it, hasn't anything to do with it either. They exist, that's enough. But they do not exist for me."

She stood still. "Why not for you?"

"I can dream of them," Ravic said. "But I can't make them come true. I can wish for them, but I cannot have them.

"It's time you knew this more exactly. I live here illegally. I have no papers. I cannot rent an apartment anywhere; I would have to prove my identity. If I love someone, I cannot marry; I have no documents and they would arrest me when I applied. I can never become anything but what I am now." He smiled. "A man without a future; a dead man on furlough, as Morosow calls it."

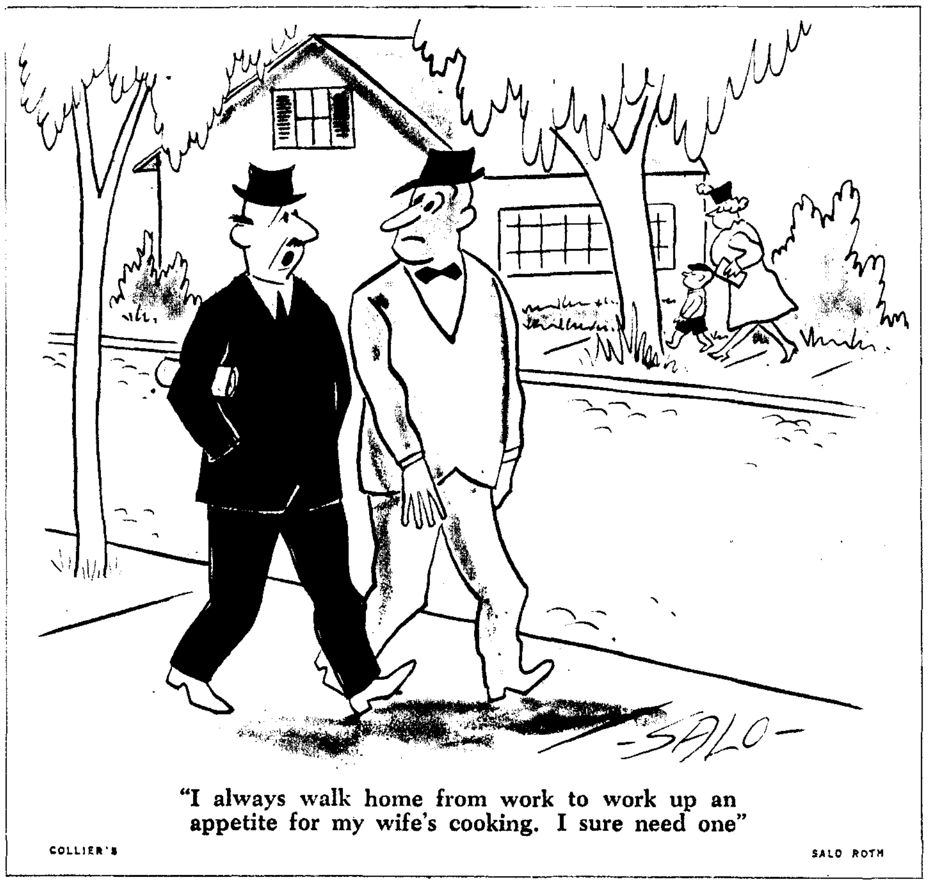
She stared at him. "But Ravic! That's terrible."

"Other things are terrible."

"And if the police here—"

"If I get caught by the police here, I shall be deported. Therefore, we cannot live differently than we live, Joan.

"And now go and telephone your night club that you won't come. We'll have this evening for ourselves. The whole evening. Tell them that you are sick. If they want a certificate I'll get you one from Veber."



"I always walk home from work to work up an appetite for my wife's cooking. I sure need one"

COLLIER'S SALO ROTH

She did not go. "Deported," she said as if she couldn't understand. "Deported? From France? And then you would be away?"

"Yes. For a while."

She did not seem to hear him. "Away!" she repeated. "Away? And what would I do then?"

Ravic laughed. There was tenderness, irony and a trace of sadness in his laughter. "Yes," he said. "What would you do then?"

SHE sat there, leaning on her elbows, and her face was completely drained.

"Joan," Ravic said, "I have been here for two years and it has not happened. I shouldn't have told you. There is practically no danger."

Her face did not change. "And if it should happen, in spite of that?"

"Then I would be back soon. In a week or two. It's like a trip, nothing more. And now call the Scheherazade."

She got up hesitatingly. "What shall I say?"

"That you have got bronchitis. Bronchitis claustrophobia. Speak a little hoarsely."

She lifted the receiver. He looked at her while she spoke. At first she wasn't in it; but then she began to lie, easily and casually. She was actually lying more than was necessary. Her face became alive and reflected the pain in her chest which she was describing. Her voice became more tired and steadily hoarser and finally was punctuated by coughs. The facility of her acting confirmed something that Ravic had already suspected.

She put the receiver down and smoothed her hair. "They believed everything."

He smiled. "It was very convincing."

"They said I should stay in bed. And if it wasn't completely gone by tomorrow, for heaven's sake, stay there then."

"You see! That takes care of tomorrow, too."

"Yes," she said, gloomy for a second. "If you take it that way."

She came to him. "You frightened me, Ravic. Tell me it isn't true. You often say things just for the sake of saying them. Tell me it isn't true. Not the way you said it."

"It isn't true. As good as not true."

SHE leaned her head on his shoulder. "It cannot be true. I don't want to be alone again. I'm nothing when I'm alone. You must stay with me. I'm nothing without you, Ravic."

Her face was clear and open. She meant what she said, she meant it without ambiguity, and she thought it was right, and she believed it to be love; she had not the slightest realization of what she was really saying.

Ravic freed himself carefully. "Joan," he said. "Sometimes you are like the janitor's daughter and sometimes Diana of the woods."

She looked at him. "What am I now?"

"Diana with the silver bow. Innocent and deadly."

"Fine. You should tell me that more often."

"Right. And I'll tell you something else. I've just made up my mind. We'll go away from here. Away from the rain. For a few days or a week. We'll go to the Mediterranean."

She came to him, breathless. "Ravic! Truly?"

"Yes. We should have done it long ago."

"But we haven't any money!"

"We have enough for that. Besides, I am going to carve open the stomach of a big shot, a governor or minister, in the next few days. That will bring in some more."

"You really think we could do it?"

"Yes. I don't know why I'd never thought of it. You'll get a certificate for the Scheherazade from Veber."

"Why not from you? Oh, I see—I know. Ravic, can you really—I mean—"

"Yes. Resorts are entirely safe for tourists. In those hotels down there no one asks for papers. Only for money. That's why we'll go to the Riviera."

She smiled at him. Suddenly she was completely changed. Ravic was always astonished at how quickly she could change. Her movements were different, her eyes beamed and even her hair seemed to shine more golden. She lifted the bottle. "Some of this?" she said. "The calvados of dreams!"

"Yes. For people without a future. Just the thing!"

She filled the glass and sank into silence. "My God," she said presently. "I only have these two old evening gowns." . . .

Professor Durant was honestly indignant. "There's no working with you anymore," he declared.

Ravic shrugged his shoulders. He had learned from Veber that Durant had received ten thousand francs for the coming operation. Unless he arranged with him in advance how much he was to receive, Durant would only send him two hundred francs. That's what he had done last time.

"They call that blackmail in America," Durant continued. "Half an hour before the operation. I would never have expected that of you, Doctor Ravic."

"Neither would I," Ravic said.

Durant looked at him for a while. His wrinkled face with the white turned-up mustaches expressed dignity and indignation. He adjusted his pince-nez. "How much were you thinking of?" he asked reluctantly.

"Two thousand francs."

"What?" Durant looked as though he had been shot and could not yet believe it. "Ridiculous," he then said briefly.

"All right," Ravic replied. "You can easily find someone else. Take Binot; he is very good."

He reached for his coat and put it on. Durant stared at him. His dignified face labored. "Wait a minute," he said when Ravic picked up his hat. "You can't let me down like that!"

A NURSE put her head through the open door. "Shall we begin the anesthetic, Professor?"

Durant looked at her. Then imploringly at Ravic. "What do you think, Doctor Ravic?"

"The decision rests with you, Professor."

"Just a minute, Nurse. We do not yet see the procedure quite clearly." The nurse withdrew. Durant turned toward Ravic. "Now what?" he asked reproachfully.

Ravic put his hands in his pockets. "Postpone the operation until tomorrow—or for an hour and take Binot."

"Doctor Ravic, our profession shouldn't be involved in this sort of business discussion."

"I agree with you."

"Why don't you leave it to my discretion to settle this matter? Haven't you always been satisfied up to now?"

"Never," Ravic said. "But I wasn't very much interested. This time, however, I am interested. I need the money."

The nurse came in again. Durant stared at Ravic. Ravic stared back.

"One minute, Nurse," Durant said. "Take the pulse, blood pressure and temperature."

"I have done that."

"Then start the anesthetic."

The nurse left. "All right then," Durant said, "I'll give you a thousand."

"Two thousand," Ravic corrected him.

Durant gave it up. He could see that he wasn't getting anywhere and time pressed him. "Two thousand," he said bitterly. "I'll have to pay it out of my own pocket. I thought you would remember what I've done for you." He waited.

Strange, Ravic thought, that bloodsuckers like to moralize. This old cheat with the rosette of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole reproaches me for exploiting him, instead of being ashamed because he's exploiting me.

"Well, two thousand," Durant said. "Two thousand," he repeated. It was as if he had said home, love, God, green asparagus, young partridges, old Saint-Emilion. Gone! "Well, can we start now?" . . .

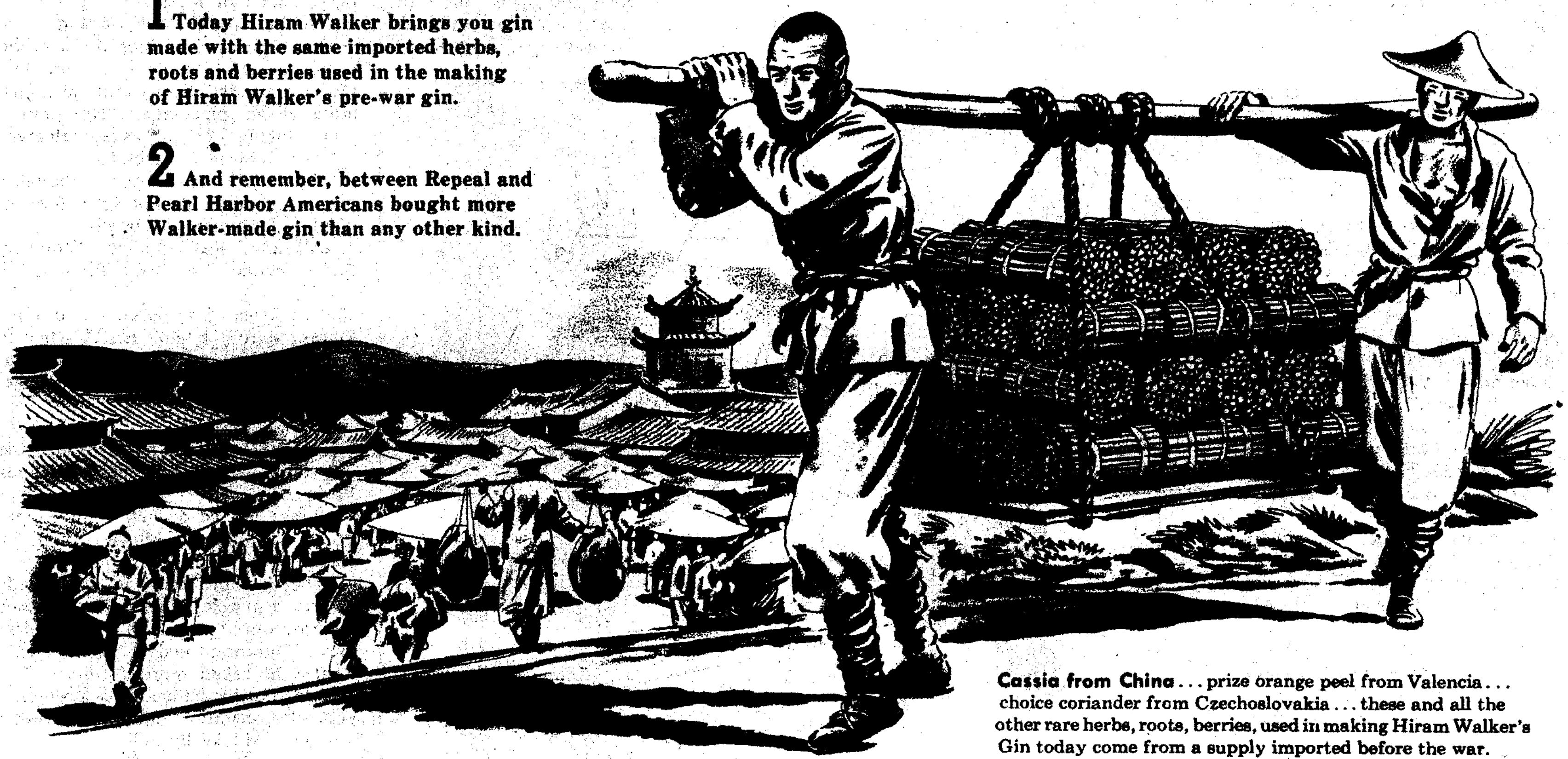
The man had a big potbelly, thin arms and legs. Ravic knew who he was. His name

Now! The gin you've waited 3 years to enjoy!

Gin of pre-war quality made from pre-war *imported* botanicals

1 Today Hiram Walker brings you gin made with the same imported herbs, roots and berries used in the making of Hiram Walker's pre-war gin.

2 And remember, between Repeal and Pearl Harbor Americans bought more Walker-made gin than any other kind.



Cassia from China... prize orange peel from Valencia... choice coriander from Czechoslovakia... these and all the other rare herbs, roots, berries, used in making Hiram Walker's Gin today come from a supply imported before the war.

TODAY, you can once again enjoy the pleasure of *real*, pre-war quality gin.

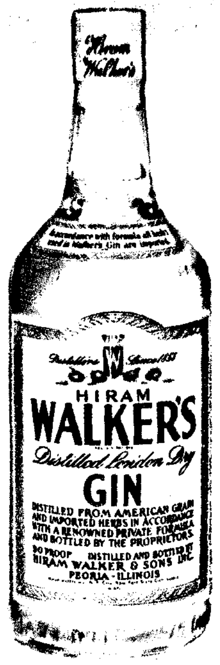
For Hiram Walker's Gin is made not only to pre-war formula . . . *but from pre-war imported botanicals which are unobtainable today.*

The reason we *now* have these rare botanicals, like cassia from China and coriander from Czechoslovakia, is this:

Prior to the war it was always our policy to purchase these botanicals only in the best crop years—and to buy far in excess of our annual requirements. This enabled us always to have on hand a treasured reserve.

When we suspended gin distilling in favor of war production in February 1942, this priceless reserve was carefully preserved and sealed away.

Today, it's these pre-war, imported botanicals that give Hiram Walker's Gin its real, pre-war quality. The quality which, between Repeal and Pearl Harbor, led Americans to buy more Walker-made gin than any other kind.


Hiram Walker's
HIRAM
WALKER'S
Distilled London Dry
GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN AND IMPORTED HERBS IN ACCORDANCE WITH A RENOWNED PRIVATE FORMULA AND BOTTLED BY THE PROPRIETORS
90 PROOF DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC. PEORIA, ILLINOIS

HIRAM
WALKER'S *Distilled London Dry* GIN

90 proof. Distilled from 100% American grain. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Copr. 1945.

as Leval and he was a high official whose epartment handled refugee matters. Veber ad told him this as a special joke.

Ravic made the first cut quickly. The skin pened like the pages of a book. He clipped t tight and looked at the yellowish fat which opped up. "We'll take a few pounds off him. hen he can debauch himself again," he said o Durant.

Durant did not answer.

RAVIC removed the layers of fat in order to get close to the muscles. There he lies ow, the little god of the refugees, he thought. he man who holds hundreds of little fates n his hand, in this whitish swollen hand, hich lies here now, lifeless. The man who ad ordered the deportation of old Professor eyer who hadn't enough strength left to alk once more the road to Calvary and ho had hanged himself at the Hôtel International the day before his deportation. If his potbelly had had mercy, Meyer would till be alive. "Clips," Ravic said. "Tampon."

He continued to cut. The precision of the harp knife. The sensation of a clear incision. If one should blunder now, cut too ar, cut too deep, then in a week a better an would sit in that room that smelled of oldy files and moths, where trembling refugees awaited their life or death sentences. A etter man—but then, maybe someone orse? This unconscious sixty-year-old body, here on the table under the bright lamps, undoubtedly considered himself humane. Surely he was a kind husband, a good father. But the minute he entered his office, his world became transformed into full-toned phrases: We can't do that—and: Where would it get us if—and: Our own men out of work are waiting for jobs—and so on. This was quite correct, this was all right, but no one would have perished if Meyer had continued to eat his meager meal.

Fine, this incision was fine. Not too deep. Not too wide. Ravic showed the gall bladder to Durant. It shone dark and greasy in the white light. He threw it into the pail. Let's go on. Catgut. Reverdin. . . . The warm belly of an official with a salary of twenty-five thousand francs a year. He must make at least an additional hundred thousand with bribes. How else could he pay ten thousand for this operation?

Stitch after stitch. Careful, there was one more clip. . . . The potbelly means one week at Antibes for Joan and me. . . . Now the seam of the peritoneum. Especially fine for the two thousand francs. I should sew it up with a pair of scissors in it for Meyer. . . .

So, that's done now. In a few weeks he can again deport trembling refugees. If he doesn't die. But he won't. People like him die at eighty, honored, self-respecting and with proud grandchildren. That's done with. The end. Take him away!

Ravic drew the gloves from his hands and the mask from his face. The high official glided out of the operating room on soundless wheels. Ravic gazed after him. Leval, he thought, if you had only known! That your thoroughly legal gall bladder had provided me, an illegal refugee, with a few days in the best hotel in Antibes.

Ravic began to wash. He washed himself long and thoroughly. . . .

THE light. Ever anew, it was the light. It was hurled from the horizon like white foam between the deep blue of the ocean and the lighter blue of the sky, radiance and reflection in one.

How it stands behind her head, Ravic thought. Like an aureole without color!

"How long have we been here now?" Joan asked.

"Eight days."

"It is like eight years. Don't you think?"

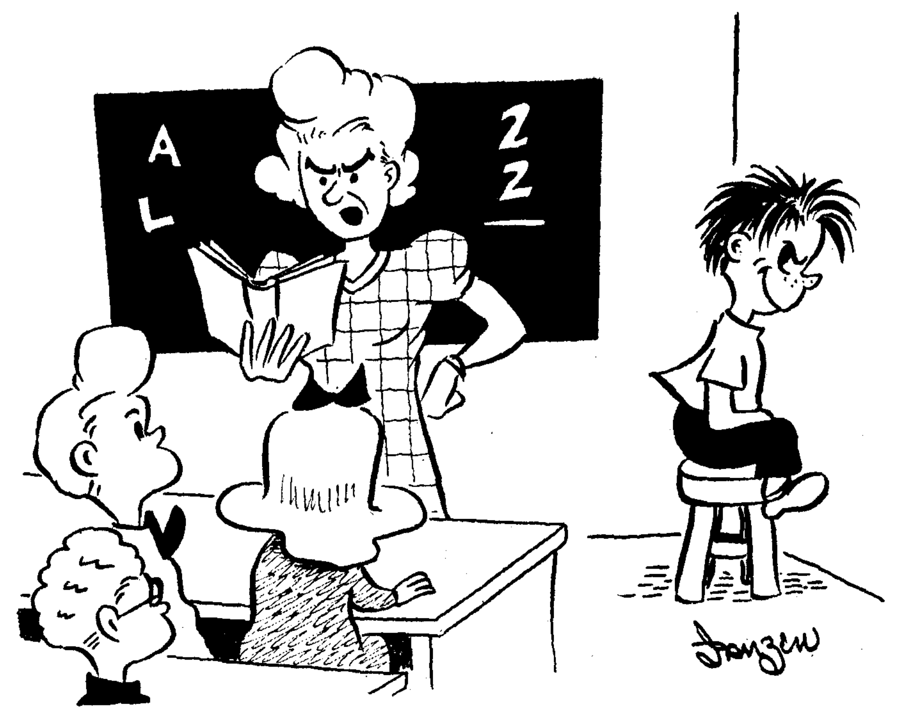
"It is like eight hours. Eight hours and three thousand years. Here where you stand, a young Etruscan woman stood in just the same way three thousand years ago; the wind came in just this way from Africa and chased the light across the ocean."

Joan crouched down beside him on the rock. "When do we have to go back to Paris?"

"We will know tonight in the Casino."

"Have we been winning?"

"A little."



COLLIER'S "Now, then—back to the bees and flowers!" NEAL JANZEN

"You play as if you were used to playing. When were you last here?"

"I don't know. Once many years ago. How tanned you are! You should always be as brown as that."

"Then I would have to live here all the time."

"Would you like to?"

"Not all the time. But I would like to live always the way we live here. Carefree and without worry." She turned to him and flung her hair back over her shoulders. "That's very superficial, isn't it?"

"No."

"I know it's superficial. But, my God, we have had too little superficiality in our miserable lives! Wars and hunger and upheavals and revolutions and inflations—but never a little security and quiet and time. And now you say there's another war coming compared with which the other one was only child's play."

"Yes."

"We have only this one short life, and it passes." She put her hands on the warm rock. "I am not anxious to live in a historical age. I want to be happy, that's all."

That blue, Ravic thought. That almost colorless blue of the horizon, spray where the sea plunges into the sky, and then this storm deepening along sea and zenith, up to these eyes which are bluer here than they ever were in Paris!

He saw the motor boat approach them in a wave of foam. He did not move; he knew why it was coming. "There are your two friends," he said.

"Where?" Joan had seen the boat some time ago. "Why my friends?" she asked. "They are really your friends. They've known you longer than me."

"Ten minutes longer."

"Anyway, longer."

Ravic stretched himself out on the rock and closed his eyes. The sun at once became his warm golden blanket.

"We are not very polite," Joan said after a while.

"Lovers are never polite."

"They have both come because of us; to call for us. If you don't want to go for a ride, the least you can do is to go down and tell them so."

"All right," Ravic said and half opened his eyes. "Let's shorten it. You go down and tell them I have to work, and go with them. Just as you did yesterday."

"To work—no one believes that. Why don't you come with us? They like you very much. They were disappointed even yesterday when you didn't come."

"Oh God!" Ravic opened his eyes fully. "Why is it that even clever women love these idiotic conversations? You would like to go for a ride. I have no boat, we are here for only a few days; why do you want me to persuade you to do what you will do anyway—just to make yourself feel better?"

"You don't have to persuade me. I can do it by myself."

She rose and walked down to the dock. She walked down and the whole sky rested on her wonderful shoulders. It was as if she carried it. She had her excuse. She would sit in the white boat, her hair would fly in the wind, she would have the profile of an Amazon.

I am an idiot for not going with them, Ravic thought, but I am not yet suited for that role.

He heard Joan's voice from below. Then he heard the low thunder of the motor. He closed his eyes. How red the sun shone through one's eyelids! The old lullaby of the sea. The magic happiness of not thinking. He quickly fell asleep.

IN THE afternoon he drove along the coast. Morosow had managed to get him a car in Paris; he and Joan had driven down in it.

The day was very clear and almost too bright. He forgot Joan; he forgot himself. He simply opened himself to this day, to the triad of sun, sea and land which made a coast blossom while the mountain roads above it were still full of snow. Rain hung over France. The storm roared over Europe—but this narrow coast seemed not yet to know about all that; it was serene and in its small bays gathered the last foam of a dying, beautiful, superfluous world.

He returned to the hotel and found news from Joan. She had left word she wouldn't be back for dinner. He went down to the Eden Roc and sat for a long time by the railing of the terrace which was built on the rock like a ship's deck.

He felt cool and deeply alone. Clearly and without emotion, he saw what was going to happen between him and Joan. He knew that he could still prevent it for a while; tricks and clever moves were possible. He knew them and would not use them. This had already gone too far for tricks; there was only one thing left: to admit it. To admit it honestly, without self-deception and without self-torment.

Ravic lifted the glass of clear light Provençal wine against the light. Here I sit now, he thought, at night, on a sea-ringed terrace, the sky is filled with the laughter of the sun's farewell and with the bells of far-away stars—here I sit now and, cool within me, a searchlight penetrates the silent months of the future and sweeps over them and leaves them in the dark again; here I sit, painlessly aware, and my life is like the glass in my hand, transparent, filled with alien wine which can't be kept inside because it would become flat, would become the stale vinegar of dead passion. . . .

Later that evening he drove to Cannes, to the Casino. He played calmly and for small stakes. He played the last Twelve, the Twenty-seven square and Twenty-seven. After an hour he had won three thousand francs. He doubled the stakes except for Twenty-seven and played Four too.

He noticed Joan when she entered. She had changed her dress and so she must have returned immediately after he had left the hotel. She was with the two men who had called for her in the motor boat.

The croupier pushed some chips toward him. The square had won. He withdrew the winnings and left the stake. Joan went to the baccarat tables. He did not know whether she had seen him.

She was very beautiful. If one could only take her away, he thought, quickly past all the people, doors, away, to an island and lock her up and keep her—

He bet again. The Seven had come up. Islands do not isolate you. The restlessness of the heart could not be confined; one lost easiest what one held in his arms—never what one left. The ball slowly stopped rolling. The Twelve. He bet again.

When he glanced up he was looking straight into Joan's eyes. She stood at the other side of the table and was looking at him. He nodded to her . . . smiled. She looked at him. He pointed at the wheel and shrugged his shoulders. The Nineteen came up.

He placed his bets and looked up. Joan was not there any more. He remained sitting. Suddenly it seemed stupid to him to be gambling here with a few francs just to be able to stay a few more days. To what purpose? I'll tell her that we'll have to break up, he thought. I must part from her in Paris. I must do it while there is still time. . . .

He considered going on playing at another table. But suddenly he felt no desire to. One should not do something on a small scale that one has done on a large scale. He looked around. Joan was not to be seen. He decided to get his car and drive around for an hour.

AS HE was starting the car, he saw Joan coming. He got out. She came toward him quickly. "Were you going to drive home without me?"

"I was going to drive through the mountains for an hour and then come back."

"That's not true. You were going to leave me behind with those idiots."

"Joan," Ravic said, "soon you will claim it's my fault you are with those idiots."

"It is your fault! I went in the boat with them because I was angry!"

"All right, Joan. Let's not go on talking about it. Did you have fun?"

"No."

She stood before him, breathless, agitated, impetuous, in the blue darkness of the soft night, and the moon was in her hair and her lips were of such a deep red in her wan, eager face that they were almost black. . . . It was February, 1939, and when they got back to Paris the inevitable would begin, slowly, crawlingly, with all the little lies and humiliations and disputes; he wanted to leave her before this happened, and yet she was still here and there weren't many more days left.

"Where were you going to drive?" she asked.

"Nowhere in particular. Just drive."

"I'll ride with you."

"But what will your idiots say?"

"They can say what they like."

Ravic went around the car. "Wait till I put the top up."

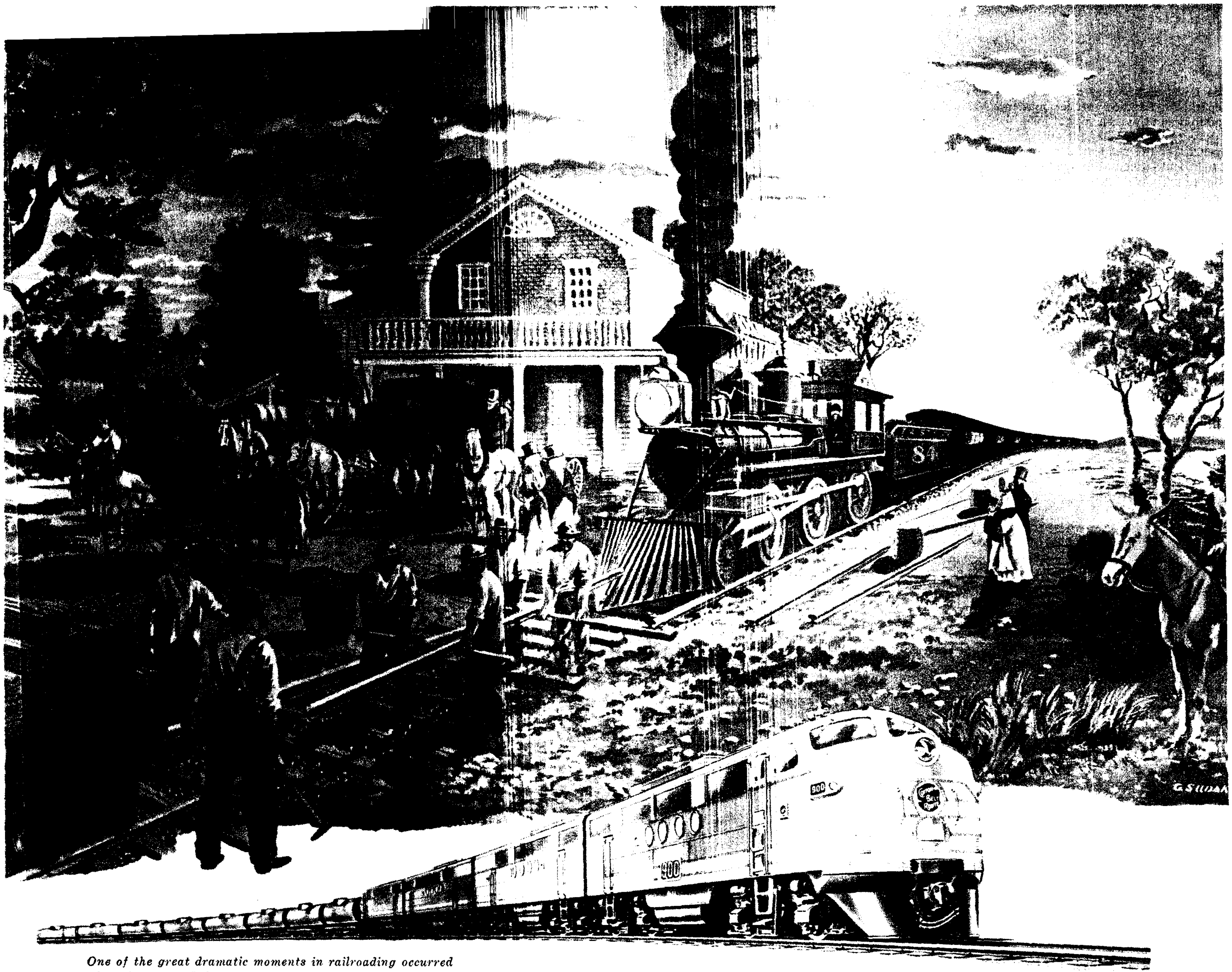
"Leave it down! My coat will keep me warm enough. Let's drive past all the cafés where the people who have nothing else to do but be happy sit and have no arguments."

She slid onto the seat beside him. "This is the first time I've been on the Riviera, Ravic. Don't be hard on me! This is the first time I've been here, and here the nights aren't cold and there's no more rain."

She leaned close to him, and he put his arm around her and drove the car out of the heavy traffic to the road past the Carlton Hotel and then in the direction of Juan les Pins.

Her hair blew in the wind. The car swept over the road like a low-flying bird. "Too fast?" Ravic asked.

"No! No! How the night rushes past! I



One of the great dramatic moments in railroading occurred when the Cotton Belt changed the gauge of its 419 miles of track in a single week end. The scene pictured above is our artist's conception of the closing hours of this successful old-time race against time.

CHANGING THE MEASURE OF RAILROADING

It was September in 1886. All along the Cotton Belt, from Bird's Point, Mo., to Texarkana, old spikes came out. Rails were shifted. New spikes sank home under swinging hammers. The entire railroad was changed from narrow to standard gauge over one week end. The Cotton Belt had stepped along with the times.

This railroad is still stepping along. It is one of 83 railroads and major industries where General Motors Diesel locomotives are changing the measure of railroading.

Watch what happens when complete lines and systems are GM Dieselized. Far faster freight hauls. Quicker, more comfortable, and more reliable travel for passengers.

And reduced maintenance by sturdiness that goes a million miles or more without major overhaul!

Yes, the measure of railroading is changing — for the better. And GM Diesel locomotives are helping to bring about this new benefit for the railroads, for the country, and for you.

ONE MORE WAR TO WIN
BUY *MORE* BONDS

GM
GENERAL MOTORS

LOCOMOTIVES .... ***ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION,*** *La Grange, Ill.*

SINGLE ENGINES ... *Up to 200 H.P.*
MULTIPLE UNITS ... *Up to 800 H.P.* } · *DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit 23, Mich.*

ENGINES ...... *150 to 2000 H.P.* .... *CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland 11, Ohio* love you, Ravic! Look at the moon! Let's never go back to Paris. Let's steal a trunk full of jewelry or rob a bank and take this car and never come back."

Ravic slowed down. The hum of the motor died and softly from afar came suddenly the deep breathing of the sea.

"Have you had enough to eat, this evening?" he asked.

"No; I couldn't eat. I'm hungry now. Did you win?"

"Yes."

"Then let's drive to the most expensive restaurant and eat caviar and drink champagne and let's be as our parents were before all these wars, carefree and sentimental and without fear. And I want to believe that we'll have children and a house and you'll have your passport and a future, things that will never happen, and I have given up a great career for your sake and we still love each other after twenty years and are jealous, and you still think me beautiful and I cannot sleep when you aren't home for a night, and—"

He noticed the tears in her eyes. "Come," he said. "We'll drive to the Château Madrid. That's in the mountains and they have Russian gypsies there and you may have anything you want."...

They stood in front of the Château Madrid. The sea below was gray velvet and without waves. The sky was empty; only on the horizon a small streak of silver emerged from the water. It was so still that they heard each other breathe. They were the last guests up there.

"Now the night is on the other side of the earth," Ravic said. "There will be airplanes some time with which we'll be able to overtake it. They will go as fast as the earth turns. Then if you were to tell me again at four o'clock in the morning that you loved me we could let it be four o'clock forever; we would simply fly around the earth with time and the hours would stand still."

They looked down at the ocean. "We'll be old when your plane is invented, darling," Joan said. "I don't want to get old. Do you?"

"Yes. As old as possible; I want to see what will become of this planet."

"I don't want to get old."

"You won't. Life will pass over your face, that will be all, and it will become more beautiful because of it. One is old only when one no longer feels."

"No. Only when one no longer loves."

Ravic did not answer.

She stirred in his arms. "Let's drive home. To that white hotel that looks like a country house."

THE car slid down the serpentine road almost without aid of the motor. Slowly it became lighter. The earth smelled of dew and night. Ravic turned off the headlights. When they passed the Corniche they met vans with vegetables and flowers. They were on the road to Nice. Later they passed a company of Spahis. They heard the trotting of the horses through the droning of their motor. The riders' faces were dark under their burnooses.

Ravic looked at Joan. She smiled at him. Her face was pale and wakeful. It seemed to him more beautiful than ever in its tender tiredness; in this magic, dark, still morning whose yesterday was sunk in the distance—this morning which had not as yet any hour, which still floated timelessly, full of quietude, without fear or question.

The bay of Antibes came toward them in a great circle. The dawn was steadily growing lighter. Iron-gray shadows of four men-of-war, three destroyers and a cruiser, stood against the brightening day. They must have come into the harbor during the night. Low and menacing and soundless they stood against the receding sky.

Ravic looked down at Joan. She had fallen asleep on his shoulder. . . .

Ravic was going to the hospital. He and Joan had been back from the Riviera for a week. Suddenly he stopped. What he saw was like something out of a child's toy box.

The new building shone in the sun as if it had been constructed from a model kit; the scaffolding stood out against the bright sky like filigree—and when a beam with a figure on it began to topple, it looked as if a matchstick with a fly on it were tumbling down. It fell and fell and seemed to fall endlessly; the figure freed itself, and now it was like a tiny doll that stretched out its arms and sailed clumsily through space. It was as if the world were frozen and still as death for a moment. Nothing stirred, no breeze, no breath, no sound—only the little figure and the rigid beam fell and fell—

Then suddenly everything was noise and movement. Ravic realized that he had been holding his breath. He ran.

The victim lay on the pavement. A second ago the street had been almost empty. Now it was swarming with people. They came from all directions as if an alarm had sounded. Ravic forced his way through the crowd. He noticed that two workers were attempting to lift the victim. "Don't lift him! Leave him where he is!" he shouted.

The people around and in front of him made way. The two workers held the victim half suspended. "Let him down slowly! Careful! Slowly!"

"What are you?" one of the workers asked. "A doctor?"

"Yes," Ravic told the man.

CALLING THE BIG SHOTS

There are many other titles for rulers of nations besides President, King, Prime Minister, et cetera. Some of these titles are given in the left-hand columns below. Can you associate these titles with the countries in the right-hand columns, in which they were—and in many cases still are—used? A score of twelve correct on this test would be quite good. Answers on page 66.

1. SHAH .... Egypt
2. TETRARCH .... Turkey
3. KAISER .... Holland
4. STADHOLDER Venice
5. CACIQUE ...... Baroda
6. DOGE .... Tibet
7. CALIPH .... Russia
8. LANDGRAVE Germany
9. KHEDIVE .... Peru
10. CZAR .... Galilee
11. SULTAN .... India
12. GAEKWAR .... Japan
13. GRAND LAMA Hesse
14. VICEROY .... Bagdad
15. MIKADO Persia (Iran)

—Cliff Macon

"All right." The workers laid the victim on the pavement.

Ravic knelt beside him and examined him. He opened the sweaty blouse and felt the body. Then he rose.

"Well?" asked the worker who had spoken to him before. "Unconscious, isn't he?"

"Dead," Ravic said.

"But—" the man said incredulously, "we had just been eating lunch together."

"Is there a doctor here?" someone asked behind the ring of gaping people.

"What's the matter?"

"That woman—"

"What woman?"

"The beam hit her. She's bleeding."

Ravic forced his way out through the crowd. A short woman with a large blue apron lay on a heap of sand beside a pile of lime. Her face was wrinkled, very pale and her eyes were as immobile as lumps of coal. Blood spurted like an artificial fountain from below her neck. It spurted sideways in a throbbing, oblique ray and made a strangely disorderly impression. Under her head a dark pool was quickly seeping into the sand.

Ravic pressed his fingers on the artery. He pulled out of his pocket a bandage and the small first-aid kit he invariably had with him. "Hold this!" he said to the man next to him.

Four hands grasped for it simultaneously. The bag fell to the sand. It opened. He pulled out the scissors and a stick and tore open the bandage.

The woman did not say anything. Not even her eyes moved. "Everything is all right, Mother," Ravic said. "Everything is all right."

The beam had struck her shoulder and neck. The shoulder was crushed. "It is your left arm," Ravic said and examined the neck. The skin was lacerated, but everything else was uninjured. The foot was twisted; he tapped the bone and the leg. Gray stockings, well mended but whole, tied under the knee with a black ribbon—with what detail one always saw all this! Black laced boots, mended, the laces tied with a double knot, the shoes repaired at the toe.

"Has anyone telephoned for an ambulance?" he asked.

Nobody answered. "I think the policeman has," someone said after a while.

Ravic raised his head. "Policeman? Where is he?"

"Over there—with the other—"

Ravic got up. "Everything has been taken care of then."

HE WAS going to walk away. At this moment the policeman pushed through the crowd. He was a young man with a notebook in his hand. He excitedly licked his short pointless pencil. "One moment."

"Everything has been taken care of here," Ravic said.

"One moment, sir!"

"I'm in a hurry. I've an urgent case," Ravic explained.

"One moment, sir. Are you the physician?"

"I've tied off the artery, that's all. Now all that's needed is to wait for the ambulance."

"One moment, Doctor! You must stay here. You are a witness."

"I didn't see the accident. I came by afterward."

"Nevertheless, you must stay here."

Ravic looked around. The crowd fenced him in like a wall. He could not get through.

"Listen," he said to the policeman. "I'm in a great hurry—"

"Very well, Doctor. One thing at a time. You've got to stay, anyhow. The fact that you are a witness is important. The woman may die."

"The woman will not die."

"No one can tell about that. And then there is the question of compensation."

Someone tapped the policeman's shoulder. "Put down in your report that the woman was on the closed-off part of the sidewalk. The street was closed off. Do you see this?" He pointed at a board that was standing sidewise, with the inscription: Attention! Danger! "Put that down," he said. "Compensation is out of the question," he added.

"Who are you?" the policeman asked angrily.

"I am the representative of the construction company."

"Fine. You stay here, too." He bent down to the woman. "What's your name?" he asked her. "Tell me your name."

The woman moved her lips. Her eyelids began to flutter, like butterflies, like deathly tired gray moths.

Ravic thought: Idiot that I am! I must see to it that I disappear!

"Marcel," the woman said.

"What? Just a moment! What?" The policeman bent down again.

The woman was silent.

A siren shrieked. The ambulance. This is the moment, Ravic thought. He took a step. But the policeman held him back. "You must come with us to headquarters, Doctor. I'm sorry, but we must have a record of everything."

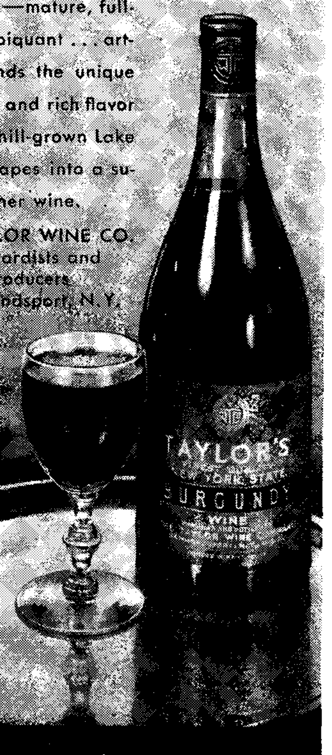
Another policeman stood beside him now. There was nothing to be done. Let's hope it will work out all right, Ravic thought, and went with them. . . .

The official on duty at police headquarters had listened quietly to the gendarme and policeman who had written the report. Now he turned to Ravic. "You are not a French-

Carter's
TWO SOLUTION
Ink
Eraser
Give it the brush off!

For an annoying pen-and-ink mistake—or a blot, use **Carter's Ink Eraser**—a time-saving two solution eradicator. All you do is dip each rod, touch the paper and swish—the spot is gone! A package lasts a long time—often several years. On sale at better stationery counters everywhere . . .

One of the famous Carter family
At home . . . In the office
The **CARTER'S** Ink Company
Boston, Mass.



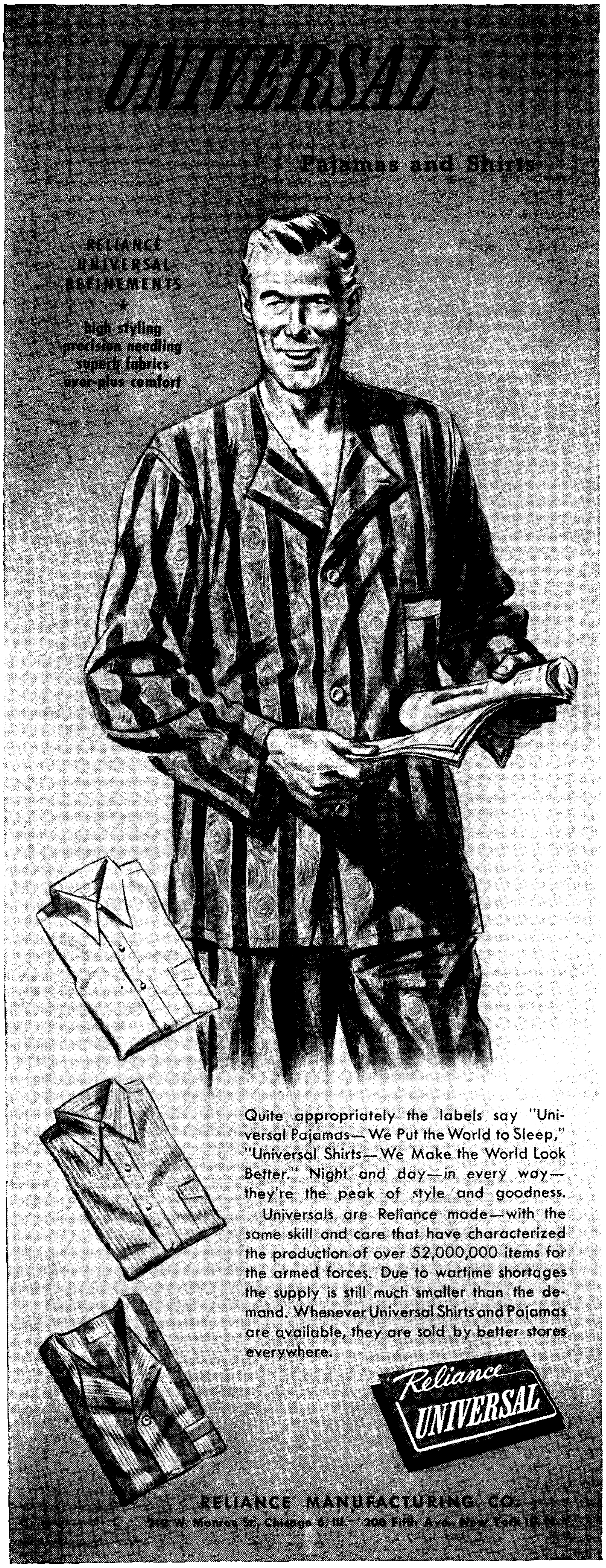
CAPTURED FLAVOR
from **NEW YORK STATE**

Taylor's New York State Burgundy—mature, full-bodied, piquant . . . artfully blends the unique character and rich flavor of finest hill-grown Lake Keuka grapes into a superb dinner wine.

THE TAYLOR WINE CO.
Vineyardists and
Producers
Hammondsport, N. Y.

TAYLOR
Wines

FROM THE FAMOUS CELLARS AT HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK



Quite appropriately the labels say "Universal Pajamas—We Put the World to Sleep," "Universal Shirts—We Make the World Look Better." Night and day—in every way—they're the peak of style and goodness.

Universals are Reliance made—with the same skill and care that have characterized the production of over 52,000,000 items for the armed forces. Due to wartime shortages the supply is still much smaller than the demand. Whenever Universal Shirts and Pajamas are available, they are sold by better stores everywhere.

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING CO.
212 W. Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill. 200 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

man," he said. He didn't ask: he stated it as a fact.

"No."

"What are you?"

"A Czech."

"Have you your passport with you?"

"Is that necessary, Fernand?" another official asked. "The gentleman has helped the woman and we have his address. That should be enough. There are still other witnesses."

"I'm interested. Have you your passport with you?"

"Of course not. Who keeps his passport with him all the time?"

"Where is it?"

"At the Czech consulate. I took it there a week ago. *It* had to be extended."

Ravic knew that if he said his passport was at his hotel he might be sent there with a policeman and the bluff would be discovered at once. Besides, to be on the safe side, he had given a false address. He had some chance at the consulate.

"We can call up and ask them?" Fernand looked at Ravic.

"Of course."

Fernand waited a while and continued to look at him. "All right," he then said. "We'll just ask."

He rose and went into one of the adjoining rooms. The other official was very embarrassed. "Pardon us, Doctor," he said to Ravic. "Of course, it isn't necessary at all. It will be cleared up immediately. We are obliged to you for your help."

Cleared up, Ravic thought. He looked about calmly while he took out a cigarette. The gendarme stood by the door. That was mere chance; no one really suspected him yet. He might push him aside, but there was still the man from the construction company and the two workmen. He gave it up. It would be too hard to break through; probably a few more policemen would be standing outside the door, too.

Fernand returned. "There is no passport with your name at the consulate."

"Maybe there is," Ravic said; "an official at the telephone doesn't necessarily know everything. There are half a dozen people who deal with these matters."

"This one was informed."

Ravic did not reply. "You are not a Czech," Fernand said. "You haven't a Czech accent."

"Maybe not. What has that to do with it?"

SUDDENLY Ravic was rather indifferent. He had gone through this several times before. It did not matter to him how it turned out. They would deport him and he would return. That was the way of this idiotic world.

"You are a German," Fernand declared. "And you have no passport."

"No," Ravic replied. "I am a Negro and have all the French passports in the world."

"Sir!" Fernand yelled. "How dare you!" He glared at Ravic. "You'll stay here until this is cleared up. I'll see to that."

"All right," Ravic said.

Fernand stamped out of the room. The second official rummaged among his papers. "Sir," he said presently, "I am sorry. He is crazy on this subject. If it was up to me—"

"Never mind." Ravic looked around. "May I use the telephone before this Fernand returns?"

"Of course. Here is a telephone. Do it quickly."

Ravic telephoned Morosow. He told him in German what had happened, and what name he had given. Morosow was to let Veber know.

"Joan too?"

"No. Not yet. Tell her I was detained, but everything will be all right again in two or three days. Take care of her."

"All right," Morosow replied, not overenthusiastically. "All right, Wozzek."

When the first official returned, Ravic put the receiver down. "Won't help you," Fernand announced with a grin. "What were you speaking just now? Czech?"

"Esperanto."...

Veber came next morning. "A damned hole," he said as he looked around. "Disgusting that you got into it. What can be done, Ravic?"

"Not much. The main thing is that our friends mustn't find out that I've been here a few times before. According to the new rules that would mean six months in prison."

"And if they don't find out?"

"Fourteen days, I think. And the usual deportation."

"And then?"

"Then I'll return."

"We must do something before that."

"What can we do?"

Veber thought about it. "Durant," he said then. "Durant knows a lot of people and is influential. I'm sure he can do something for you. I'll wring his heart."

"You'll achieve very little. I cost him two thousand francs some time ago. He won't forget that."

"He will," Veber said, amused. "The thing is he'll be afraid you might tell about those ghosted operations. Besides, he needs you badly." Veber grinned. "I'll do it this very day. Can I do something for you here? How is the food?"

"Ghastly. But I can make them get me something."

"Cigarettes?"

"Enough. You can't help me with what I really need: a bath."

AFTER two weeks in prison, Ravic was called. First he was brought before an inspector who only asked him whether he had money.

"Yes."

"All right. Then you can take a taxi."

An official went with him. "Where are we going?" Ravic asked.

"To the Chief."

Ravic did not know which chief it was. It didn't make much difference to him either as long as it wasn't the chief of a German concentration camp.

It took some time before he recognized the short, fat man to whom they took him.

Usually he was not concerned with the faces when he operated. He was as unconcerned with them as he was with numbers. He was interested in the sick places only. But he had looked at this face with a passing curiosity. There he sat, healthy with his potbelly minus gall bladder: Leval.

"Of course your name is not Wozzek," Leval grumbled.

"No."

"What is your name?"

"Neumann." Ravic had arranged this wi Veber who had explained it to Durant; Wo zek was too eccentric.

"You are a German, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Refugee?"

"Yes."

"Why were you lying? About your name, and where you lived—the address was wrong, too."

Ravic shrugged his shoulders. "What else can we do? We lie as little as possible. We have to; do you think it's fun for us?"

Leval puffed up. "Do you think it is fun for us to be bothered with you?"

Blue, Ravic thought. His head had been whitish blue, the lacrimal sacs blue-black, the mouth had gaped half open. . . . "You know very well," he said, "that, from a legal point of view, we haven't the right to live anywhere without papers, and that most of us haven't yet been able to make up our minds to commit suicide. That's the reason we bother you."

"You should have remained in Germany," Leval grumbled. "It isn't quite so bad there. People exaggerate that."

A slightly different incision, Ravic thought, and you wouldn't be here to talk this nonsense.

"How long have you been here?" Leval asked.

"For three weeks. Three weeks ago I came from Switzerland."

"Have you practiced here?"

"No."

The scar must be smaller by now, Ravic thought. I sewed it nicely. It was quite a job with all that fat. Meanwhile he's been stuffing himself again. Stuffing and drinking.

"That's where the greatest danger is," Leval explained. "Without examinations, without control, you hang around here, who knows for how long! Don't think I believe you about those three weeks. Who knows hat you may have had your hand in, in ow many shady affairs!"

In your paunch with the hardened arteries, ne swollen liver and the fermenting kidneys, avic thought. And if I hadn't had my hand n it, your friend, Durant, would probably ave killed you in a humane and idiotic way nd would have become even more famous s a surgeon because of it and would have aised his fees.

"This is where the greatest danger lies," eval repeated. "You are not permitted to ractice, so you will accept anything that omes your way; that's obvious. I was talking about it with one of our greatest authorities. He's of entirely the same opinion. If ou really know anything about medical science, his name should be familiar to you—"

No, Ravic thought; impossible. He won't ay Durant now. Life can't crack such jokes!

"Professor Durant," Leval said. "Menials, tudents who have not yet completed their tudies, masseurs, assistants, here all these laim to have been medical men in Germany. Vho can check on that? Illegal operations, ollaboration with midwives, we have already ad all that sort of thing here. We can't be evere enough!"

Ravic was no longer listening. He did not ecome attentive again until Veber's name vas mentioned. "A certain Doctor Veber as spoken in your behalf. Do you know im?"

"Slightly."

"He was here." Leval gazed straight ahead or a moment. Then he sneezed, got his handkerchief out and blew his nose. "I can't do nything for you except see that you are deported as soon as possible. Have you some money?"

"Yes."

"All the better for you. If you can pay for your escort you can drive to the border in privacy." He nodded. "You may go now."

"Any special hour when we have to be back?" Ravic asked the official who was escorting him.

"Not exactly. It depends. Why?"

"I'd like to go into a bistro."

The official looked at him. "I won't run away," Ravic said and drew a twenty-franc bill out of his pocket.

"All right. A few minutes can't make any difference."

They had the taxi stop at the next bistro and stepped inside. "What will you have?" Ravic asked.

"Amer Picon. Nothing else at this hour."

"Give me a Fine. Where is the telephone?" Ravic asked the waiter.

"In the rear—to your right, next to the toilets."

"But—" the official said.

Ravic put the twenty-franc bill into his hand. "You can probably imagine to whom I'd telephone. I won't disappear. You can come with me. Come along."

THE official didn't hesitate for long. "All right," he said and got up. "A human being is a human being, after all."

"Joan?" Ravic was at the telephone.

"Ravic! My God! Where are you? Have they let you out? Tell me where you are!"

"In a bistro—"

"You aren't imprisoned? Where have you been? Why don't you come here?"

"I can't come. I've only a few minutes. I had to persuade the official to stop here for a moment. Joan, I'll be sent to Switzerland in the next few days and—" Ravic glanced out the window. The official was leaning on the counter and talking. "And I'll be back at once." He waited. "Joan."

"I'll come at once. Where are you?"

"You can't come. I'm half an hour's distance from you. I've only a few minutes left."

He heard her disconcerted voice. "But that's impossible! You can't simply go like this and I don't know anything, either where you're going or what—"

"I'm not going to war. I'm merely traveling to Switzerland. I'll be back soon."

"Then it'll be the same all over again. I won't be able to live from fear."

Ravic opened the door of the booth. Suddenly it had become hot. "I must stop now—"

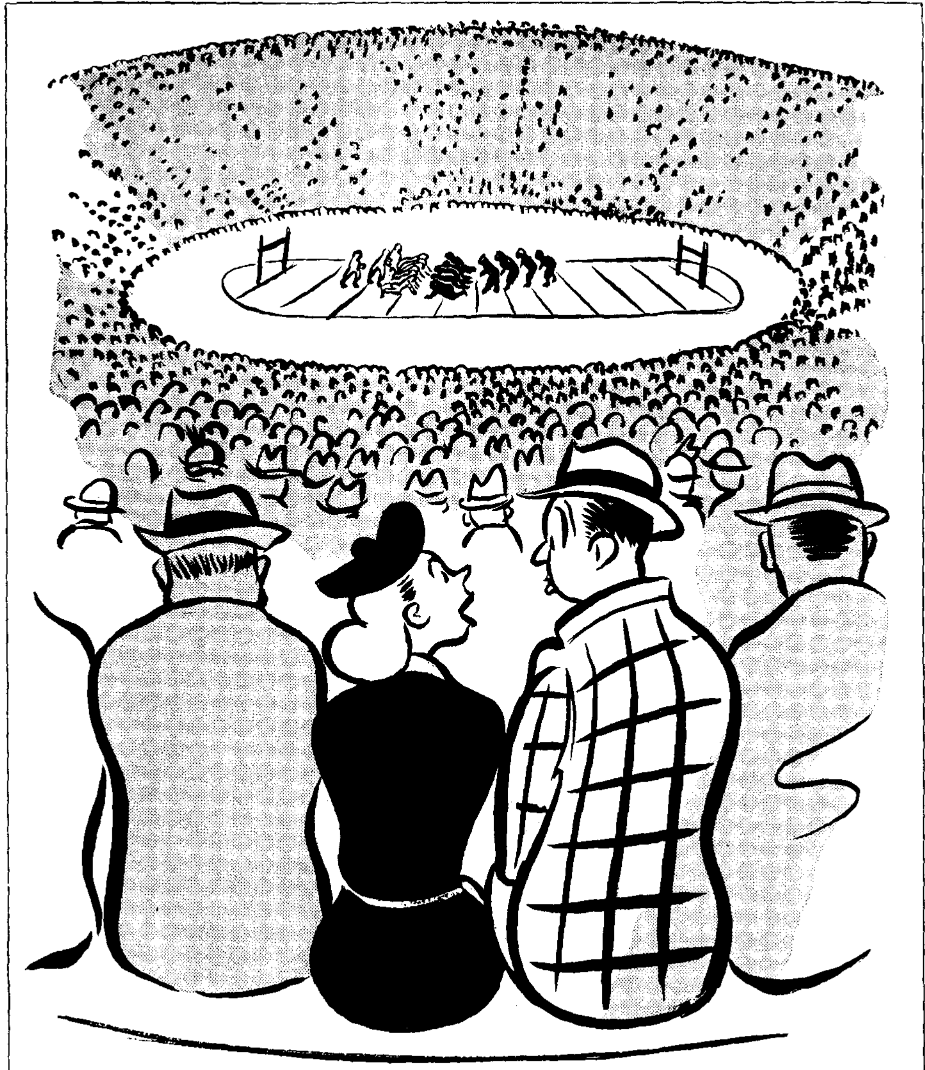
"Ravic!" she called. "Ravic!"

"Yes—"

"Come back again! Come back again! I'm lost without you!"

"Adieu, Joan. I'll come back again."

(To be continued next week)



"Certainly I can see. The little white fleas just pushed the black ones under one of those little wickets"

COLLIER'S ERNIE GARZA

Pack up your troubles

On trips when grips get tossed around
Cosmetics often spill.
Use Texcel Tape to seal each box
And save a cleaning bill.

(Texcel seals securely —
the "stickum's" bonded on!)

When sending precious packages
By fourth-class mail-or third-
Stick Texcel over labels so
Addresses won't get blurred.

"stickum's"
bonded on!)

So many home and office jobs
This Texcel does up brown-
From mending oilskin apron rips
To holding clippings down.

(Texcel holds and holds -
the "stickum's"
bonded on!)

Yes, Texcel is an improved tape
Whose "stickum's" bonded on.
It won't come off, it won't dry out,
It's one, like grass and lawn.

Today most Texcel Tape's at war
In work that's consequential.
P.S. Before you take a trip,
Make sure that it's essential!

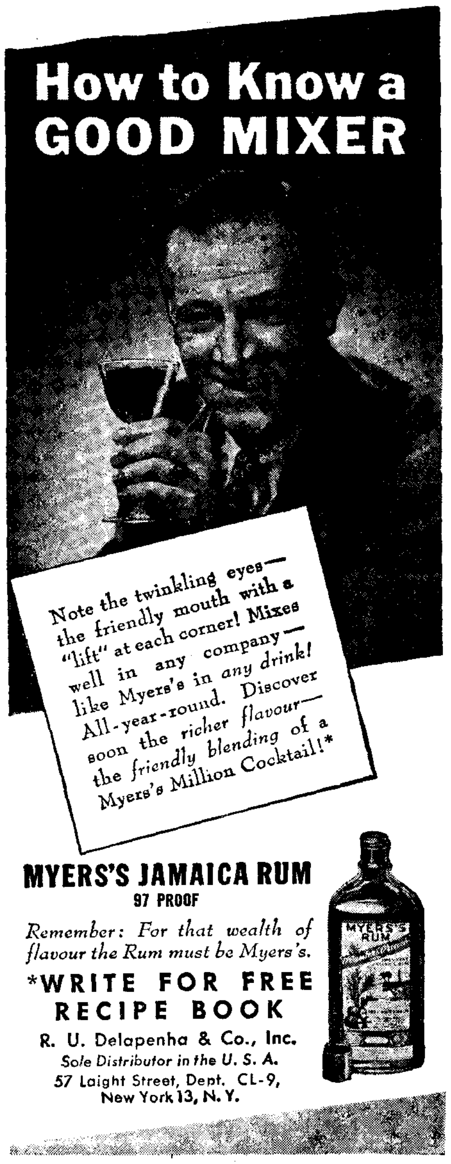
Texcel Tape
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

CELLOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH

INDUSTRIAL TAPE CORPORATION
A Subsidiary of Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick, N.J.

SPEEDY RELIEF COUGHERS
SOOTHING RELIEF FROM THROAT IRRITATIONS OF COLDS
VICKS MEDICATED COUGH DROPS
VICKS
Pleasant tasting
Vicks Cough Drops are really medicated—medicated with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub.
Do good.
Taste good.
Try 'em.

Here's Quick Way to GREATER BREATHING COMFORT
Vicks Inhaler
Cold-Stuffed Nose Feels Clearer in Seconds!



How to Know a GOOD MIXER

Note the twinkling eyes—the friendly mouth with a "lift" at each corner! Mixes well in any company—like Myers's in *any drink!* All-year-round. Discover soon the *richer flavour*—the *friendly blending* of a Myers's Million Cocktail!*

MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM
97 PROOF
Remember: For that wealth of flavour the Rum must be Myers's.
*WRITE FOR FREE RECIPE BOOK
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.
Sole Distributor in the U. S. A.
57 Laight Street, Dept. CL-9,
New York 13, N. Y.

Decision to Divorce

Continued from page 46

required to lean on: a living assurance that some marriages still held. She took this institutional guarantee with her to Reno.

Two women sharing a bedroom in a town of which they are both a little wary are certain to find out something about each other before they turn to the outer world and its men. Mrs. Shore had learned a good deal about Mrs. Bentinck besides the fact that her final connubial act had been to purloin her husband's safety razor to do her legs. Mrs. Bentinck, on the other hand, had not learned so much as she imagined about her housewifely little companion.

Betty attributed the alacrity of Marion's agreement to join her to an appetite, emergent as a result of mere maturity, to see what a worldly, instead of a matronly life would have been like. But the acute brunette was wrong this time. There were a few things she did not know. She did not know, for example, the reason why Marion did most of her dressing and undressing in the bathroom. Betty attributed it to a hang-over of modesty from some forgotten boarding school. The actual reason, however, was that Marion bore on her body the marks of Leopold Shore's blows. They were blue, green and a clotted yellow. He had played tackle ten years before, and his hands were the only part of him that was still hard.

"Marion, I hope you never have to come here," said Betty one evening, as she snapped out the reading light above her bed. She had noticed that no letters ever came to Marion from Leopold Shore.

"I hope I never do," said Marion. She was reading Emily Dickinson, which she had found in the Reno public library. "Good night, dear." And not to keep her companion awake, she put out her light.

Betty was asleep almost instantly, but Marion stayed awake. She reached out for her hairbrush and gave her hair fifty strokes, asking herself in the darkness what it would be like to be a divorcée. When she eased down, she lay on her right side because it hurt less than her left. She went to sleep wondering whether Leopold would be drinking more or less while she was away. She intended to keep on writing him twice a week, whether he answered or not.

SIX weeks can be a long time and it can be a short time. For Mrs. Bentinck and Mrs. Shore it started out as though it would be a long time, but as soon as Betty met Morton, the cattleman, it shortened immediately. It shortened because Morton broke up Betty's day and kept the two women apart a few hours each day, lessening their dependence on each other.

From what Betty told her at first about Morton, Marion thought of him as a tall cowpuncher, all shaken-out and rangy. She was taken aback to find that he was a little rosy man with a pony's horseshoe of bald freckled skin on the top of his head, where he wore a pulled-down hat with a gay bead band from the Washoe Reservation.

Marion found them together in the Brookbank bar around sunset the day after the rancher first took Betty swimming at the hot springs. Betty waved her over as she hesitated in the doorway.

"Sure pleased meet you, Mis' Shore," said Morton in his slightly high voice. "Why din' you come swimmin' with us?"

He seemed genuinely glad to see her. Betty was beaming with unaccustomed warmth—yet she had hardly tasted her Manhattan—in the background.

"I went over to call on Mrs. Danville," said Marion.

"Danville?" said Morton with a pleasant puzzledness. "Who might she be?"

By Morton's not knowing Mrs. Danville's name, Marion knew something about him. He might know all about marbled meat, but he was not old Nevada, as was Mrs. Danville. Of course, all the ranchers in the state weren't old Nevada. He could have come in from Oregon or Utah or New Mexico.

"Where is your ranch?" Marion inquired a little later.

"Way south," said Morton with a half-smile.

"Below Carson City?"

"Wa-a-ay below Carson," murmured Morton, as though absently. He got out a little sack of tobacco and rolled two cigarettes, one for himself, one for Betty. He licked the paper on Betty's with especial care as he closed it. She accepted the limp brown thing as though it were a work of art, and smoked it like a subdeb's first tobacco.

"South of the bombing range?" said Marion gently.

"Wa-a-a-ay south of the bombing range," replied Morton negligently. He volunteered no more than this.

It was on her tongue to say "You must be near Vegas." But something in the cant of Betty's head as she reached for her drink warned her to go no further. Besides, in Reno you don't ask questions.

The next night he took them both on their first excursion around the spots of Reno. They began at Charley's Club about ten, when the green tables were just filling up with gamblers. This was the club for which the Gazette carried a standing ad: "Girls Trained, All Games, No Experience Needed."

Packy, the Greek waiter at the Brookbank, had once told Betty and Marion that all these girls were "waiting," too. Their divorces were being run off by the small-time lawyers who took the risk of going below the $250 minimum of the cartel.

From Charley's Club, Morton took them to the Hellhole, which had an infernal *décor*, and from there to the aerodynamic new Amber Spot, on Virginia Street. Betty and Morton did the gambling; Marion watched.

As they went from club to club Morton seemed to gather energy. They played roulette in the Nevada Nook and lost, *chemin-de-fer* at the Cheesecake and won. And as they played, Morton grew gayer and gayer, not with drink, for he drank little, but with pure exhilaration.

"You don't understand what it means to be a Nevadan," he said. "We're different from Californians or folks from the Northwest. We like to *play*."

Marion wished that Mrs. Danville, veddy, veddy old Nevada, could be with them long enough to get a Comstock Lode of what it meant to Morton to be a Nevadan. Morton knew clubs that were neither in the phone book nor in the newspapers, little clubs with a single barkeep named Fresno or Pancho who proved to be the owner as well, with his uncle playing the studio-size piano, and with a pert girl in sateen slacks who delivered drinks at tables on a tin tray labeled One Sound State.

You could go in the front door of these clubs, take a drink at the bar, listen to the music of Fresno's uncle, push through to the green room where the machines were, play fifty cents or a dollar, and wander on out
through the rear door. Here you found yo
self *on a dark alley. But just opposite* ʒ
was a lighted door, with a single step up.]
punchy pant of a piano came out, and voi
whispering and laughing. What more natu
than to go in?

How clever, thought Marion, swept alc
by Morton's firm arms around her waist a
Betty's, for the city's architects to devise
plan by which you can hardly leave by
rear door of one club without facing the c
dial family entrance of another!

IT WAS in Club Roundup, while Betty a
Morton were playing 21 at a table wh
dealer was a girl in a leather cowboy ve
that Marion saw and met an Army offic
Phil Binney. He was trying to light a ci
rette and finding it difficult because one a
was in a black silk sling.

"Do you mind?" he said, nodding towa
her cigarette.

She held it out to him, and he touched
with his own and drew to red. He was
captain, and when she asked him, he told h
that the enameled-looking insignia on
shoulders that looked like the old Worl
Fair designs meant that he was in the AT

"What's ATC?" she asked. Leopold h
been rejected for physical reasons, and th
had cut down her knowledge of the war.

"Allergic to Combat," he said. Binney w
brown-haired, and she guessed him to
in his middle thirties.

"It couldn't be that," she said. "The Arn
wouldn't call any men that, would they?"

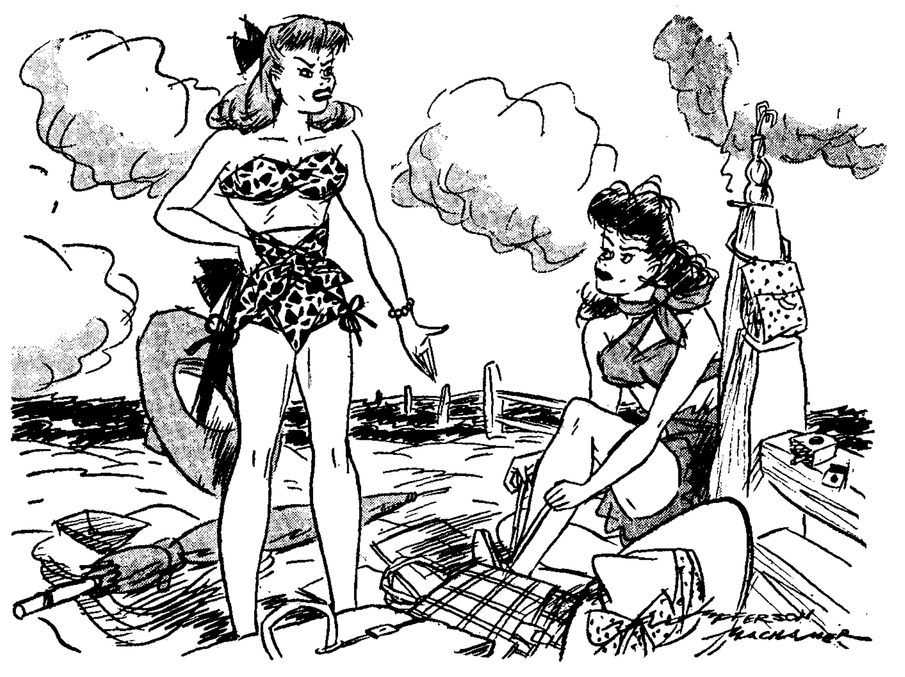
He beckoned over a sergeant who, lil
himself, had a rainbow bar of various i
signia together with silver wings, but wit
out the purple bar Phil Binney wore abo
the others. "Sergeant, this lady doesn't b
lieve we have an outfit called the ATC an
it stands for Allergic To Combat."

The sergeant shook his head with blan
gravity. "That's what they call us," he sai
"ATC don't stand for anything else I ev
heard of."

She knew Phil a week before she foun
out that it meant Air Transport Comman
She also found out that his ribbons were n
for Good Attendance, Superior Marksma
ship, Neat Appearance and One Year's Dri
ing Without Accident. She got suspicious th
day he told her that the purple one was f
Perfect Sunday School Attendance. He wer
too far, that time, and she looked them a
up. She found out he had won ribbons i
the Africa, China-India-Burma and Centra
Pacific campaigns.

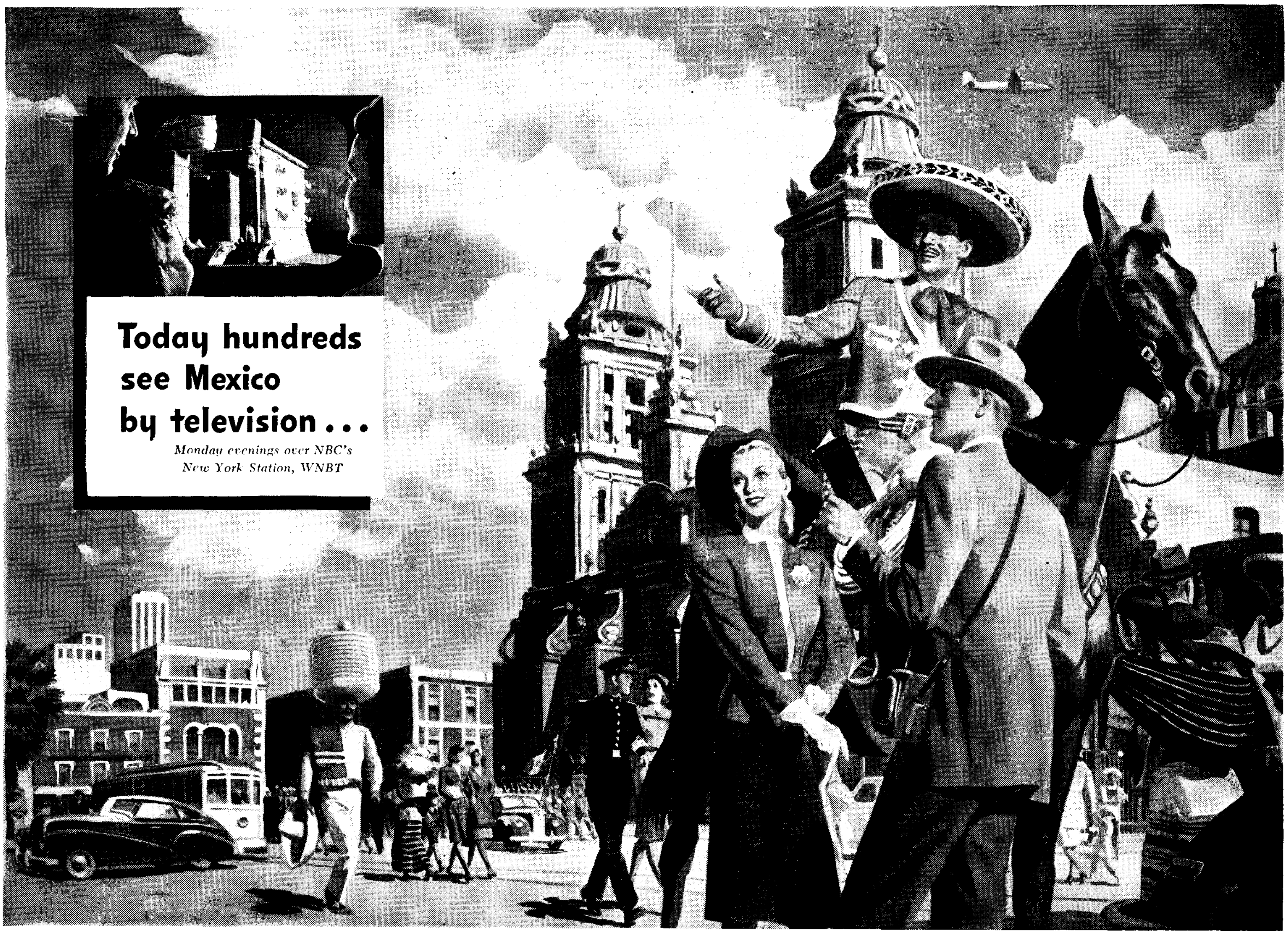
It took her a month to ascertain from
fellow officer that his arm was smashe
when the Japanese brought down his un
armed C-46 in Assam. Until then he ha
claimed he was bitten by a vicious dicta
phone that coiled itself in his desk drawe
at RAAB, the Reno Army Air Base.

Only once, until the day he told her tha



"September—just when I get me streamlined down to where I want me, I have to start wearing clothes again!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER



Today hundreds see Mexico by television . . .

Monday evenings over NBC's New York Station, WNBT

Tomorrow everybody can go to Mexico by CLIPPER

IN A WORLD WAR, all international routes are war routes—on the sea and in the air. Essential Clipper passengers and cargo pass through New Orleans, Brownsville, Nuevo Laredo, Los Angeles and Miami every day.

But the instant that conditions permit, Pan American service to Mexico City and Merida through the five air gateways mentioned above will be freed from war restrictions. And not long after that, new, larger, more comfortable Clippers will go into operation . . . Mexico City will then be *less than* 3 hours from Brownsville—3¾ hours from New Orleans—5¾ hours from Los Angeles.

New, low rates

These giant 100 and 200-passenger Clippers are going to mean new, low rates—rates *within reach of the average man and woman.* The color, the Latin atmosphere and the good food of old Mexico will be yours *overnight* . . . The floating water-gardens at Xochimilco . . . All-year 'round winter sports on snow-covered Mount Popocatépetl . . . The world-famous beach and deep-sea fishing at Acapulco . . . The *chile con carne, enchiladas* and *tamales* served as only the people who invented those dishes can serve them! . . . Horse racing, bullfights, exquisite handwrought silver and handwoven serapes . . .

What a place for a vacation!

And wherever you plan to fly after the war—Mexico, London, France, Alaska, Hawaii, Australia or China—remember that in the last 17 years Pan American World Airways has completed over 358,400,000 miles of overseas flight . . . A record unequalled by any other international airline.

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

Postwar Clippers will have smoking and game lounges, frequent news bulletins and the world's finest meals courteously served.

FIRST air service across the Pacific (1935)

FIRST plane service across the North Atlantic (1939)

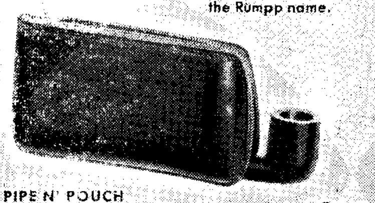
For your postwar Clipper trip—see your Travel Agent or

PAN AMERICAN
WORLD AIRWAYS
The System of the Flying Clippers

Leather Perfect

GIFTS by RUMPP

Quality craftsmanship in Rumpp leather gifts for men and women reveals fine styling and lasting beauty. Many travel needs —fitted cases, stud boxes, tie cases are put out under the Rumpp Trade Mark. Ask for merchandise that carries the Rumpp name.



PIPE N' POUCH
A two-in-one gift. Zipper closing seals tobacco and keeps it moist.

BILLFOLDS
Handsome styles for men and women.
Choice full grained leathers. Light and slim.
ASK FOR RUMPP LEATHERWARE IN LEADING STORES

RUMPP
"The Sterling of Leatherware"

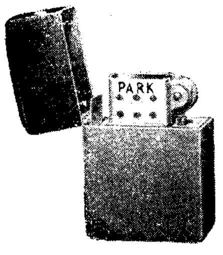
C.F. RUMPP & SONS, Phila. 6, Pa. • Since 1850

SURE FIRE
WHEN YOU'RE ON THE SPOT

PARK Lighter

IT'S WINDPROOF

For a fast, sure-fire, "on-the-spot" flame in any climate, any weather, wind or rain, Park Lighter's positive performance is prized by thousands of Military men overseas now getting our entire output. Convenient in size, built to last, with no complex mechanism to get out of order... Park Lighter is the perfection of our 30 years experience making millions of precision lighters. Its unequalled performance and dependability will be prized by you too when civilian production is permitted.



No charge is made for repairing any Park Lighter when it is returned to the factory.

PARK SHERMAN
(Formerly Shanklin Mfg. Co.)
SPRINGFIELD, ILL.
SALES OFFICES: 230 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

he wanted her, did she ever feel she struck deep in him. "Do you ever fly, now?" she had asked.

He looked at her queerly. "Just a desk," he said.

I must never mention his flying, she pledged herself. . . .

The day he revealed that he was in love with her was after she had taken him over to Mrs. Danville's for tea. She had been proud of him then, irrationally proud, as though he belonged to her. They were passing the courthouse, returning to the Brookbank, when he said casually, nodding toward the stone steps: "Won't be long now, Marion."

"What, Phil?"

"Well, you'll go in there, and you'll walk up to the judge like a lady and you'll say, 'It's this way, Judge. There's a busted flier I met here named Finney or Kinney or something like that, and—' "

Marion held his arm more tightly. "Phil, you've got it wrong. I'm not the one that's going up those stairs. That's Betty."

He swung around to look at her. "But aren't you, too?"

"No," she said. "Not me. I haven't filed anything. I just came here to keep Betty company. I'm going back to my husband."

When she looked up at his face, she wished she had not said husband.

"Oh," he said. He shifted his black sling a little. "Well, well," he breathed. He gave her a quick, deep look, then turned away. "Binney off the beam again," he muttered. "Stand by for a rough contact landing."

They were almost at the Brookbank now, and soon they would be back at the gossipy bar, where moments like this were chattered and chopped into hamburger. They glanced at each other just once, as they went through the revolving door, and because he arrived at a smile, she smiled back at him.

They found the table Betty and Morton had taken in the nook beyond the piano. The other two, smoking Morton's limp brown cigarettes, were curiously silent also. For a moment one might have thought they had quarreled. But then, looking closer, one could see that they were still in harmony. And yet even the ordering of drinks did not loosen up talk. Lightning had apparently struck twice in almost the same place.

"How long before you walk the last mile, Betty?" asked Phil, at length. "Your time must be almost up."

Betty looked at Morton before she answered, as though she required his permission to speak. "It'll be the day after tomorrow," she said.

Phil touched the whipcord knee of the rancher. "We might as well start planning how to pour this pair aboard their train, Mort," he said. "And don't anybody dare mention air priorities to me. I'm only a little mess officer for fliers, these days."

Morton's round face seemed unaccustomedly earnest. "You won't have to round up more than one rail ticket, Phil," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"Well," said Morton, with a brave kind of uncertainty, "we made up our minds today, out to the springs, that we'd try a double saddle and see how she feels."

"Betty, what are you going to do?" said Marion.

Betty looked pale. She put down the little brown stub of her cigarette in order to place her left hand in Morton's before she spoke. "Right after the decree," she said, "I'm going to marry Morton."

THE morning came when their sun mattresses on the Brookbank's roof were vacant. It is said that a divorce was once granted in the Washoe County Courthouse in two minutes, but the average time is well in excess of that record, perhaps around fifteen minutes. Mr. Pettengill, Betty's lawyer, said that since everything was being done by consent, and Mr. Bentinck had recognized the jurisdiction of the State of Nevada, it would not be necessary for Mrs. Shore to come to the court as a witness. He called at the Brookbank for Betty.

Betty's last act before she left the bedroom was to put her wedding ring on the dresser. It came off her finger without effort.

Marion remained in the bedroom with the emptied ring on the dresser. It was very quiet. Morton, who lived at a ranchers' hotel opposite the "Biggest Little City in the World" sign, had been carefully enjoined not to show himself until he was called.

Then the phone by the bed buzzed: Phil. "Look, Marion," he said hurriedly, "I'm officer of the day, but the day ends at noon. I want to see you about something very important."

"What is it, Phil?"

"I can't tell you on the phone. But it's just important enough so that you'll want to talk to Betty before she marries Morton. What time did they finally decide on?"

"Five o'clock this afternoon."

"I'll try to get a jeep and I'll be in by two."

WHEN Betty opened the bedroom door she was frowning, pale and solemn, but very sure of herself. "Hi," she said flatly. She noticed the ring on the dresser, dropped it loose in her bag and snapped the bag closed. Then she took a snapshot of Morton from her vanity case and set it up on the dresser. Finally she extended herself on the bed.

"Was it all right, Betty?" Marion asked.

Answers to CALLING THE BIG SHOTS
(Page 61)

1. PERSIA (IRAN)
2. GALILEE
3. GERMANY
4. HOLLAND
5. PERU
6. VENICE
7. BAGDAD
8. HESSE
9. EGYPT
10. RUSSIA
11. TURKEY
12. BARODA
13. TIBET
14. INDIA
15. JAPAN

"It was simple. Dignified, too. They act as though they understand these things, out here."

"Shall I draw the shades?" Marion asked solicitously. "Do you want a nap before we go to luncheon?"

"Why? Being divorced doesn't tire you like marriage."

They looked from bed to bed at each other and then both indulged in a simultaneous giggle.

At luncheon they talked about the kind of rough ranch clothes Betty would need. "I don't want flashy dude things," said Betty earnestly. "Morton doesn't want to be reminded all the time that he married an Easterner. Besides, his ranch isn't a show place for divorcées, like Pinto Pines. We've got to be *practical.*" Marion just had time to get Betty into the elevator when through the windows of the Sagebrush Gift Shop she saw Phil's jeep pull in to the military parking places by the post office.

He walked her out in the park by the Truckee. They found a bench near the corner where the river is divided by the island of the park. The ducks like to go fishing here, and there are scores of them in the water above the rapids, ducking and diving.

"I don't exactly know how to approach this," said Phil. "I'll just give her full manifold, and you make up your own mind."

She eased the black sling around his neck and he took off his cap. "Go ahead, Phil," she said.

"Well, he's a phony," he said. "He may not be a gigolo. But he's no cattleman."

"What is he, then?"

"He's a butcher," Phil explained. "He owns a couple of shops down in Vegas. Did pretty well as long as Boulder was making magnesium."

She drew breath. "How did you find out?' she asked.

"Accidentally. The mess officer from th bombing range was visiting me this morning They buy most of their meat from him."

They were silent together, watching th ducks bob and dive. In a strange way they were drawn closer together than ever before Each knew that the other was thinking: Wha shall we do? and that united them, for th first time, in something that was beyond thei own unsatisfied love.

"Should we tell her?" said Marion a length. "After all, there's nothing wrong wit marrying a butcher, if you love him."

"Unless," said Phil quietly, "it's the gauch stuff more than Morton himself that she fel for. I once saw a Western with Tom Mix and somebody had forgotten to trim the telegraph poles off one of the desert horizons After that, I was strictly a William S. Har man."

"I'll have to tell her," said Marion, starting to rise. "How much time have we?" She pulled his wrist gently toward her and looked at his watch. As she did so, he suddenly caught her by the chin and pushed her head back. She knew that she was going to b kissed. But he did not kiss her mouth; h kissed her eyes.

She realized in that moment that what sh would remember longest would be that h had not kissed her mouth.

They walked back to the Brookbank, and this time it was far different from the other return. They seemed to grow more and more united as they walked. Nothing was said, but they were as much one as though they had possessed each other.

Had they been farther apart, there would have been a question as to whether she should not tell Betty alone. But they felt one, and there was no question. They entered the elevator together and went up.

Betty was lying on the bed, her thick black hair let down and scattered about her face. She turned and smiled at them. "Hi, witnesses," she said. "My bridegroom just phoned. He's on his way here, sober and scared." She caught their expressions. "What's the matter? You two getting married, too?" She was nervous, or she would not have said that.

Then Marion told her. Betty's face had the impassivity of one who is moved, bu less deeply than they had expected. When Marion had finished, she sat up in the bed, took a hand mirror and looked at herself in it. When she spoke, it seemed that she was speaking to her own image in the hand mirror, rather than to them.

"He told me himself," she said in an abstract tone. "The little man told me when he proposed. I don't care. He rides a horse better than I do, anyway. And maybe we can buy a ranch some day, if meat sells well." She looked up suddenly at Marion with a kind of birdlike mischief. "Then you can help me buy all those Western clothes we talked about."

THE justice of the peace did his work speedily, and afterward Mr. Pettengill took them all around to the Embarcadero for cocktails. Betty's ex-barrister seemed, curiously enough, to be less interested now in the bride and groom than in Captain Philip Binney and Mrs. Leopold Shore. He had once served Nevada in Congress; a term in Washington had made him a farsighted man. Thus it was to Captain Binney, rather than to Mrs. Shore, that he addressed a courtly question: "I trust—ah—that Mrs. Shore is not forsaking the Silver State forever?"

"All of her friends hope she will return," said Captain Binney, as casually as though he had not at that instant released the lady's hand under the table. "She hasn't mentioned any plans, though."

"Do you know," whispered Mr. Pettengill confidentially, putting a heavy, mottled hand on Phil's shoulder, "Marion Shore is a most unusual woman. I feel something very close to a personal interest in her finding her own happiness."

"So do I, Mr. Pettengill," said Captain Binney. "So do I."

THE END

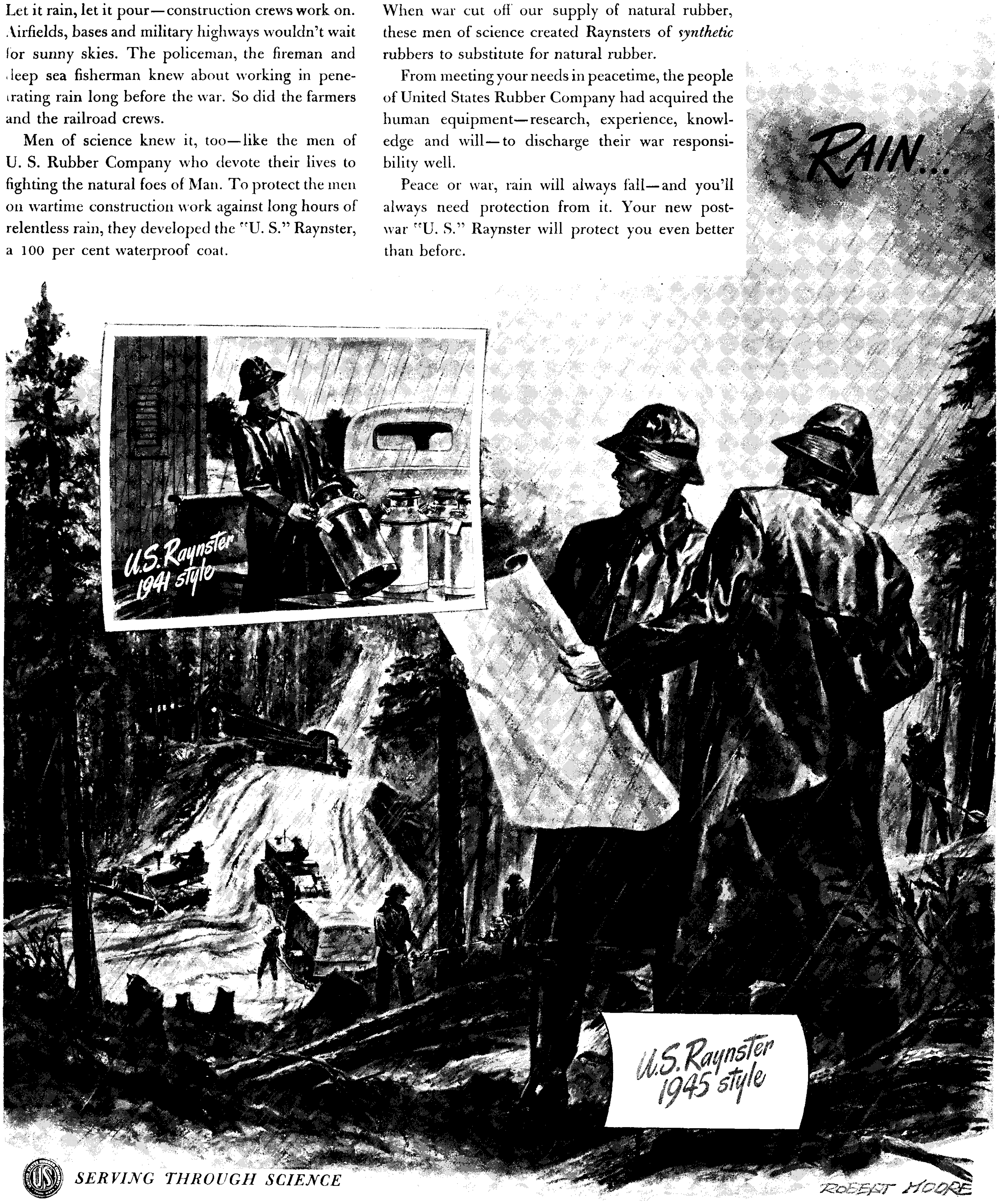
Let it rain, let it pour—construction crews work on. Airfields, bases and military highways wouldn't wait for sunny skies. The policeman, the fireman and deep sea fisherman knew about working in penetrating rain long before the war. So did the farmers and the railroad crews.

Men of science knew it, too—like the men of U. S. Rubber Company who devote their lives to fighting the natural foes of Man. To protect the men on wartime construction work against long hours of relentless rain, they developed the "U. S." Raynster, a 100 per cent waterproof coat.

When war cut off our supply of natural rubber, these men of science created Raynsters of *synthetic* rubbers to substitute for natural rubber.

From meeting your needs in peacetime, the people of United States Rubber Company had acquired the human equipment—research, experience, knowledge and will—to discharge their war responsibility well.

Peace or war, rain will always fall—and you'll always need protection from it. Your new postwar "U. S." Raynster will protect you even better than before.



SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

1230 SIXTH AVENUE, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK 20, N. Y. • *In Canada:* DOMINION RUBBER CO., Ltd.

New Shirt 'n' Short Comfort
...The S-T-R-E-T-C-H Does It!
The Smart, Modern, ONE-PIECE Way to Wear SHIRT 'N' SHORTS

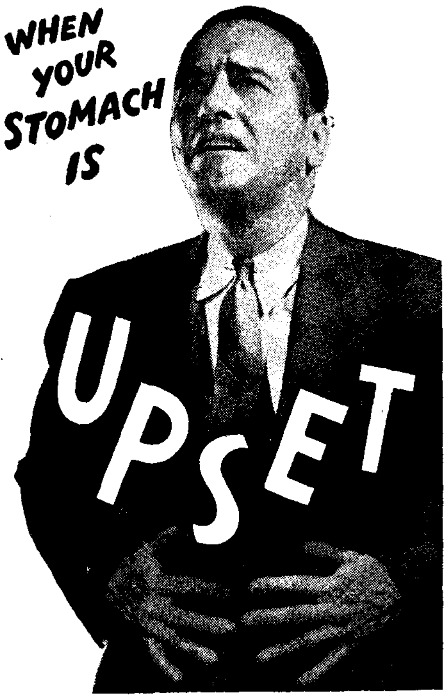
That's the cool, comfortable, feel-good-all-over sensation when you wear JONES *Quality* HAPS! Free-fitting, airy, absorbent, ONE-PIECE . . . air-cell rib knit construction flexes with your body. *Cannot* bind or bunch at waist, creep or pinch at crotch, or become untidy . . . *ever!* Step into *ONE-PIECE* HAPS, pull up over your shoulders, feel *free* as a breeze. WIVES like their easy washability, no ironing . . . and no buttons to bother! Try them . . . *the most comfortable and convenient underwear man ever wore or money back!*

Jones Quality HAPS*
For Smooth-Fitting Comfort
* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Only HAPS give you real bathroom convenience; no unbuttoning! Here's *super-comfort* through the *super stretch*, found only in our HAPS INTERKNIT* Closed Seat. Gives and takes *with* you . . . s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s like elastic *when* and *where* you need it, and snaps right back into trim fit!

$1.25 to $2.50

If you appreciate comfort, write for Booklet R
AUGUSTA KNITTING CORP., UTICA 2, N. Y.



When you eat in haste you often repent at leisure—with a sour, upset stomach—gas pains—or simple diarrhea.

Don't add to your upset by taking overdoses of antacids or harsh physics. Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL, to help calm and quiet your upset stomach, and soothe irritated intestinal walls. *At all druggists.* If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Pepto-Bismol
A NORWICH PRODUCT Norwich

One Voice for Sixty Million

Continued from page 17

Chinese Association of Labor. For the All-Union Central Council of Soviet Trade Unions, English-speaking V. V. Kuznetsoff came next—a heavy-set man who reminded us of Wendell Willkie. He's American-trained, having studied metallurgy at the Ford plant in Detroit and at Columbia University.

His associate, M. Tarasoff, sat next to him—slim, gray, humorous. He spoke no English, but never failed to get his ideas across through his excellent interpreter whom we affectionately called "the indispensable Olga." Near them sat Mexico's Vicente Lombardo Toledano, the black-haired, militant and alert general secretary of the Confederation of Latin-American Workers. His fellow spokesman for Latin America was young Angel Cofino, secretary of the Electrical Workers of Cuba.

Sitting next to President Murray were two outstanding leaders of the French Resistance—Louis Saillant and Benoît Frachon. Saillant comes from the French woodworkers' union and with the calm, pipe-smoking, sond Frachon, is co-secretary of the reborn, powerful Confederation of French Workers.

Here sat men of every school of training, of every tradition and temperament. They had come from great industrial nations, from undeveloped semicolonial lands. Here were leaders of old and well-disciplined organizations fraternizing with representatives of new, militant labor unions. Here were men who knew that the answers being sought across the bay in San Francisco cannot be left to governments alone.

They knew, too, that the answers cannot be left to men who control monopolies and international cartels, men who share the responsibility for the rise of Fascism, for the outbreak of war, who are already beginning to jockey for positions from which to launch a new imperialistic scramble for power. The answers that San Francisco was seeking would come rather from the earth's common people. And here in Oakland sat the representatives of sixty million such people.

Our first consideration in the program we adopted at London was for victory, crushing victory, over Germany and Japan. We regarded victory as a political as well as military question. We demanded the immediate establishment of the freedoms of speech, press, assembly, religion and the right to organize labor unions in the liberated countries.

We demanded of the postwar days the complete eradication of Fascism in all its forms—everywhere. We demanded the destruction of the roots of Nazism and German and Japanese militarism. Unanimously we made six specific demands:

To bring to swift justice all war criminals, including those guilty of atrocities.

To liquidate the whole Nazi system wherever found and dissolve all Nazi organizations by confiscating their funds and property.

To place under the control of the United Nations German heavy industry, Germany's transport system, her banking system and the land and property owned by German trusts and cartels and by financial magnates and Junkers.

To utilize, within the limits imposed by effective demilitarization, German industrial and other resources; to rehabilitate countries Germany has devastated and plundered.

To secure full compensation from Germany for damage it has caused, with priority to those who have suffered most.

To liquidate the German "labor front" and establish, under international trade union supervision, a democratic trade union movement.

As for the use of German labor to repair the damage done by the Nazi armies, we demand that such labor work under international supervision with trade union participation in this control. Thus we would guard against its degeneration into slave labor, reducing the standards of free workers. The French unions have already proposed a plan to their government—that the difference between the wage paid the German worker and the prevailing wage in countries under reconstruction be paid into a labor welfare fund. We declared it to be the duty of the United Nations to deny recognition to countries like Spain and Argentina which are centers of Fascist conspiracy.

We hope for, we shall work for, an end to the exploitation of colonies by their controlling powers and the system of dependencies and subject countries. Out of such systems come wars. The solution of this colonial problem is imperative if we are to establish and maintain peace. The conference wasted no time with tentative phrases. It recognized that if it is to be the power for peace and security that is its reason for existence, the least of its members must understand its aims, and those who will not be its friends must understand just where it stands.

Objectives of World Conference

Of course we stand for full protection of all veterans of all armies that destroyed and are destroying Fascism and militarism. We shall work for, not merely talk of, a rise in the purchasing power of the worker, for the maintenance of price controls until economies are stabilized and for a universal 40-hour working week without reduction in present pay. We demand a comprehensive system of social insurance in each country, to be financed mainly by governments and employers. Likewise, we shall work toward benefits to be paid by governments and employers to those unable to work through sickness or age. We shall demand free medical care and facilities for children.

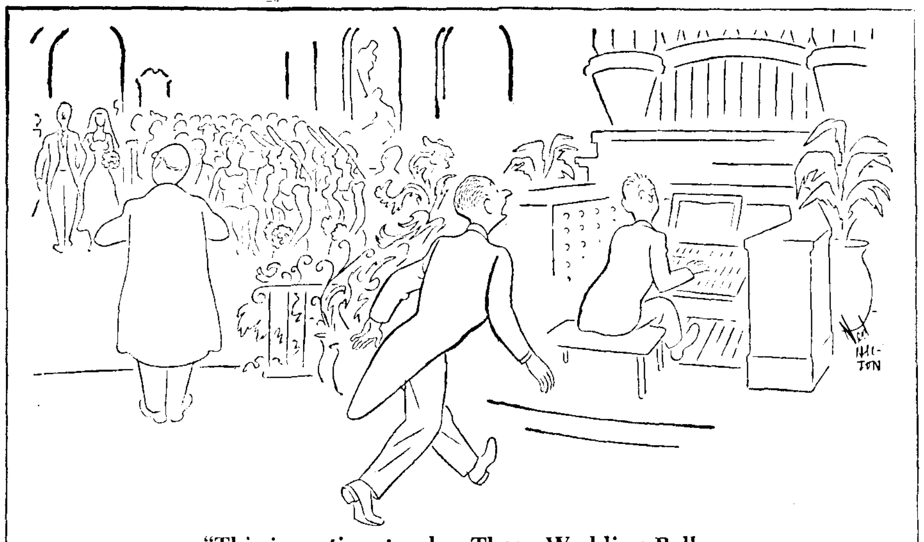
This is a straight, plainly written program to which we are committed. If we fail in it, if we lag in our efforts to accomplish it, we shall be betraying a trust which we have enthusiastically and unanimously accepted. We shall hold governments ultimately responsible for suitable jobs with adequate pay where private industry fails to provide them. The proper policies to produce full employment are international, not merely national. We shall not make any concessions to those who directly or indirectly support discrimination against any man or woman or movement because of race, color, creed or sex.

We, meeting in Oakland, had been charged to ask for representation in the deliberations at the San Francisco Conference on International Organization. We want, too, to have representation in all subsequent peace conferences. With Sir Walter Citrine, Mr. Saillant and Mr. Tarasoff, I asked the San Francisco Conference to admit our Administrative Committee to its councils. We were representing no country, merely the common people of all countries on whom the penalties of war had fallen heaviest.

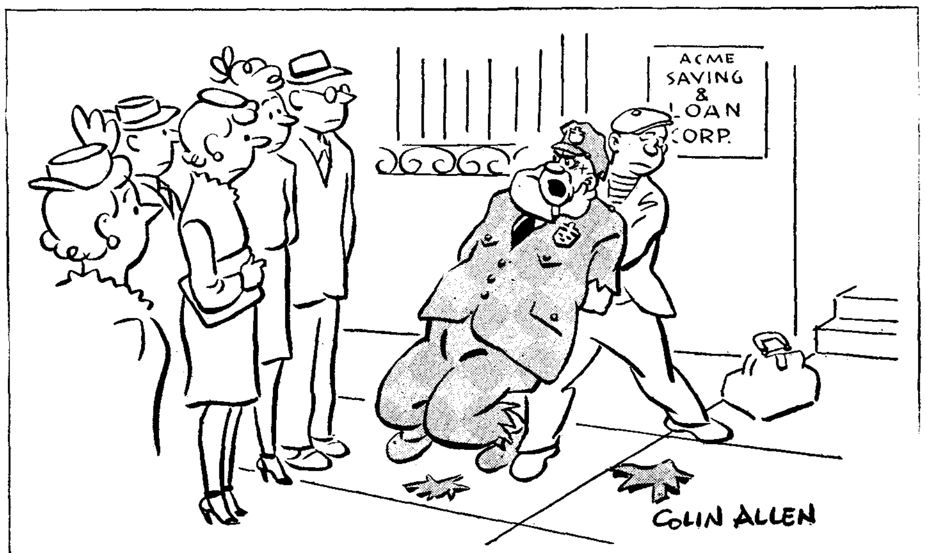
Our request was denied. The Conference Steering Committee rejected international labor's request on the technical ground that the World Trade Union Conference was not an "intergovernmental" agency and hence was not eligible to participate. But it is worth keeping in mind that three of the Big Five—France, Russia and China—dissented from this narrow view and voted to invite us to San Francisco, at least as observers. That, in the light of the whole situation confronting the delegates at San Francisco, was as far as they could go there.

At any rate the Steering Committee barred us. That, as they probably knew perfectly well, settled nothing. It did not put an end to world labor's demand for the right to participate in making the peace, as we helped in winning the war. It merely gave them and us a preview of things to come. In that request, we were not, we are not now, nor will we be representing the narrow, selfish interests of labor alone. We shall speak for the needs and the hopes of the common people of the world. We shall continue to do just that in the months and years to come. Our international labor movement will take its part in the enormous tasks of peace and reconstruction. After the Paris meeting all this will become convincingly clear.

THE END



COLLIER'S "This is no time to play Those Wedding Bells Are Breaking Up That Old Gang of Mine!" NED HILTON



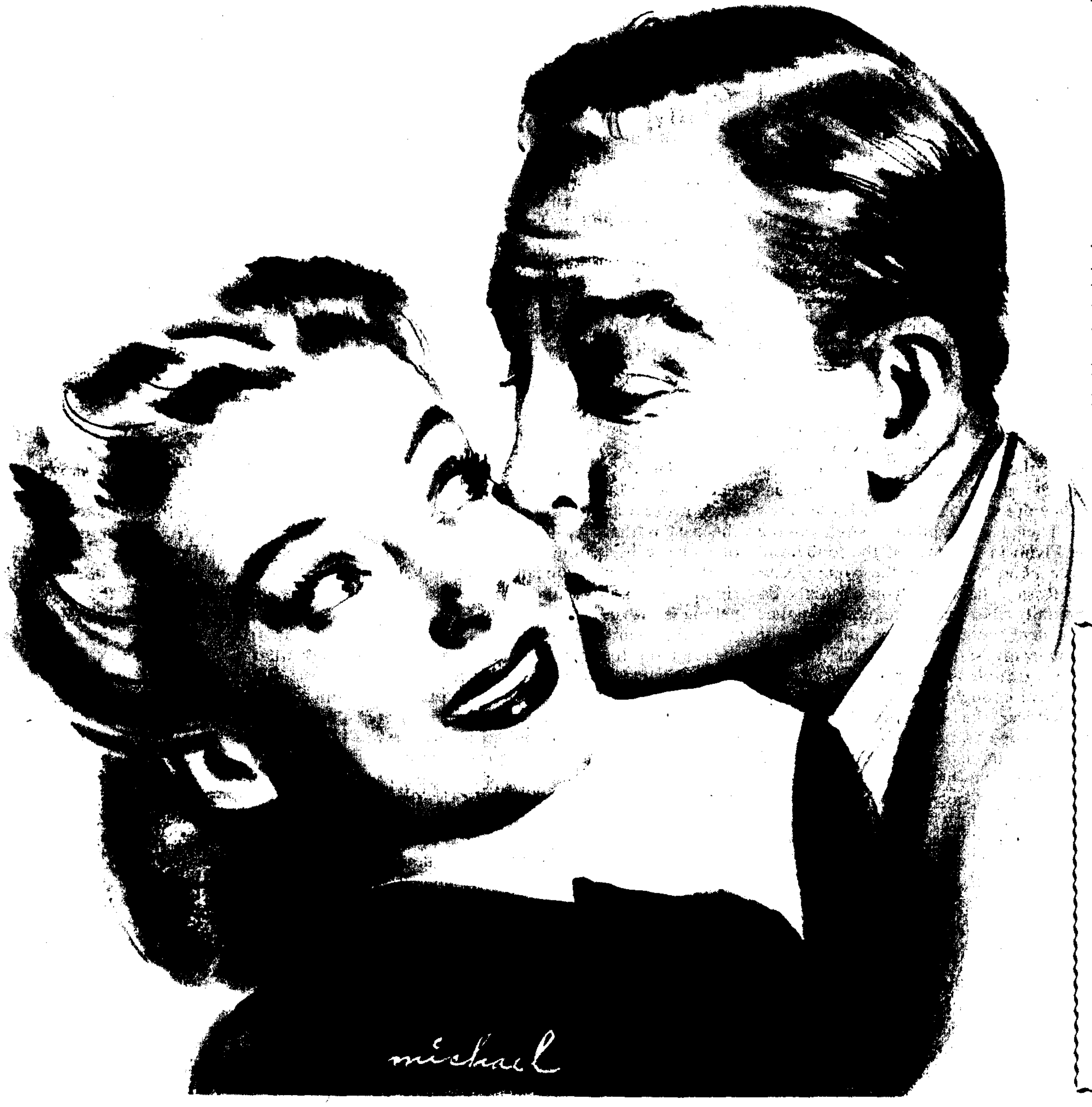
COLLIER'S "Get moving! Break it up! Move on—move on!" COLIN ALLEN

Why one husband kissed his wife four times!

"Here's a kiss for the money you're saving . . . while it's coming in faster through the war years. I know in my bones jobs like mine may not last forever. Who can tell what's going to happen day-after-tomorrow? Thank God you've got sense enough to see that today's the time to get a little money tucked away.

"Here's a kiss for the War Bonds you're making me hold on to! I'd never do it without you, honey; it's too easy to find reasons for cashing 'em in—but when it comes time to put the children through school or pay for an emergency operation, we'll be thankful.

"Here's a kiss for the insurance you talked me into buying. I've felt a lot easier ever since I've known our future is protected—you and the kids would be safe if anything happened to me—you and I won't have to spend our old age living on someone's charity. And every cent we put in insurance or War Bonds or other savings helps keep prices down.



"and here's a kiss for being *you*—a woman with brains enough in your pretty head to make sure we don't buy a single thing we *don't* need in times like these—because you know a crazy wave of spending in wartime would march America straight into inflation. Baby, I sure knew how to pick 'em the day I married you!"

ONE PERSON CAN START IT!

You give inflation a boost

- —when you buy anything you can do without
- —when you buy above ceiling or without giving up stamps (Black Market!)
- —when you ask more money for your services or the goods you sell.

SAVE YOUR MONEY. Buy and hold all the War Bonds you can afford—to pay for the war and protect your own future. Keep up your insurance.

HELP US KEEP PRICES DOWN

A United States War message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America

OCTANE
FUEL

PHOTOGRAPH BY STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW JERSEY

Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

This Gasoline Won't Burn

A new kind of high-test gasoline that won't explode or even burn till it is inside the engine is a strange development just getting under way in the petroleum laboratories formerly devoted exclusively to war. Sluggish as kerosene, the new gas packs the same power as the 100-octane fuel used in warplanes. But a cupful of it will put out a lighted match or a cigarette.

An extraordinary paradox in high-power fuels, the new gasoline was worked out some thirteen years ago for the Navy, then dropped when it was found that it had no value in war. It does not vaporize fast enough to be used in standard carburetors and must be injected directly into the engine by a special pump. Strangest feature is the fact that it *will* explode in a plane's tanks when hit by an incendiary bullet, since vaporizing is done entirely by heat. Standard 100-octane gas often will not burn when hit by bullets because it is so volatile that the tanks' spaces are filled with a mixture too rich to ignite.

Noninflammable gasoline has highly important work to do in your future airplane travel. Commercial airliners can easily be converted to using it in their engines, and it can be carried in large quantities with no more danger of fire than so much kerosene.

Raincoats Without Cloth

A familiar plastic, which you have used for years but have never seen, is the thin filling of methyl butyral in the safety glass of your car. Recently it came back from the war to be used in waterproofing many kinds of cloth, and to make artificial leather and water-resistant paper. Now it is about to go off on its own hook without benefit of any textile fabric at all, turning out the lightest and most convenient raincoats the world has ever seen.

Not counting buckles and buttons (which can be featherweight, too), a butyral raincoat will weigh no more than seven ounces and can be folded to the size of an ordinary tobacco pouch—so small that you can stuff it in a side pocket like a handkerchief, or carry it in your purse.

The material can be made in any color or thickness and ornamentally embossed to resemble linen, if desired. It can be perforated for ventilation without tearing.

Butyral film will also make a startling new kind of ladies' glove—so thin and sheer that they can be cleaned simply by putting them on and washing your hands.

Now You Can Get . . .

. . . A small metal container, filled with pellets of "activated carbon," for removing the odors from your refrigerator. The device is flat, about the size of a folded newspaper, and can be placed in any convenient position in the icebox. It needs no attention except that it must be removed when defrosting. It will take out all odors—onions, bananas, cauliflower—and store them away inside the carbon grains. Once every six months you freshen up the absorber by baking it in a hot oven for a few minutes. Activated carbon, made from the husks of coconuts, will take up thousands of times its own volume of odorous gases and will not wear out for several years.

. . . Coffee, ground while perfectly fresh, then compressed into small blocks and packaged in Cellophane. A single briquet will make three cups of coffee. You merely break it up in your fingers and drop it into the pot or percolator and brew in the ordinary wa The coffee briquet is the first of a long li of compressed and dehydrated foods to cor home from the battle fronts. They will sa much shelf space in your kitchen and i sure that you get absolute freshness. O feature is that the measuring is done f you at the factory.

Bicycling with Power

You are going to have a brand-new lig vehicle to get you around the countr Neither bicycle nor motorcycle, it will tal the place of both. Light enough to ped if you want the exercise, it will be rugg enough to take you over the toughest hil and against the strongest winds.

Known to the Army as the "Servi-cycle this gasoline-powered two-wheeler was us by paratroopers and dispatch riders on tl fighting fronts. Its success is partly due to tl new lightweight engines that have at last be made reliable, though very small. But i principal secret is a newly developed V-be built around a core of flexible steel cabl which in its turn is a product of airplane a plications in the war. This belt cannot brea or stretch, but it is elastic enough to tal up the jerks of the engine shaft and stc vibration. This allows a tiny high-speed e gine and a frame of about half the weigl of the conventional motorcycle.

Steel-cored belts are proving so successf in all sorts of power applications that yo probably will see them on ordinary bicycle too. The greasy, troublesome chain doomed.

Please Give Us Your Address

As reconversion begins, and the endle variety of new products appears on the ma ket, our readers write to us more and mor asking for definite information: Who make it? Who sells it? Is it something I ought t have?

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW takes prid in helping its readers get the low-down o future products and often makes connection for them that may mean a job or a profitabl business venture. But too frequently we can answer you at all because you fail to give u your address!

So, when you write for information, b sure to put that address at the head of you letter—not on the envelope only, but on th letter itself. ★★

Big Boy Blues

Continued from page 12

Little Boy Blues stands there on the stage panting as if he just finishes a fast hundred yards and taking bows with one hand on his stomach and also perspiring no little and the audience applauds with even greater vigor than before and at this moment I observe Big Boy Blues jump up from his seat down front.

I notice his mouth is wide open so I judge he is yelling something and thinks I to myself well, here it comes, although there is too much noise for me to hear what he is yelling about, and besides at almost the same instant he jumps up a guy in the seat directly behind him jumps up too and practically similitaneously with Big Boy's mouth opening a blackjack drops on his sconce and Big Boy sinks back quietly in his seat. Then I recognize the guy behind him as Captain Caswell in civilian clothes.

Well, the uproar from the audience continues but of course it is all over Little Boy Blues' dancing and no one notices what happens to Big Boy although a couple of coppers come down the aisle and lift him out of his seat and drag him away still unconscious. Furthermore, no one pays any attention to Colonel Coogan who is up on his feet and saying to everyone around him that the slugging of Big Boy is the worst outrage since Pearl Harbor though no one seems to listen to him.

By this time Little Boy Blues is panting and perspiring more from taking bows than from his dancing so the curtain closes in on him and the first act for good and nearly everyone in the audience moves out into the lobby for the intermission to smoke and gas and all they are gassing about is Little Boy's dancing. Then I see Captain Caswell talking to Rosie Flynn in a corner of the lobby and I get close enough to hear the captain say:

"Well, Rosie," he says, "you certainly do the community a service by requesting police protection here tonight. If it is not for your warning and my skill with a jack we will have serious trouble although to tell you the truth we have enough already with the guy we commandeer the seat from behind Big Boy. I only hope and trust that he does not have as much influence as he claims and anyway he can have the seat now."

Then Colonel Coogan comes into the lobby still stating in a loud voice that the jacking of Big Boy is a scandalous matter and that somebody will hear from the War Department and maybe the OPI, too, when Captain Caswell steps up to him and informs him that Big Boy is jacked because he is about to start wrecking the joint in discovering that his son is a dancer in the show.

"No, no," Colonel Coogan says. "There is a terrible error somewhere. He knows his son is in the show all right because someone calls him up this evening and gives him the information. Mr. Blues introduces himself to me and tells me about it while we are sitting there side by side waiting for the curtain. He does not seem to know just what to think about his son being in the show at first but he asks me as a special favor not to mention it to Mrs. Blues if ever I happen to meet her because she thinks her son is with my command and Mr. Blues fears it will break her heart if she learns the truth."

"Colonel," Captain Caswell says, "I distinctly hear Big Boy yell when he gets up from his seat and our experience with him in the past is that he always prefaces his acts of violence by yelling."

"Yes," Colonel Coogan says, "he yells all right, but so do I and what we are both yelling is bravo."

At this point I hear a slight gasp behind me and on looking around I observe that Rosie Flynn slumps to the floor in a dead faint consequently there is more excitement during which I take my departure without even waiting for the second act as my legs are very tired from the standing room only.

I AM again sitting in Mindy's restaurant along about 3 o'clock in the A.M. still resting my legs when who comes in but West Side Willie and I am most distressed to note that he has two black eyes and swollen lips and that he seems greatly disheveled in every respect.

"Why, my good gracious, Willie," I say. "Do you get run over by a tank division or what?"

"No," Willie says, "Big Boy Blues belts me. By the way," he says, "everybody is all wrong about him crushing the human skull with a single blow of his fist. He hits me on top of the head twice with his right and only raises a contusion and I think he damages his duke at that. However," Willie says, "it is only fair to say Big Boy comes to the theater to find me fresh from the hospital after he is treated for the jacking he receives from Captain Caswell and perhaps he does not have all his strength. He inflicts most of m injuries with a left hook."

"Well, Willie," I say, "it shows you ho Colonel Coogan is deceived by Big Boy an Captain Caswell is right all the time. I sup pose Big Boy's fury over Little Boy being i Gee Eyes flares up anew when he has tim to think about it and no doubt he assault you as a representative of the show."

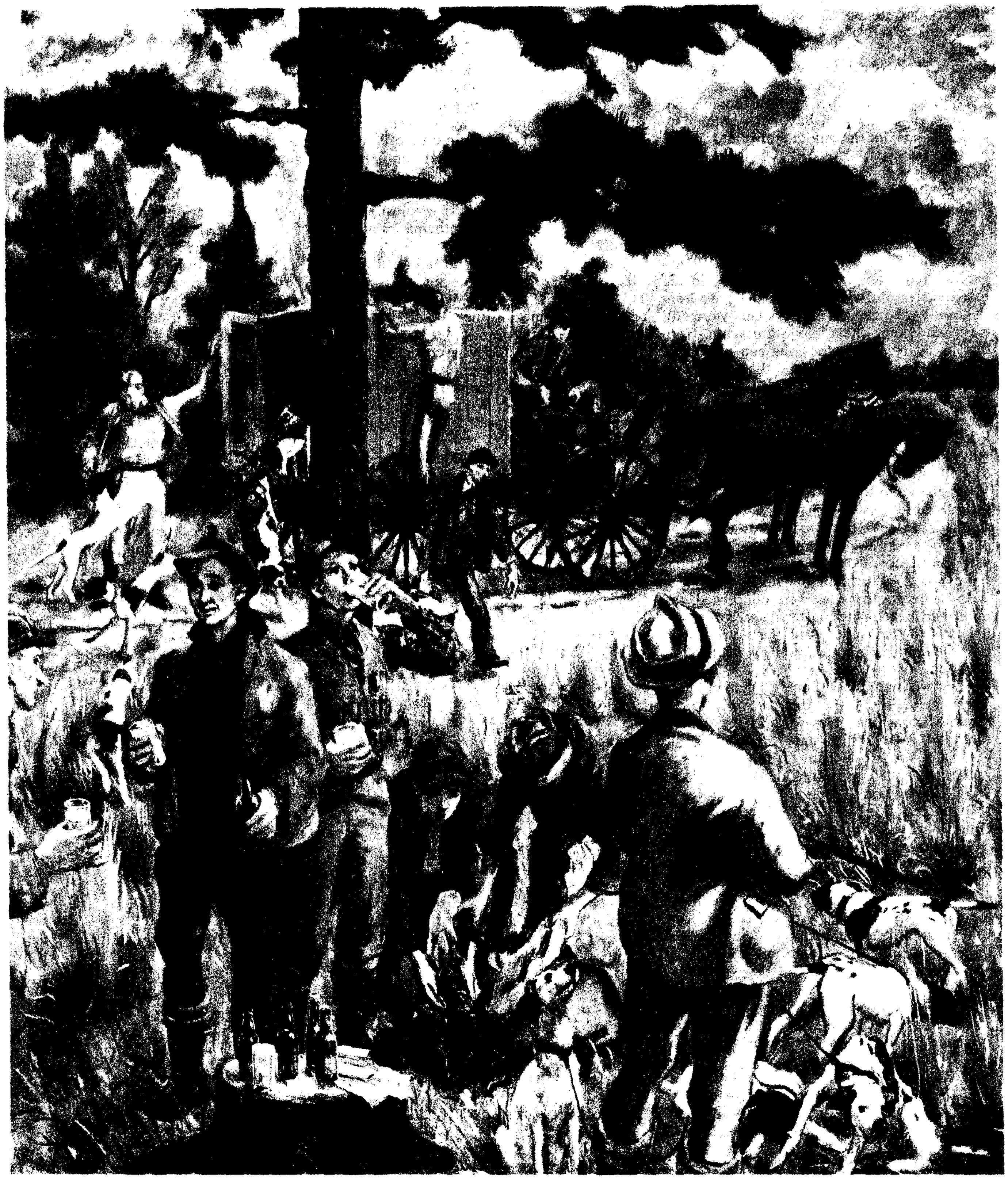
"Oh, no," Willie says. "Big Boy is still al pleasured up over Little Boy's performance and what is more he and Little Boy an Rosie Flynn are enjoying a happy and ver loving family reunion but Big Boy gets t brooding about the ticket speculator wh calls him up and tells him of Little Boy' presence in the show and hustles him int buying a ticket for a hundred dollars whicl is about a ninety-five dollar premium."

"I see," I say. "You are the speculator of course?"

"Well," Willie says, "I am stuck with ticket that I pay six dollars for myself an I happen to need a hundred and I know Bi Boy Blues will pay anything to get in th theater if he hears Little Boy is in the shov although naturally I figure it will be only t tear the place apart. But I also know Rosi Flynn arranges for police protection so I d not see how he can do any harm even if h is there.

"So," Willie says, "I call him up and pro mote him. It is more than human nature ca stand to let such an opportunity pass. Bu besides getting belted I also undergo anothe slight misfortune tonight. I am relieved o my job with the show and ordered to Colone Coogan's combat unit in the Pacific."

THE END



Quail Hunt

by

JULIEN BINFORD

One of a series of typical American scenes and customs painted by America's foremost artists.

•

Reprints of this oil painting, without advertising and suitable for framing, will be sent if requested on or before January 1, 1946. Write United States Brewers Foundation, 21 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

The easy-going companionship of a Georgia quail hunt . . . the sudden roar of the crowd at a last-minute touchdown . . . the good-natured banter at a neighborly bridge game—all these are America, the land we love, the land that today we still are fighting for.

In this America of tolerance and good humor, of neighborliness and pleasant living, perhaps no beverages more fittingly belong than wholesome beer and ale. And the right to enjoy these beverages of moderation . . . this, too, is part of our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

Beer belongs . . . enjoy it

"MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS"
••• V MAIL
MAIL THAT LETTER TODAY

The F-F-F-FTTT! Coach

Continued from page 24

Club, an association of curbstone coaches, and made another speech. Widdoes arrived at the Quarterback Club just as Brown finished talking. Brown left again as Widdoes started to speak. Brown hastened to a radio studio for a network interview with Bill Stern. Widdoes wasn't interviewed.

The two coaches met again a few minutes before 2 P.M. the next day, long enough to shake hands in the middle of the football field.

Then they threw the football encyclopedia at each other.

Scarlet and Gray Scores Early

An Ohio State backfield man, Dick Flanagan, snared a Great Lakes pass early in the first quarter and ran 62 yards to the Great Lakes 8-yard line. The bluejackets were still fresh and kept the Ohio State team from scoring at once. But the long run had given Ohio State an advantage, and the Scarlet and Gray team scored a short time later.

The score remained 6-0 in Ohio's favor throughout the first half. After the intermission and a harangue by Lt. Brown, the Navy men put on a drive that netted them 6 points in the third quarter.

But the Ohio State team seemed to have a second wind and a spirit that couldn't be stopped. In the fourth quarter, Ohio State piled up three more touchdowns, one of them with only seconds to play. And the final score was 26-6 in favor of Ohio.

So far as the coaches were concerned, the pupil had beaten the master. That's the way the fans looked at it. And there was much talk in Columbus about how Brown and Widdoes felt.

The two men had dinner together again after the game, with their wives. Other coaches and their wives were at the dinner, too, and some Ohio State officials. Little was said about the game. But Lt. Brown remarked, "Well, I told you we weren't as good as everybody thought."

But Cecil Souders, who played end for Ohio State that afternoon, learned a few days later one of the things Coach Brown thought about the Ohio State team.

Souders was drafted into the Navy two days after the game. A week later he reported for football practice at Great Lakes. As he walked into the locker room, one of the Great Lakes players said to another, "So this is one of those f-f-f-fttt! boys?"

Souders was puzzled. Eventually he learned that Lt. Brown, between halves at the Ohio State game, had told the Great Lakes squad, "What those boys have that you don't have is f-f-f-fttt!"

Whatever f-f-f-fttt! is, the Ohio State team kept it throughout the season. After the Great Lakes game, the Scarlet and Gray went on to win over Minnesota 34-14, Indiana 21-7, Pittsburgh 54-19, Illinois 26-12, and Michigan 18-14.

The final game with Michigan, Homecoming at Ohio State on November 25th, was another in which that vital spark, spirit, zip, f-f-f-fttt! or whatever you wish to call it, appeared when most needed.

Ohio State was leading 12-7 at the start of the fourth quarter. Midway through the quarter, Michigan scored and took the lead, 14-12. Instead of discouraging the Ohio Staters, this seemed to inspire them to greater effort. They began a drive which took them 53 yards to the goal and victory. That drive was made with steady gains of three, four and five yards, with an occasional seven. Four first downs were counted during the winning push.

An Everyday American Type

Immediately the fans wanted to know more about this new coach who had come seemingly from nowhere, a coach who could inject winning spirit as well as organize winning plays.

Coach Widdoes is of average size, five feet, seven inches, and 160 pounds, which makes him look small compared to most of the Ohio State players. His face is round, unlined, pleasant. What's left of his hair is blond.

He's the kind of man who paints his own home during summer vacation and makes routine repairs around the house but doesn't tinker. He plays chords on the piano and likes to sing with his family. He reads magazine fiction and seldom goes to bed before midnight. He smiles a great deal, but seldom says anything that could be called witty.

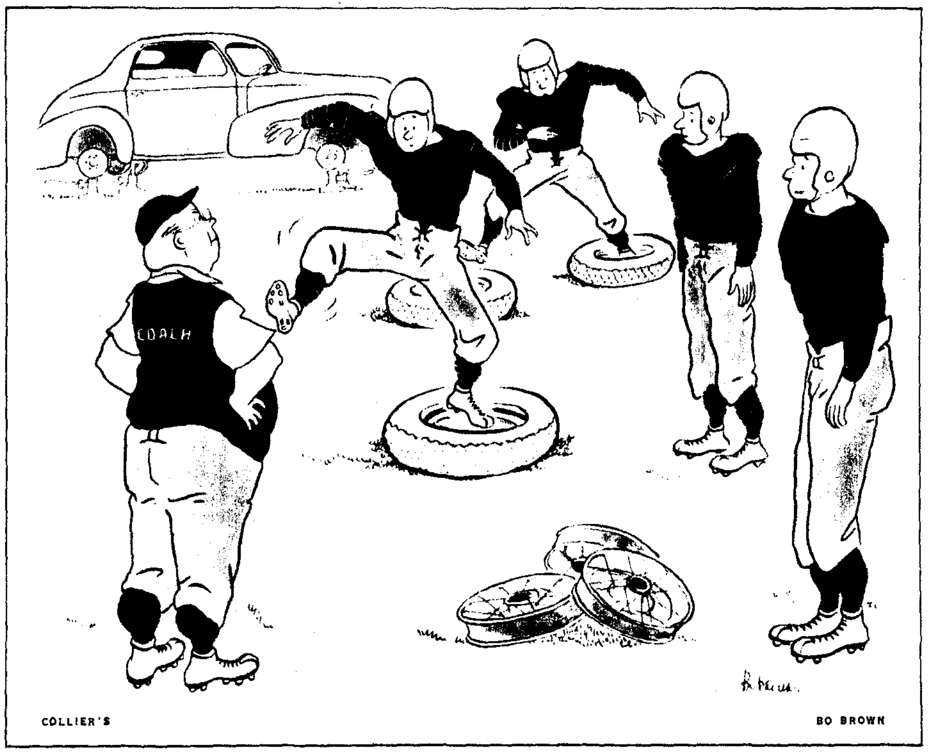
Widdoes played no football until he was in college. He was halfway through college before he decided to take up coaching as a career. Even then, coaching was just a minor in his college course. Mathematics was his major.

Carroll Widdoes was born in the Philippine Islands forty-one years ago. His parents, Dr. and Mrs. Howard W. Widdoes, have spent a lifetime in the islands as United Brethren missionaries.

Dr. and Mrs. Widdoes were in the Philippines when the Japanese invaded the islands in 1941. They were interned, and for the first forty-seven days Dr. Widdoes was on a starvation diet of rice, salt and two glasses of water a day.

Later, he and Mrs. Widdoes were transferred from Baguio where they were captured to Manila, where they were held until American soldiers liberated them on February 23, 1945.

"We were rescued by a combination of paratroopers, amphibious tanks and guerrilla troops. It was an exciting and thrilling rescue with fighting all around us," Dr. Widdoes wrote to his son.



COLLIER'S BO BROWN

That letter, received in March, 1945, was the first direct word that had reached Coach Widdoes from his parents in nearly four years.

Dr. and Mrs. Widdoes came back to the United States in May. They plan to return to the islands after they have built up their health.

The coach had two brothers and three sisters. Carroll's parents brought him to the States for the first time when he was six years old. When he was thirteen, they brought him again and left him with one of his sisters and his brothers at the Otterbein Home, a school for children of missionaries, at Lebanon, Ohio.

Carroll played basketball and baseball and pole-vaulted at Lebanon High School, which didn't have a football team.

After graduating from high school, he went to Otterbein College, a United Brethren school of some 300 students at Westerville, Ohio, about twelve miles from Columbus.

Years ago, when Ohio State University was much smaller, it used to meet Otterbein on the gridiron. In fact, Otterbein beat Ohio State twice, in 1893 and 1895. But football teams of the two schools haven't met since 1912.

Carroll Widdoes was a four-sports athlete at Otterbein. He was captain of the basketball team, starred at halfback in football, played baseball and pole-vaulted.

He was so late in making his decision to be a coach, however, that he had to take three summer courses at Ohio State University after he started teaching in the Massillon Junior High School in order to clear his physical education credits.

He married Viola Peden who was graduated two years after him at Otterbein. She was an outstanding woman athlete, basketball being her best game. Mrs. Widdoes is recognized as one of the best women golfers in central Ohio today. She has won several golf trophies.

The Boys Are Athletes, Too

The Widdoes have three sons, Dick, 16, Jim, 13, and Tommy, 6. Dick is a quarterback on the North High School football team in Columbus. He scored a 76 at golf this year to lead his high school team to the state championship. Jim, second of the boys, plays basketball in junior high school. Tommy practices shooting a full-sized basketball through a hoop on the Widdoes' garage, with Mother Widdoes coaching him.

The new coach at Ohio State University taught a Sunday-school class and sang in the choir of the Fifth Avenue United Brethren Church in Columbus until his new duties as head coach made it impossible. Mrs. Widdoes still sings in the choir and teaches a primary class in the Sunday school.

Coach Widdoes neither smokes nor drinks. He swears so seldom that his wife is able to remember one specific occasion when he slipped. It was during a summer when he was supervising a playground. There was some sort of continued annoyance—she's forgotten what it was—and the coach finally used a swear word. He said "damn" once during the football season last fall. One Columbus newspaper considered it so significant they put it in a headline.

Coach Widdoes is reasonably conservative in his comments on 1945 prospects. The schedule calls for ten games, one more than last year, and for the first time in football history Ohio State will meet seven other Western Conference teams in one season. They are Iowa, Wisconsin, Purdue, Minnesota, Northwestern, Illinois and Michigan. Also on the schedule are the Iowa Seahawks, Missouri and Pittsburgh.

"We'll take them one at a time and I think we'll come out pretty good," Widdoes said. "It looks like Michigan is the big one to aim at. Minnesota and Illinois look threatening, too."

Ohio State has lost 26 letter men from t championship 1944 squad. Among fir string men it has lost two ends, one tackl one guard, center and three backfield me Nevertheless, a huge squad turned out f summer practice, 142 men at one time. Th group was trimmed to 75 during the summ and will be down to 55 at the start of fa practice.

The OSU offense this year will be bui largely around Paul Sarringhaus, accordi to Coach Widdoes. Sarringhaus is a fa shifty halfback. He played on the Oh State championship team in 1942, was draft into the Army and recently was released on medical discharge.

Ollie Cline, who played the fullback po tion regularly as a freshman in 1944, is e pected to be another big ground gainer. Wi added experience he may show up as one the best backfield men in the country, Coa Widdoes believes.

Bob Dove, who will take the regular sp at quarterback, proved to be an outstandi kicker last year. Sent into games in eme gencies, he punted Ohio State out of dang on several occasions.

On the line, Widdoes will build aroun four veterans, Bill Hackett, All-Ameri guard in 1944, and captain of the team th year; Russ Thomas, 235-pound tackle, pla ing his third year on the varsity; Warre Amling, who played both guard and tackl last year and has moved on out to end th year; and Thornton Dixon, who playe tackle in 1941 and will be back in the sam spot. Dixon's schedule of studies as a Nav dental student at Ohio State had been to heavy to permit him to play again until thi year.

Widdoes said he plans to use about a equal number of plays from T-formation an single-wing, varying the percentage accor ing to what his scouts discover about th weaknesses of opponents. There will be slight change in the shift since Sarringhau key ball toter, will play halfback consistentl Horvath, spark plug of the 1944 backfiel played quarterback in the T-formation an halfback in the single-wing.

Pros and Cons of New Pass Rule

Widdoes is concerned about the new rul which permits forward passing from an place behind the line of scrimmage.

"I think it will mean more scoring in al games this year," he said. "It's easier t build an offense with it than a defens against it. It's good for a lot of short gain But it won't take the place of the long pas for spectacular gains. And it still will be whole lot safer to run with the ball than t throw it."

The Ohio State fans, of course, are wondering whether Widdoes can put f-f-f-fttt into another team, or whether the team las year just naturally was endowed with thi intangible quality.

Widdoes says the opening game with th Iowa Seahawks on September 22d will tell lot. It will be Ohio's first opener away fro home since 1892.

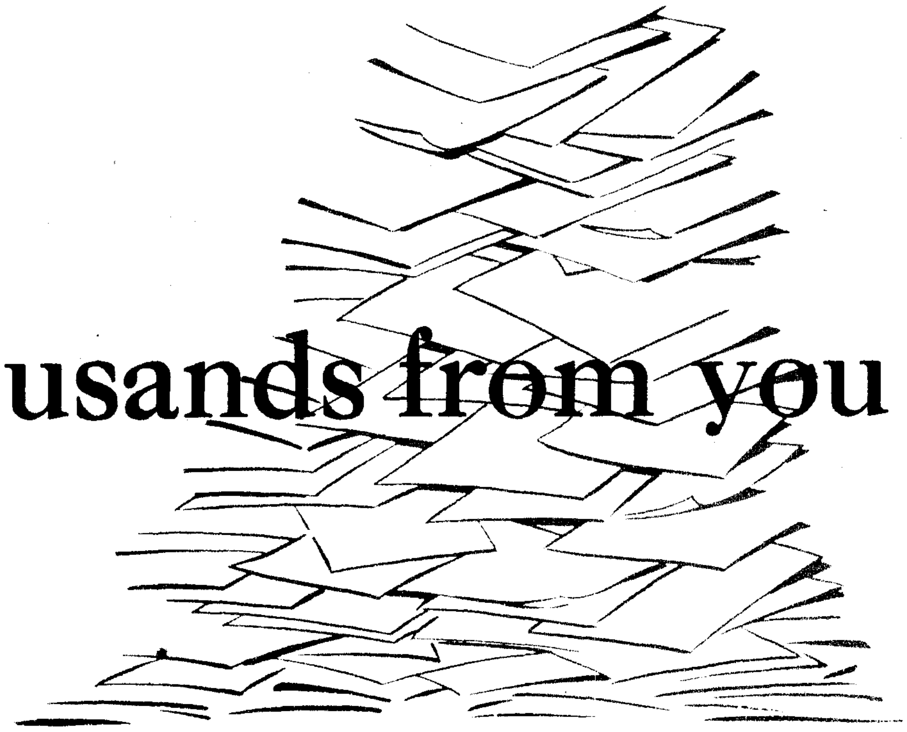
"It will be the first college game for man of the boys," the coach pointed out. "Muc depends on the way they react to whateve happens in this game."

Coach Widdoes' own explanation for th fine spirit of the 1944 team is that it gre steadily on the practice field. He doesn't believe in spirit injected by Saturday afternoo harangues. "If players have the right attitude and play hard in practice, they wil have the right attitude and play hard in thei games," he said. "It's best to build spirit o Mondays and Tuesdays. It holds better tha the frenzy of the last minute."

An idea of the spirit of the 1945 Ohio Stat squad was gained by those who saw the fina game at the end of summer practice. Th squad was divided into two teams, the Red and the Whites, varsity men being on th Whites. And the Reds played so hard, the pushed through a 14-12 victory over the firs stringers. The Reds had f-f-f-fttt!

"It's always possible," Coach Widdoes sai philosophically, "that we may run into an other university team with more f-f-f-ftt than we have."

THE END



one letter...

to answer thousands from you

asking about the new
postwar line of Cessnas

Ever since we interrupted our program of manufacturing private airplanes to turn out military aircraft, during these war years, we have received thousands of letters asking, "What are the new postwar Cessnas going to be like?"

Today, we can tell you. And the simplest answer is this:—

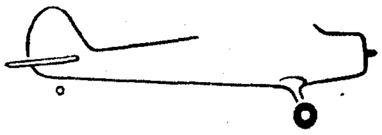
From thousands of letters and interviews during the past four years we believe that we know now what features you want most, and can use best, in the airplane you buy.

Here they are:—

1. Safety	2. Speed	3. Performance
4. Comfort	5. Economy	6. Minimum Maintenance

As a result we have deliberately combined all of these features into a completely new line of high-wing, metal airplanes, equipped with a new, patented landing gear, in a wide range of speeds and prices.

Prewar, we built the famous Cessna Airmaster, three times judged the world's most efficient airplane in open, international competition.

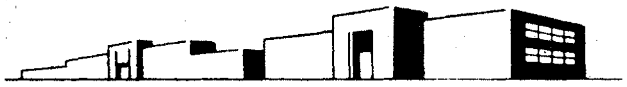


Postwar, we intend to give you even greater speed and performance plus an all-time high in safety, comfort and economy.

You'll notice that our signature reads "Cessna, the Pilot's Airplane." We say that advisedly because we believe that a pilot's airplane is safe, fast, easy-to-fly . . . and not a "hot," hard-to-fly airplane.

If you are a pilot now you want a pilot's airplane as all statements from pilots indicate. If you are not a pilot now, you will be when you start flying. Then, you, too, will want a pilot's airplane. So why not point your thinking in that direction now.

Since we built the last Airmaster we have gained a wealth of knowledge and experience in precision manufacturing and engineering on our war program.



Tomorrow, in one of the most modern, efficient and wholly-owned aircraft plants in the world, we will add that new precision experience to our 34-year background in aviation to produce the airplane that we sincerely believe you want most and can use best.

★ ★ ★

This is the first of a series of messages that will give you complete information about the new, postwar line of Cessnas.

Cessna

THE PILOT'S AIRPLANE

GROWTH OF The Yearling

by Amy Porter

Consider the trials of the cast of The Yearling, who went all out for authenticity in a Florida jungle. They got what they wanted

IT HAD been 104° in the shade that day down in the patch of Florida jungle where MGM was filming The Yearling. The red bugs and the wood ticks had done what they could to add to the boiling discomfort of the hundred or so people working there. Now it was 102° in the shade, and for perhaps the twelfth time everything was set to shoot the bear-hunt sequence. Everything, that is, except the sun. The sun was behind a cloud. Director Clarence Brown frowned up at the sky. There was nothing to do but wait, and waiting is what had been getting on the company's nerves all day.

Len Smith, director of photography, looked over the scene the camera would shoot if they ever got enough light. He examined a brownish-looking clump of palmetto, and called to Bill the painter.

"Bill," he said, "I need some of this brown stuff painted green."

Bill nodded and walked off down the road, little puffs of dust rising every time he put his foot down. He disappeared briefly between two trucks and came back shrugging and holding out his hands, palms up.

"The truck with my paint on it has gone back to town," he said.

Len, a quiet-spoken man, looked off into the forest. "Then you're not a painter," he said.

"I am a painter," said Bill.

"If you're a painter, paint that stuff green."

"I can't paint it green. I haven't got any paint."

"Then you're not a painter." Len still spoke quietly, still gazed off into the forest.

"I am a painter."

"Where's your paint?"

"It's not here." Bill's voice was getting a little strained.

"Without paint, you're no painter."

"I am a painter."

This went on until Bill, suddenly red in the face, announced: "The paint department has ceased to function as of now," and stalked off.

Bill was mollified eventually, and they sent a car to town, the town of Silver Springs, to get his paint—a matter of thirty miles of highway and ten miles of rough dirt road.

Hollywooders Show Symptoms of Distress

The crew sat around on trucks and little camp chairs. Not on logs. Logs are where the red bugs hang out. You could tell the local men from the Hollywood men, because the Hollywood men wore sun helmets and high boots. You could tell the Hollywood folks, too, by their slightly peaked look. Just about every one of them had suffered from dysentery recently—change of water, maybe. Lee Stanfield, make-up man, scratched his back. He had spent the better part of the last two days soaking in a tub of soda water to overcome an agonizing head-to-foot itch which, mysteriously, had no visible symptoms.

The talk was edgy. One fellow dabbed lotion onto red-bug welts on his chest. "That won't help," somebody said. Another man dipped a piece of cheesecloth in cold water and wrapped it around his neck. "That'll make you hotter," he was told. Now and then someone would rise slowly and slowly walk over to get a drink from the water cooler perched at the end of a truck. A man hoisted another tank of water into place. This made 90 gallons drunk that day, he said.

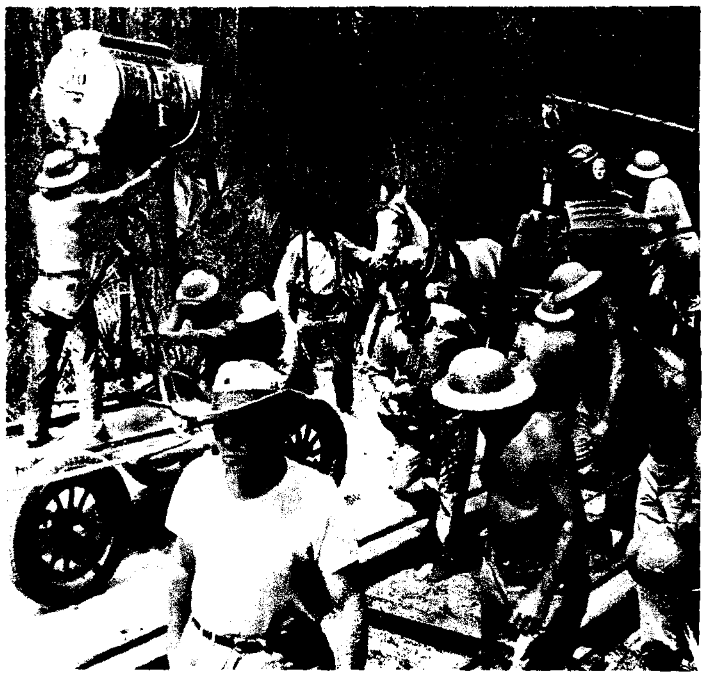
That morning one of the local men had caught a rattlesnake. He had picked it up by grasping it with his two hands carefully placed behind the snake's head, the way you do if you don't want to get snake-bit, and he'd stuck it in a sack ready to take back to town and sell to the snake farm there for three dollars. *(Continued on page 77)*

Jungle living didn't bother Jody (Claude Jarman) and his beloved fawn. The rest of the company suffered

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF–PIX

The shabby clothes the Baxter family wears in The Yearling were carefully "aged" by the wardrobe department. Each costume has several duplicates. The cabin was transported, piece by piece, from its original location

Oh, for some good strong sunlight! Len Smith, director of photography, squints sadly at the sky



Gripmen sweat and strain, pulling the camera truck along its track. Big lights focus on undergrowth

"Quiet!" shouts Director Clarence Brown, as the camera starts to grind. The red bugs bother Brown

"It's just a scratch," says Jody, but Brown and the doctor take it seriously. Jody's health is precious

The heavy mike boom is hand-manipulated to catch actors' voices. The script girl checks for accuracy

Great Moment...

You'll agree it's "Mellow as a Sunny Morning"

It's a *promise* . . . you'll find a bright, smooth flavor that's *different*...*unmatched*, we believe, in *any* other whiskey... an outstanding *plus* in Schenley Reserve. Try Schenley Reserve . . . the most widely enjoyed whiskey in America today! Blended whiskey 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.

Schenley
SCHENLEY
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey

SCHENLEY
RESERVE
PRE-WAR QUALITY

One of the Hollywood contingent looked at the wriggling sack and said, "I'm glad I've got on snake boots."

The snake catcher sauntered over to Troy Hudnell, another Florida citizen. "Hi, Troy," he said. "Fish bitin'?"

Troy went on whittling. "How would I know whether they're bitin' or whether they're not bitin'," he said. "I have to sit here all day." Troy is the fellow Director Brown hired to do nothing except stick around the set so movie star Gregory Peck could absorb his Florida cracker way of walking and talking and waving his hands.

This Hollywood company—even to star Peck—was hand-picked for The Yearling—not just for technical reasons, but because they are supposed to have reasonably good dispositions. They do have, but this hot, insect-ridden job was full of irritations.

The light is the supreme annoyance. A Floridian will get positively nowhere if he tries to tell The Yearling camera crew that Florida sunshine is just as good as California sunshine. The light meter—that little photoelectric gadget that measures the intensity of sunlight and translates it into figures on a dial—says otherwise. In California sun, the needle strains past the 10,000 high mark. But in direct Florida sunshine it reads at best 4,500 and has a tendency to drop to an unusable 3,000 or 2,000. A light-killing haze is made up of moisture and of smoke from the perpetually smoldering forest fires.

Brown prayed for rain to dispel the haze. But the rainy season, long overdue, held off.

"It's been so dry around here since November," a native remarked, "that the trees are chasing the dogs."

It looked as if the sun were about to come out from behind the cloud, and men with watering cans got busy, sprinkling down the dust along the path the bear hunters would take in the picture. A sprinkler, passing Harry Wolff, the Technicolor man, sprayed Harry's back. Harry jumped and yelled the way he'd done several other times in the last few days.

A truck came galumphing down the rutted road and from it issued a voice in pain: "The damyankee is tryin' to kill me."

The truck halted and Charles O'Malley, assistant to unit production manager Jay Marchant, got out and said, "I should but I'm not. I am not trying to kill him."

The rear of the truck had two occupants: a horse, which appears in the picture, and Jake Hudnell, Troy's father, who helps with the animals. Jake was sitting in a corner nursing his head.

"Can I help it if the horse is nervous and the road is the way it is?" asked O'Malley. "It's too hot for horses."

"Quiet, quiet!" yelled Director Brown. The sun was out and the camera was about to start grinding. Into the camera's range came the fair-haired, overalled boy called Jody, skipping along barefoot, as much at home as if he'd been born and brought up in that jungle patch. Jody didn't look hot. Jody didn't look tired. Jody looked happy. Then Jody stumbled.

Brown ordered the camera to "Cut!" Jody was holding his ankle. "It's just a scratch," he grinned, hopping up and down on the other foot. Six or seven worried-looking people, including the director, jumped into action.

"Sit here, Jody," said Brown, making a place for him on the camera truck. "Where's the doctor? Call the doctor!"

"Coming, coming." The doctor came running with his little bag.

"It's just a scratch," said Jody.

It was, in fact, just a scratch, but when Hollywood has a valuable property like Jody they treat that property's scratches like major wounds.

Small Item With Big Price Tag

Jody, being only ten years old, couldn't know just how valuable a property he is. This picture, The Yearling, is costing MGM a pretty penny, and already four years of preparation have gone into it.

The film is based on Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' novel, The Yearling, best seller of a few years back. It tells the story of a lonesome little boy growing up on an isolated "island"—the native word for farm clearing—in the depths of Florida's scrub-pine country. The boy, yearning for a pet of his own, finally persuades his father to let him keep a new-born fawn. He lavishes love upon it. But the fawn, when it grows to yearling size, starts to eat the crops on which the life of the family depends—and Jody has to stand by while his pet is put to death. The intense lives of the grownups in the picture—Peck plays Penny Baxter, the father of Jody, and Jane Wyman the mother—all revolve around Jody and his fawn.

Shooting actually got under way four years ago—with a different director and different actors. Spencer Tracy was one of the characters, and he didn't like red bugs or snakes or heat, and the then Jody (Gene Eckman, now in the Army) began to grow too tall for his part, and the company gave the whole thing up in discouragement.

When Director Brown took over, he salvaged what he could of the first company's efforts—some of the animals were still in Hollywood pens, having been carefully transported there from Florida. This picture is chock-full of animals, wild and tame—deer, dogs, coons, bears, alligators, squirrels, ring-neck doves, owls, redbirds, rattlesnakes, coral snakes, cows, chickens, buzzards.

Mack Weatherwax, dog trainer, and other animal experts accompanied about sixty beasts in freight cars from Hollywood, and set up a two-acre zoo in Silver Springs. Baby fawns are bottle-fed on a milk formula which calls for goat's milk. Two goats were added to the zoo to provide milk for the fawns.

Some of the former company's locations suited Brown all right, but he spent weeks searching for a place for the Baxter family's home. Finally, from an airplane, he spotted the perfect place.

Of course, there was no cabin on the property, but with a wave of his wand and the help of fifty or so laborers, Brown transported a genuine cracker cabin—the very one Miss Rawlings lived in while she wrote her book—piece by piece to the chosen spot. Incidental chores here were the building of a four-mile road from the main highway, and the digging of an eighty-foot well to supply water for the new plantings of cowpeas, tobacco, sugar cane and corn.

Living quarters for the company were arranged in Silver Springs Court, a sprawling establishment of cottages which, with glamor movie people like Gregory Peck for bait, enjoyed a boom in tourist trade. An air-conditioning unit was installed in the court dining room; MGM was billed $10 a month for storage space for the air-conditioner.

While the boss labored mightily in Florida, talent scouts were scouring the earth—or at least the southern half of the United States—to find the child who would play the part of Jody. They were looking for a sensitive little boy who spoke with a Southern accent, liked animals and also was photogenic.

Brown worked out a timetable. The first scenes would have to be made in the spring since a new-born fawn had to appear in them, and the does produce their young only in the spring. But the picture also called for fawns in various stages of growth, so it was necessary to have a herd of deer, and to arrange that they give birth, one after another, at appropriate intervals. This was done.

In the matter of corn, MGM dealt with nature in the same masterful manner, so that if Brown wanted a young cornfield in the morning and a full-grown cornfield in the afternoon, he could have what he ordered. Corn was planted in 5,000 cans, at appropriate intervals, ready for transplanting.

Still—no Jody. It was March now, and unless they found Jody soon, they'd have to postpone everything for another year. Brown joined the search. He persuaded school principals to let him wander through classrooms, posing as a building maintenance man. In the fifth grade of a public school in Nashville, Tennessee, he found Jody—Claude Jarman, Jr., aged ten, son of an accountant employed by a railroad company.

It was as if lightning had struck the Jarman family.

Within a week Jarman, Sr., had signed a temporary contract for his son, got leave of absence from the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroad, and quit the defense job he held at night so he could accompany the boy to Hollywood. Within a month, Jody had seen the ocean and a real cowboy ranch; his dad had suffered a shock when a Hollywood barber charged him $1 to cut his hair, and had signed a seven-year contract with MGM—one of those sliding-scale contracts that start at $250 a week and go on up to $1,000. The contract probably will be revised upward if Jody is a success.

"Well, sir," said Jarman, sitting there on the Florida set, sweating with the rest of them, "two hundred and fifty is a lot more dollars than I ever made or ever expected to make. No, sir, you can't believe a thing like this could happen to anybody."

Jobs for All the Family?

The Jarmans—mother, father, Jody and Jody's sister, Mildred Anne—are moving to Hollywood. Jarman will take a studio job, perhaps in the accounting department. They've already rented a house there—$40 a month, about what they paid for their Nashville apartment.

Jody played checkers with the men between shots. (Jody seems to be his name now—not Claude.) He made friends with a Florida farmer named Bryan Godwin who brought him oranges and grapefruit every day.

"Did you like it, Jody, going to school out in that Hollywood studio school with all those little actors?" Godwin asked.

"Well, it's not as exciting as school was in Tennessee," said Jody.

"Maybe the teacher shoulda licked you more. Did you get a licking?"

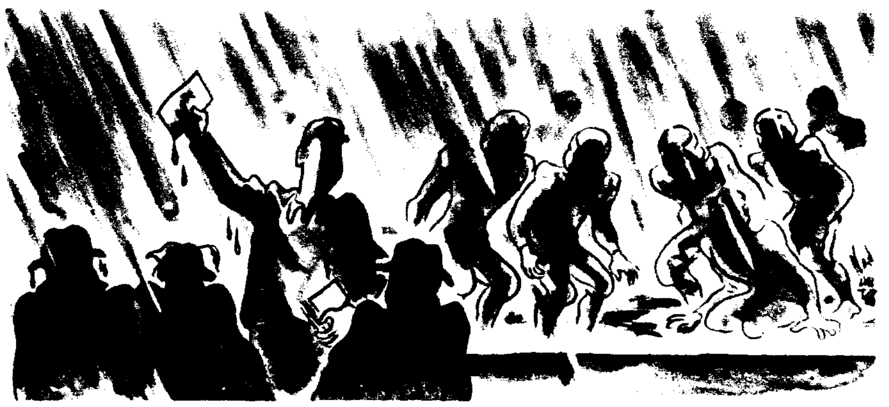
"No, sir, not in Hollywood I didn't. And in Tennessee I only got five whippings in five years. But it was fun in Tennessee. We used to put tacks in the teacher's chair. Boy, she'd yell."

"Son, that's not funny. Here's your grapefruit, and I don't never want to hear of you foolin' with any more tacks."

Brown was annoyed to find Jody eating a candy bar. "You listen to me," he said. "You have to stop stuffing yourself like a kid at a Sunday-school picnic. This is no picnic. And if you make yourself sick to your stomach again, the way you did last week, do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to put you right out of this picture. I'll send you back home. Remember, now."

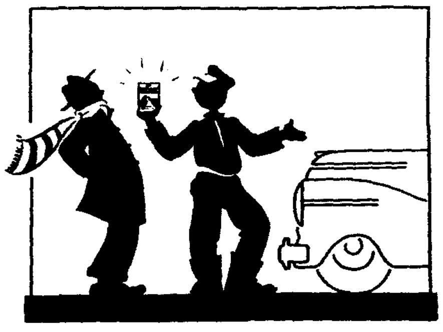
"Yes, sir," said Jody.

THE END



"Here you are, folks. You can't tell the players without a program"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON



For *all*-winter protection fill it with PEAK

Just one filling of C.S.C. PEAK* Permanent Type (Ethylene Glycol) Anti-freeze not only protects your radiator from freezing all winter but guards the delicate structure of your radiator against insidious corrosion.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

For PEAK performance use

CSC PEAK PERMANENT TYPE ANTI-FREEZE

COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

MAN
ND HIS PIPE

What else does a man own that costs so little, yet gives so much pleasure? But, make it a good pipe — make it an

LHS STERNCREST STERLING IMPORTED BRIAR

$5 Model No. 46

Smooth or Antique Finish
Dozens of handsome models
STERNCREST 14K with 14K gold band $7.50

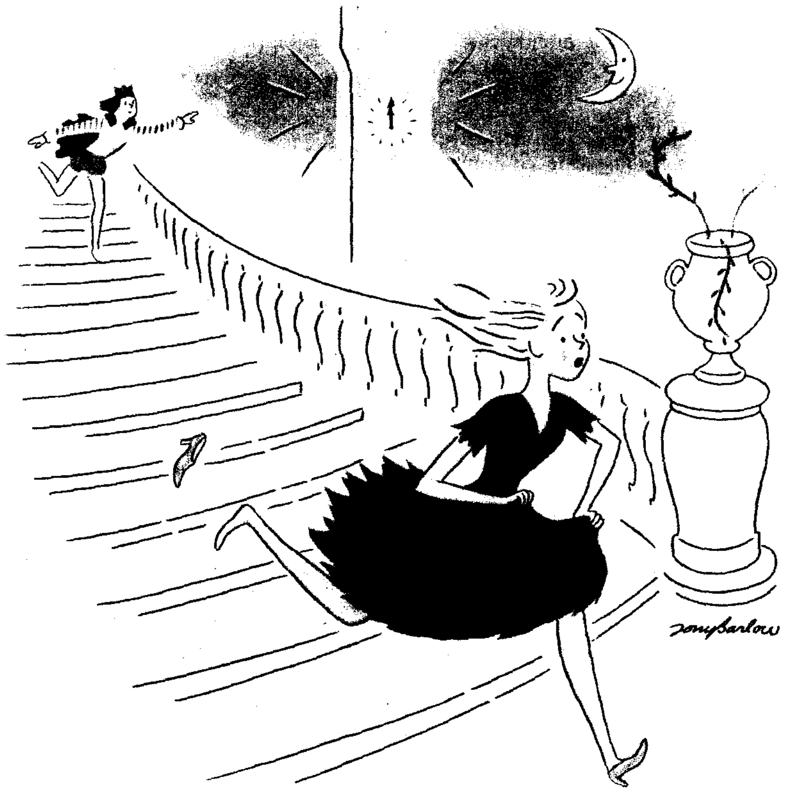
AT ALL GOOD DEALERS
If your dealer is temporarily out of stock, ask again.

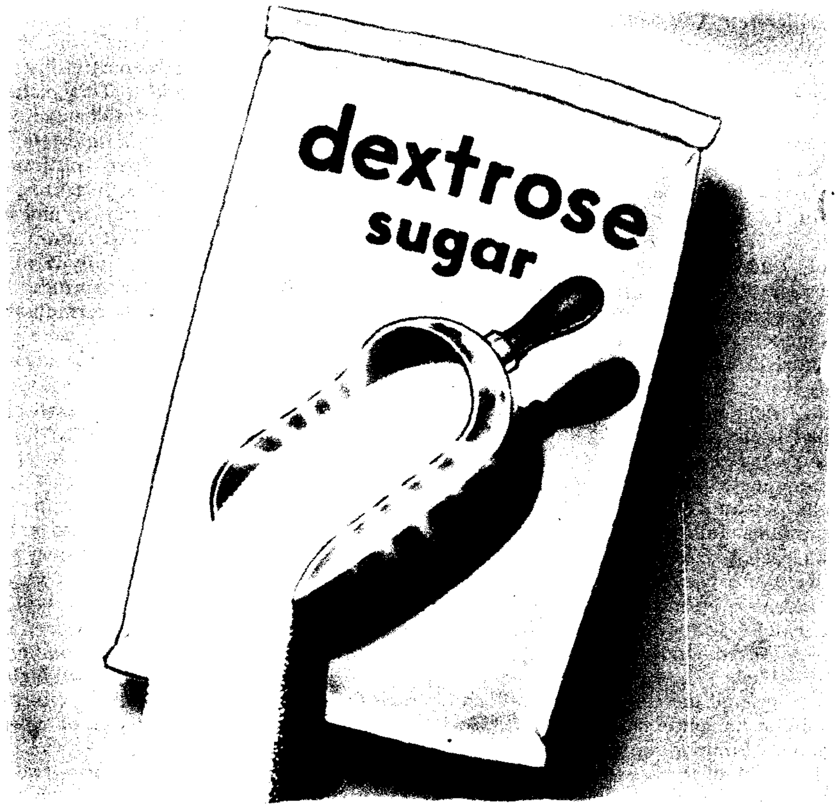
FOR SOLID COMFORT LHS PIPES
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Write for Booklet "Pointers on Pipes" FREE
L & H Stern, Inc., Stern Bldg., 56 Pearl St., Bklyn 1, N.Y.

when you think of Cinderella...

...you think of Prince Charming


when you think of *energy*...



© C. P. R. Co.

...think of dextrose sugar

Drudgery and dancing are worlds apart in everything but the expenditure of energy. In work or play, awake or asleep, the body expends energy—and uses dextrose sugar to replace it. That's because dextrose is the basic "fuel" sugar that powers all body activity—both physical and mental. All other car-bo-hy-drate foods must be changed into dextrose by digestion before the body can use them.

Pure dextrose is a sparkling white sugar, mildly sweet, cooling and refreshing to taste . . . it is food energy in its simplest form.

Corn Products Refining Company
One of the producers of

PURE...SWEET...SPARKLING WHITE

dextrose

NATURAL QUICK-ENERGY SUGAR

P.S. "dextrose" is *not* a brand name or a trademark . . . it is the scientific name for the basic fuel sugar of the human body.

Practically all the dextrose produced in America is used by progressive food manufacturers...to improve the quality, texture and flavor of fine foods . . . breads, biscuits, candies, cereals, soft drinks, ice creams, table syrups, prepared desserts, jams, jellies, preserves . . . and many others.

At present, the demand for dextrose far exceeds the supply of this valuable sugar. The several producers of dextrose are working at full capacity . . . and striving to increase production to fulfill orders for dextrose from thousands of food processors.

Deliverance or Doom

Continued from page 19

have predicted radio? Or television? Radar? Or the electron microscope? We are that blind, and our future is proportionately that much more prodigious. Which is still, doubtless, an understatement.

We could, of course, undertake to hold back such developments in America simply to protect our investments in existing facilities and plants. What then? For one certainty, we would fall swiftly behind the rest of the world. We would sit by and watch others progress. England, for example, is already governed by a party pledged to socialize the coal mines. If those mines become useless—that party can and surely will socialize atomic energy. England today shares our knowledge of the atom and is undoubtedly at this very moment planning to nationalize its energy production.

Russia has a system which will permit of no other economic application of atomic energy. The Scandinavian nations will certainly use it on a nationalized basis. In order to compete in world markets for commodities produced by atomic energy, and in order to satisfy domestic demands, the United States will be compelled as a minimum to keep pace with every possible new step of applied atomic science.

Any plans, federal or private, which would lead to a situation wherein the British or the Russians or the Danes, or anybody, excel us in mechanical assets or in comforts, luxuries, health or riches, are plans that might as well be dropped cold today. Such plans won't work. Americans are not a people to tag behind the world.

Moreover, since the industrial development of atomic energy will run parallel with and greatly affect military applications, we have a final reason for a swift shift from the old to the new. We shall have to change over to be certain that we are as secure as any other nation—which may not be saying much.

From such glimpses it is evident not only that the bomb is here to stay but that the application of atomic energy to industry and to everyday life should, and likely will, occur as fully and as rapidly as is possible in this country. That means the boldest planning, the most intense realism, the willingness of every person who has a property stake in the nation to exchange it for a new and different stake, if necessary. It means the loss of capital wealth. It also means the eventual creation of *many thousand times* the capital wealth lost. It doesn't mean "No work for coal miners." Rather, it means far more work for them—better, cleaner, more interesting work.

A Warning Against Exploitation

An industry which sets itself in the path of such inescapable revolution, or one which tries selfishly to corner any part of the energy principles for mere exploitative profit, will be literally endangering the whole people of America—in many different ways. And it will be robbing you and me of our chance to witness and enjoy the wonder of a new age that began in the tragic, all too familiar way—by death in Japan. No battle of titan corporations for control of atomic energy methods or patents can be permitted. Such a struggle would risk our place among nations and our hope of plenty.

That is what we shall risk if we try to use the atom to set up for ourselves a period of greedy "prosperity," of isolationist luxury—a society bent upon pleasure and lacking point, purpose, dignity and awareness. We have been very close to that dismal moral prospect for a long time.

There is still a third problem related to the new knowledge—a problem often discussed by scientists before the discovery of atomic fission—and since, only vaguely mentioned. As the experiments continue, and as atoms other than uranium are split—which they will be—it is conceivable that a disintegrative chain might leap from laboratory material to the furniture, or the earth, and so turn our planet instantaneously into a diffuse globe of radiant heat and light.

I do not know enough physics to suggest a proper gauge of the danger of such a fantastic accident. Perhaps no physicist yet knows enough, either. But as long as there is even a hypothetical danger of a slip that would turn us all to gaudy dust, we are utterly dependent upon one another.

Since there is a permanent if remote chance that a new Hitler—a decade from now, or fifty years or a thousand—can threaten the whole earth with vaporization as an alternative to slavery, the need for human co-operation is plain enough. And that is just one possibility. We are, remember, in the "Benjamin Franklin stage" of our new era; the "radar stage" is yet to come. The rays, pressures, temperatures, powers and killing agents to be discovered and harnessed are in the same scale as the possible benefits which we can have—which it is our common right to achieve—instead of universal extinction.

Ideas For a World-Wide Plan

With all these facts and suppositions in mind, I have outlined some steps in a tentative plan. This is not to be regarded as a final plan or as a plan I necessarily would want enforced. To make my own plan final even for myself I would need more facts. My purpose here is twofold: to show that we Americans can deal with the atomic present in a rational and intensely hopeful way; and to show the magnitude required in such a design rather than the details of the design itself. Here are the steps:

1. That science be internationalized. That the interchange of scientific information be made automatic and subject to no national restriction whatever. The internationalization of science may have to be delayed briefly in a reorganizing world, but the interval should be held to a minimum. To a year, for example. This would give every one—and therefore ourselves—many advantages.

Only by this means, for instance, can we protect ourselves from the danger of new secrets—new tyrannies in preparation—new disasters breeding in laboratories inaccessible to men of good will.

2. The bringing of scientists into government on a par with, say, lawyers, statesmen, soldiers, labor and business. This is vital because scientists alone can fully comprehend the data upon which all future human existence will depend. What untaught congressmen, or generals, say about the new atomic age, what editors or statesmen say, will not make sense where it refers to scientific fact unless scientists agree. And all the facts of our lives from now and forever will depend on scientific knowledge of many abstruse kinds.

3. The formation, by all nations jointly, of a permanent international committee which will include representatives of all major provinces of common living and all major branches of science to act as an advisory body to the whole planet. On this committee the best minds of the earth would serve. The judgments, suggestions, statements and criticisms made by this committee would be published and broadcast periodically for all people in all nations.

It is past time for us to form such a body. We have world banks and international chambers of commerce and leagues of nations arranged by diplomats. Now, we must have a World Chamber of Intelligence. Such a committee would not govern—it would merely make fact, truth and common sense available to man. This I hold to be the one possible means of expressing and effecting our interdependence in a world that has shown so little intelligence—a world of separate sovereignties.

In science, economics, sociology, psychology, business, labor and so on—the leaders by and large already have world knowledge and world-wide contacts. To a Chamber of Intelligence they would bring no meaningless provincialism. Many would already be known to one another. The waste and blunders made by the purely local man in our Congress—and there are many such—would be avoided here.

A Chamber of Intelligence would furnish the nucleus from which every nation and every human being could learn to live with and to benefit from the atomic nucleus.

4. That America take the lead at once in these affairs. All we have is the opportunity for a gesture. A gesture of sharing information which will make other nations strong—which will show them we do not fear them—and which will end their present terrifying reason to fear us. As realistic diplomacy it would repay us forever, and it is intensely realistic because its alternative is to fight everybody now.

In this connection, a hypothetical human possibility ought to be considered, I think. Suppose a few of the scientists who know all of our new and thus-far secret data come to resent—as free men, as opinionated human beings—whatever secret disposition might be made of the knowledge? Suppose such persons decide a policy of secrecy, or of controlled exploitation, is robbing humanity of benefits to which it is entitled? Suppose then, that these individuals decide their loyalty to man is greater even than their loyalty to this nation? Can they not turn over their knowledge to any other nation—or to the world at large? Undoubtedly they can.

5. The internationalization of science and the sharing of atomic knowledge is recommended on a still higher plane. To whom can it rightly belong, except to all the people? Principles are involved here, not patentable gadgets. Trade competition cannot involve principles. Knowledge of the nucleus of the atom cannot be regarded simply as a business opportunity. Special military applications—like the bomb—might be kept secret if they could, although we are faced with a kind of knowledge which will slip through the uncomprehending surveillance of all government agents and all soldiers. Special devices for the uses of atomic energy might be patented, but not principles. For this is a force. An idea. A set of laws.

"Now we're ready to take our cake out of the oven. Do we have our fingers crossed?"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

6. That the committee, now studying the social and political as well as the scientific aspects of the new energy, present at once as many of the relevant facts as can be told without giving the blueprint for bomb manufacture. The American public must know those facts now, because it will decide, as usual, what the nation will do about them. If decisions made in conference today do not satisfy the requirements of the American people tomorrow, they will be reversed, and at great expense and trouble.

Every individual and every group must be made informed and brought into the picture. That is the definition of our society. It is, indeed, the duty of every person and every organization to demand the basic knowledge and the logical hypotheses. Until we are informed, none of us can operate intelligently. A people capable of making great decisions is not one to live in fear and ignorance.

7. The economic cost of atomic development will be prodigious. It can be borne only by a rich nation or by a socialistic nation. We are rich and we do not want to become socialistic. The American taxpayers invested two billion dollars in the bomb. That is far less than they invested in other war ventures which were less important and less promising. But it gave the public actual ownership. And atomic energy *must stay nationalized.*

No corporation and no cartel can claim that its capital investment made the bomb. And the bomb principles were discovered mainly by professors and academic researchers. Nationalization will not cost one businessman one cent.

No corporation and no cartel can afford the money that must be spent, in the years that begin now, to develop all phases of atomic energy. The original two billion dollars was a trifle. What we got for it was equivalent to purchasing the continent of North America for a nickel. To obtain quickly the stupendous benefits that are within our very hands, much more money must be spent at once. Money of the magnitude of ten billions of dollars a year. Peace is worth that, isn't it? Abundance is worth that, isn't it? Power for every man, always, in endlessly increasing amounts, is worth that, isn't it? Such a sum is still only a minor fraction of the cost of the latest war. It would be a mere jot in the cost of any future war.

But only as a whole people can we invest sums like ten billions a year in a project that will have so many long-range aspects. This idea is not new to us. We own the fleets and the air force and the Army equipment. We are pretty good in the war business—we won. We ought to be able to see that we can also win in the peace business. We are in the public health business. We are in the post-office business. We need to add one more: the power business of the future. It is too big for corporations. Several million times too big. It is big enough to challenge every soul in this republic.

Preview of Our Atomic Future

If we American people own our atomic power, we can make a national profit on energy, we can supply ourselves at rates so cheap it would be unbelievable today. With that profit, we could reimburse the owners of business that will gradually become obsolete as atomic energy replaces them. We could finance transitions from coal and electricity to atomic energy. We could erase the war debt. And we could finally use atomic power, a universal necessity, to replace taxation—supplying funds for mammoth projects undertaken in the interest of common people.

Suppose we do not nationalize atomic energy? In that case, we will be competing with socialistic nations for world markets in which to sell goods and services produced by that energy. Russia is such a nation. Britain is becoming such a nation. And Britain has the necessary information. I doubt that our corporations would be able to meet the prices and the advances possible to such nations. I believe nationalization of atomic energy alone will solve that problem for us.

At the same time, it will keep the rest of our capitalistic system the way it has been. We thrive on capitalistic competition. And I believe, myself, that socialism is tyranny.

Still another factor is involved here. If atomic energy is not nationalized, it will instead become corporate property. Corporations will use it for profit. They will be more interested in making that profit than in new experiment, replacement of still usable equipment and so on. They will fall behind the science of socialistic nations—of Communist countries and of countries with any future form of "national Socialism." That has happened before in this century. In any war from today on, falling behind in research would be fatal. We wouldn't be given time to convert industry—to study and then imitate the weapons of other nations.

This thing is everybody's business. We must own it, finance it, through it maintain the strength that means security and by it become a nation superrich in truth, in dreams and in property.

The carrying out of such plans as these

Men! DO YOU KNOW THESE FACTS ABOUT SUSPENSORIES?

• Many men are not even aware that a persistent, energy-draining strain on certain delicate and vital cords and muscles can cause them to tire too easily.

This strain affects office workers and laborers alike, particularly as they reach their 30's. It affects the entire system. The result is an ever-increasing fatigue; you feel "all in," fagged out.

Comfortable Support Needed

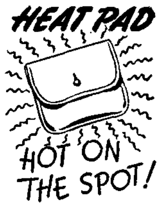
There is nothing better than a Bauer & Black O.P.C. Suspensory to help you to avoid this fatigue . . . and maintain bodily vigor. It has a soft knitted pouch, so comfortable and easy to wear that you scarcely know you have it on. Soft, elastic leg straps and waist band hold it securely in place regardless of your activity. Buckles for individual adjustment. Once adjusted, slips on or off as easily as your "shorts."

Men in all walks of life—bankers, laborers, business executives, skilled mechanics and unskilled laborers—say they feel younger, peppier, less fatigued, thanks to its scientific help.

Go to your druggist today. Ask for a Bauer & Black O.P.C. Suspensory. Regular model, $1.00—De Luxe model, $1.25.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK, valuable information about Suspensories, and why so many men in all kinds of occupations now wear them, is given in a frank, interesting booklet, "What Every Man Should Know About Suspensories." Send for it today. There is no obligation. You may benefit greatly. Simply write Dept. S-513.

BAUER & BLACK Suspensories
Division of The Kendall Company
2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago 16, Illinois



"Oh Lemuel—get the LIGHTNINGPAK!"

Ache? Reach for Lightningpak. This modern pad quickly heats up, stays hot 8 hours whenever you add 2 tablespoons of water. Each pak good for 100 hours service. Handy at home, dandy for gifts. At drug, department, hardware stores, only **$1.** Refills 50c.
Lightningpak, Newton 58, Massachusetts.

COPR. 1945 ROSE-DERRY CO.

JERIS Hair Oil FOR DRY SCALP

FOR **DULL HAIR**
JERIS HAIR OIL

RADIO, ELECTRONICS and YOU!

THERE are big rewards in the communications line for the Radio man who has the answers! Too, the equipment that has made Radio communication possible is functioning now in other rewarding fields. Electron tubes in industry promise a whole new World of Electronics. I. C. S. has a variety of Radio Courses and a great new standard Electronics Course. Write for booklet, pick *your* Course.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 4115-C, SCRANTON 9, PENNA.
Send me full information on the following subject:
....
Name...*Age*..........
Home Address...
City.......................................*State*........................
Present Position.................. *Working Hours*..........*A.M. to*.........*P.M.*

will require boldness, absolute integrity, complete political unselfishness and perpetual guts. And the carrying out of such plans will be hazardous. But I think all other hazards are immeasurably greater.

For we, who have gone so far in two centuries, now own infinity and eternity. We have become the people physically most powerful on earth. Upon what we have deeply believed and upon the new beliefs we shall find, man's fate depends. For fifty years, or thereabouts, we have gravely defaulted. Some of us have lost hope. Many of us have put our faith in looking backward. Still more of us have been unable to discern in the future a proper heritage for Americans—a thing of sufficient challenge and possibility to give us endless incentive and the dignity that belongs to a race which pays its respects alike to Thomas Jefferson and Paul Bunyan.

This is the dream we yearned for. This is the long chance—and the main chance. This is the superlative responsibility which, if shouldered, promises a paradise men can make with their own hands and their own minds. For this opportunity, the globe is everywhere marked with the white crosses of our young dead. This is what they fought to earn. This is what they gave to you.

This, somehow, magnificently, is *us!*

THE END

Philadelphian in Parliament

Continued from page 26

with a solid bloc of 33 government votes the decisive factor. Kendall screamed skulduggery. Three months later, the increases were voted by Parliament.

A practical, straight-down-the-middle progressive, Kendall's long-range objective is raising England's standard of living; he insists that an employer has definite obligations to the men who work for him. In his own plants he has encouraged unions and he has instituted profit-sharing and bonus plans for the workers as well as community activities pegged to the interests of his 7,500 people. Last year the BBC broadcast a show by Kendall's employees to demonstrate the success of his ideas. Right now, he is taking dead aim at factions opposing a jobs-for-all program.

An Alger Story—But Anglicized

Kendall is a highly improbable Englishman, which is a cogent reason why he prefers to think of himself as an American. His is an Alger story with an almost imperceptible British accent. His formal education ended at 14, but he became one of the world's ranking automotive engineers, and was rewarded with the presidency of the Hispano-Suiza Company and a directorship in the rich Citröen Company before he was out of his middle thirties.

This may sound as though Kendall were a formidable character, but he isn't. He is a strong contender for the distinction of having closed more night clubs on both sides of the Atlantic than any good-time Charlie in circulation, and his appreciation of a streamlined chassis is not confined to cars. He affects jaunty bow ties, and his most joyous hobby is throwing impromptu parties for the entertainers and help in establishments that have gaming rooms on the premises. He has the physical drive and the general appearance of a well-groomed stevedore, and sometimes sounds like one. His vocabulary in the vernacular is, on occasion, extensive in both Americanese and the mother tongue.

The Kendalls were an old Yorkshire family of flour millers, and young William was attending the Trinity School in Halifax ostensibly to go into the business. At 14, however, William ran away to sea. He had been around the world before he was 16, and by 1920 Philadelphia was to him just another port. He was sent aloft to check the funnel plates of the Manchester Merchant, and while he was poking around, the ship's nine boilers exploded, hurling him to the iron deck forty feet below. The scalding and the fall should have killed him, but his face and hands were untouched by the blast, and he recovered sufficiently after three months to sail for Shanghai.

There he jumped ship, went up the Yangtze and joined the river police raiding gambling and opium dens. The police were given a percentage of the loot they captured, and business was so brisk that Kendall earned $5,000 in a few months. A bright idea seized him and a few other kids who had shared in the take. They decided to open a waterfront cabaret in Shanghai. It was a splendid scheme except for a few drawbacks. The patrons were indignant when the callow proprietors tendered checks for refreshments consumed, nightly fights wrecked the joint regularly, and a fire finally burned the place to the ground three months after the gala opening.

Signing on the first available ship, Kendall was pleasantly surprised to discover that the destination was Philadelphia, where he remained. He got odd jobs running freight elevators, laying floor blocks, working on the Delaware Bridge, then in construction, as a steeplejack, and finally inspecting Ford parts with the Budd Manufacturing Company at 45 cents an hour.

Kendall's rise in the Budd organization was on the phenomenal side. Within a few weeks he was the firm's trouble shooter in Ford, Dodge and Chrysler branches throughout the East. Budd selected half a dozen bright young men to take a special six-months course in engineering at Penn State, and Kendall was one. He was sent to France as the Budd representative in the Citröen plant, and André Citröen was so impressed with the youngster's ability that he made him production manager of his factories employing 35,000 workers.

That was in January, 1930. Despite the depression, Kendall soon was making $4,000 a month, plus a big bonus and expenses, and he was getting large pieces of the not insignificant profits of the Hispano-Suiza Company. His prestige was such that the British Air Ministry asked him to assist in the rearmament program it was contemplating.

Kendall admits he did not foresee England at war with Germany and he turned a deaf ear to the request. The British waved the Union Jack and made impassioned speeches. Finally convinced of the urgent need for the 20-mm. air cannons and shells his Hispano-Suiza plant could produce, Kendall signed leases for four additional factories at Grantham on June 15, 1939.

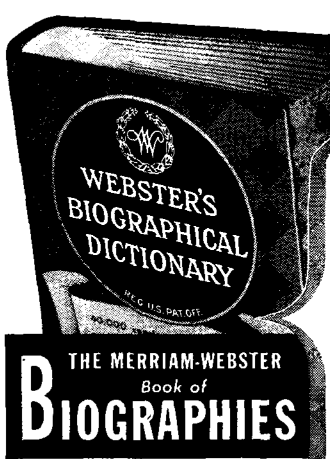
The guns were mounted on Hurricanes and Beaufighters during the last of 1940 and were instrumental in shattering the Nazi air fleets. Modified for efficiency by Kendall, the gun still is the best air cannon in the world.

A Part-Time Inventor, Too

Although he is one of five members on the Automatic Gun Board of England and extremely busy, Kendall has found time to perfect a 10-year project—a three-cylinder radial automobile engine which may make him many times a millionaire. For years, engineers have been pretty morose at the thought of hot gases, teeming with potential energy, escaping into thin air. Kendall claims he has licked the problem by harnessing the gases by means of a turbine which operates on the flywheel of a car.

"My invention," Kendall explains, "will add thirty per cent to the power of a car, and it will be steadier power, eliminating a lot of vibration. Frankly, there isn't much of a market in America for it. Your cars are the best in the world and the cheapest. But there's a need in Europe for a car, radical in design, performance and price. I can sell my car for £150. My engine will get fifty miles to a gallon of gas, an important consideration in Europe with petrol forty cents a gallon. I don't see how I can help selling at least 100,000 cars in England alone. It looks as though old meathead here has hit the jack pot."

THE END



THE MERRIAM-WEBSTER Book of
BIOGRAPHIES

At Your Finger Tips—Essential Facts About **40,000 NOTED MEN AND WOMEN** Historical and Contemporary—from Every Country and Every Field of Human Achievement!

AN entirely new work by the famed editorial staff of *Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.* Contains more than 40,000 concise biographies, with pronunciation of names and all essential facts. Includes scientists, statesmen, generals, rulers, explorers, writers, painters, actors, radio personalities, etc. WEBSTER'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY is an invaluable source of information for writers, speakers, and general readers. 1,736 pages, with thumb index. Price $6.50. At your bookdealer, or from the publishers. G. & C. MERRIAM CO., 507 Federal St., Springfield 2, Mass.

Tops for **TOUGH BEARDS**

Complete DURHAM SHAVE KIT $2.00

For sale only in U.S.A.

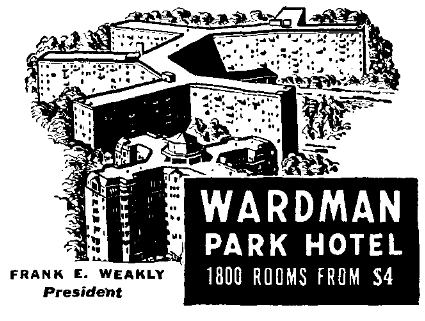
For beards as tough as copper wire, here's the answer to shaving comfort. Kit includes: Durham T-type razor, five famous Durham-Duplex heavy-duty, hollow-ground blades, strop outfit for economy and smoother shaves every time, shave stick and comb. A bargain in de luxe shaving equipment. If dealer can't supply, send $2 direct.
DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., MYSTIC, CONN.

RUB AND RELAX WITH MIFFLIN

She works all day for Victory,
But when the whistle sets her free—
She knows, for easing muscle aches,
A Mifflin Rub's got "what it takes"!

Mifflin means the highest standard of quality. In Lilac, Pine, Lavender, Wintergreen—or unscented.

MIFFLIN
ISOPROPYL ALCOHOL RUBBING COMPOUND
★ THE NATIONAL RUB-DOWN ★



WASHINGTON'S LARGEST

WARDMAN PARK HOTEL
1800 ROOMS FROM $4

FRANK E. WEAKLY
President

CONNECTICUT AVE. & WOODLEY RD., WASHINGTON

The Week's Work

IFOR THOMAS

James E. Hare, 89, was the first news photographer to win international renown. Below, with big 1889 camera

JIMMY HARE, Collier's first famous, trail-blazing photographer, honored us with a visit the other day. "I remember Hiroshima very well," the 89-year-old gentleman told us. "I was there for Collier's in 1904 at the start of the Russo-Japanese War. Strange, I haven't heard of the place from then till now—and now it isn't there any more. Well, the young men soon will be sending us some good pictures of the spot where it used to be, I guess."

Mr. Hare, whose spectacular career as a photographer-war correspondent began when Collier's sent him to cover the Spanish-American War, has watched the picture coverage of this war with intense interest. Especially, he envies present-day photographers their fine cameras. When Mr. Hare took his first news photographs for Collier's, mostly of sports events, cameras were big clumsy things requiring heavy 8-by-10 glass plates, and there was no way to reproduce a photograph directly in the magazine.

The procedure was to trace the photograph, to get a reproduceable line drawing, but by the time Jimmy took off for Cuba, the half-tone process had been invented, making direct reproduction possible, and news photographers, ·led by Jimmy Hare, began to come into their own.

From 1898 on, Jimmy was always on hand taking pictures for Collier's wherever a war or a revolution was in progress—in Cuba, Manchuria, Mexico, the Balkans and as close to the battle lines as he could get in the first World War. His reputation grew until, as Richard Harding Davis said, "No war is official until Jimmy Hare is there to cover it."

Jimmy justified young Robert J. Collier's faith in him from the beginning. He found his way by tugboat to the retreat of Gomez, the Cuban revolutionary leader, and got exclusive pictures and an interview. In the Russo-Jap war, he covered rehearsals of pontoon-bridge building in Hiroshima, the Japanese march through Korea and across the Yalu river (via pontoon bridges), and the fighting in Manchuria; and war was no more comfortable then than now.

Once he brought his camera too close to twenty tons of exploding dynamite and was himself blown into an icy river. He was thrown from his horse more than once in the midst of battle. And he suffered the usual soldierly ills, malaria and frostbite.

Frederick Palmer, Collier's staff writer who accompanied him in the Pacific, wrote that Hare was a famous man in Manchuria, respected as a devoted and courageous soldier. He had by this time, Palmer reported, grown a beard "that fairly ambushed him."

Between wars, Jimmy showed the same sort of enterprise. He was a great one for riding bicycles, automobiles and airplanes, one after another, as they became available, and he used all of them in his work. In 1906 he went up in a balloon to take the first air photo of New York City. That job almost cost him his life. The balloon basket hit trees and a building on the take-off, smashing one of his cameras, but he got his picture.

Still air-minded, he went to Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, to see if it was really true that the Wright Brothers had made a machine that could fly. He got the first picture ever taken of man in flight. In 1910, he photographed our Army's entire Air Force—one plane—flying over a group of cavalrymen. His caption was: "Future Scouts Flying Over Past Scouts." It started a military controversy.

The most relaxing assignment he ever had, he says, was a tour of the Holy Land "for the special kind of picture which later you found in your parlor stereoscopic slides." . . .

A. P.

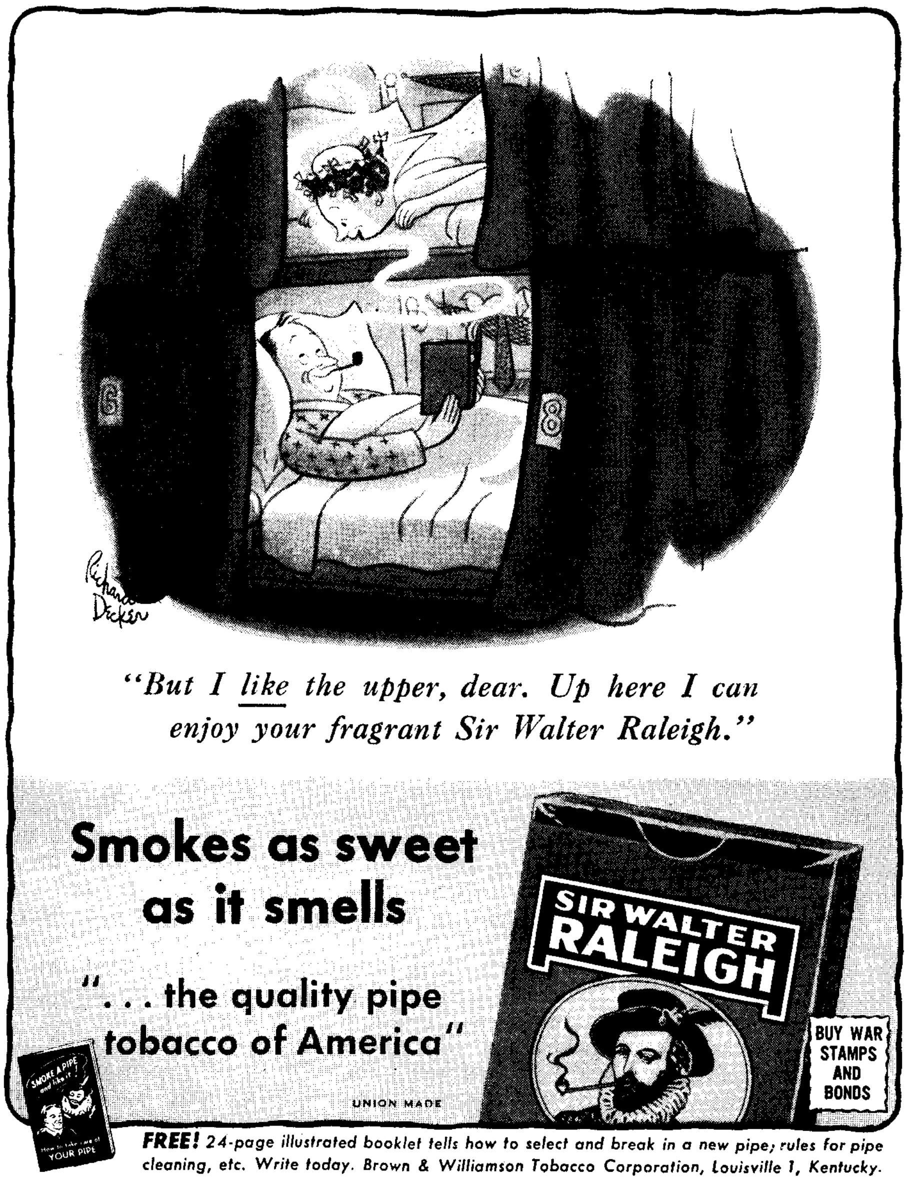
Jimmy develops Russo-Jap War films. Letters on tent say: Hare, Collier's

PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
BEECH-NUT BRAND CHEWING GUM
ALWAYS REFRESHING
BEECH-NUT GUM

. . . Owes its great popularity to its consistent high quality and fine flavor.

Beech-Nut GUM

And if it's FLAVOR you want—enjoy the fine minty goodness of BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM. It's smooth, cool, delicious. Ask for BEECH-NUT GUM by name.



"But I *like* the upper, dear. Up here I can enjoy your fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh."

Smokes as sweet as it smells

". . . the quality pipe tobacco of America"

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

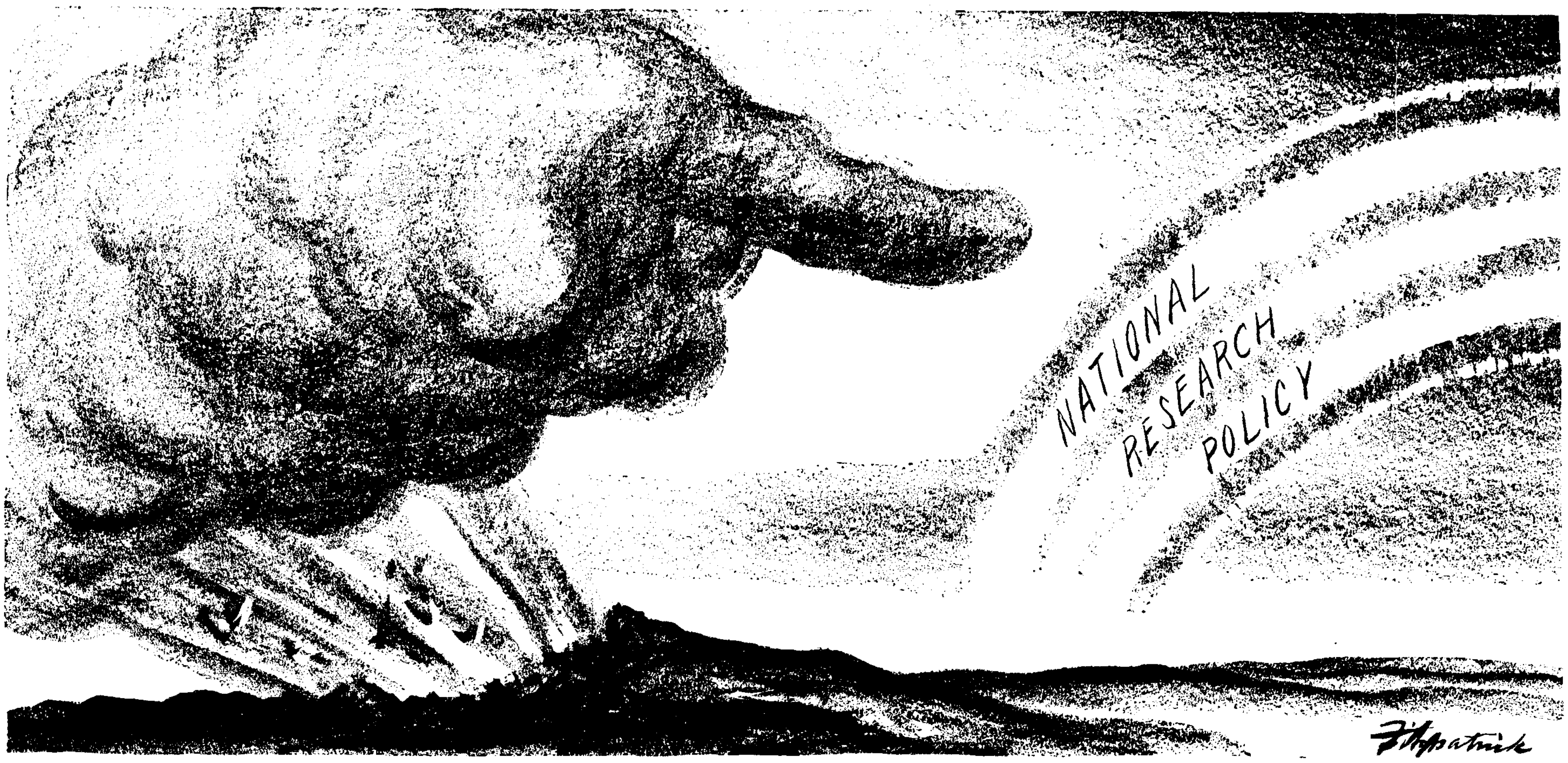
FREE! *24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.*

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Publisher

HENRY LA COSSITT
Editor

JOE ALEX MORRIS
Managing Editor



ATOMIC BOMB LESSON

IT IS hard to think of anything that could have dramatized more forcefully the need for a national scientific research policy, as advocated by Dr. Vannevar Bush and numerous others, than the loosing by U.S. forces of the atom bomb on Japan.

Dr. Bush heads the Office of Scientific Research and Development, which had a large hand in the $2,000,000,000 research gamble whereby the Allies won the race for the atom bomb. He is also the author of a plan for putting scientific research on an organized, businesslike, year-in-year-out, well-financed basis. It may seem farfetched at the moment to say so, but it is possible that this plan or something like it will prove more important in the long run than the development of the atom bomb.

Anyway, what Bush wants the government to do is to set up a National Research Foundation, which would deal out money to medical and other research centers whose work contributes in any way to the public welfare or the defense of the nation.

(Senator Warren G. Magnuson of Washington has, in fact, introduced a bill for the establishment of a National Research Foundation, carrying out recommendations in Dr. Bush's report to President Truman.)

This foundation would not be allowed in any way to monkey with the research centers' policies or personnel—a prohibition which Dr. Bush considers of top importance to the success of the plan. Wartime controls and official powers over private industries' research departments, he also believes, should be removed as fast as possible. "We must . . . recover freedom in inquiry and that healthy competitive scientific spirit so necessary for expansion of the frontiers of scientific knowledge."

A major detail of the Bush recommendations is that the proposed National Research Foundation establish 24,000 scholarships in scientific institutions of learning, and 900 postgraduate fellowships.

That would cost about $30,000,000 a year. But since October, 1940, this country, unlike the other Allied nations, has refused to draft-defer young men of demonstrated scientific talent. The result is that, unless we do something about it, we face what Secretary Charles L. Parsons of the American Chemical Society calls "the loss of an entire generation of scientists."

Bush may not have the full prescription for all these ills and threatened ills. But at least he has a detailed plan—and a plan, it should be emphasized, which contemplates research for peacetime progress and the public welfare as well as research to keep us abreast of all developments in weapons of war.

The Germans were far behind us in the race for the atom bomb, but they beat us to the development of the jet-propelled fighter plane. It was talked quietly around among observers last winter and spring that the Germans could throw an operational force of 1,0 jets onto the Western front they could nullify Allie air superiority until the Allies could counter the je somehow, and thus prolong the war.

It was the persistent bombing of German factorie railroads and oil plants that wiped out that menace, b keeping the Germans from assembling sufficient j planes and putting them in the air. But it was not unt August 1, 1945, almost three months after German surrendered, that our Army Air Forces could unve the P-80 jet fighter in its 526-mph flight from Dayto to New York.

A strong Navy and Air Force and a system of un versal training for war (not in the traditional militar sense, but including, besides some military educatio training in industry and science) look like the keyston of our national defense structure. Equally importa will be systematic research in the art and science of wa until such time as war is definitely eliminated from th earth. We hope the United Nations World Securit Organization may accomplish that result in time. B it hasn't yet done so, or got well started toward doing s

Congress will have a lot of important jobs on i hands. We don't know of a single more important jo than the setting up of a comprehensive national scie tific research policy.

RADICAL BRITAIN, CONSERVATIVE U.S.

A GREAT deal of profound discussion has been heard, since the British Labor Party landslide, about how this overturn will affect U.S. economics and politics. Your leftist friends will tell you, with lilts in their voices, that it foreshadows a sharp leftward swing here. Your conservative friends, if you have any who will admit being conservatives, will have widely different interpretations to offer.

Is there any reliable, objective guide to the correct answer?

The well-known Gallup Poll has come through with some findings which at least seem to have been rounded up impartially. Gallup's British division, by the way, forecast the Labor triumph with an error averaging only 1% for all parties. That is hairline accuracy in the eyes of pollsters, a 3% margin being considered excellent shooting.

Using the same methods, Gallup's canvassers sounded out opinion in Britain on various Socialist proposals advanced by the Laborites, and in the United States on similar proposals. Here is what they found:

In Britain, some weeks before Labor's victory, public opinion was 70% for nationalizing the railroads and 30% against; 80% for nationalizing the coal mines and 20% against; 63% for nationalizing land and 37% against; 66% for nationalizing the Bank of England and 34% against.

In the United States at present, Gallup finds, the picture is almost the exact opposite: 77% against government railroad ownership and 23% for; 69% against government bank ownership and 31% for; 63% against government ownership of power companies and 37% for. Further, says Gallup, U.S. sentiment for government rail ownership has dropped eleven points in the last nine years, for government bank ownership ten points, and for government power company ownership six points. While Britain has been growing more radical, we have been growing more conservative.

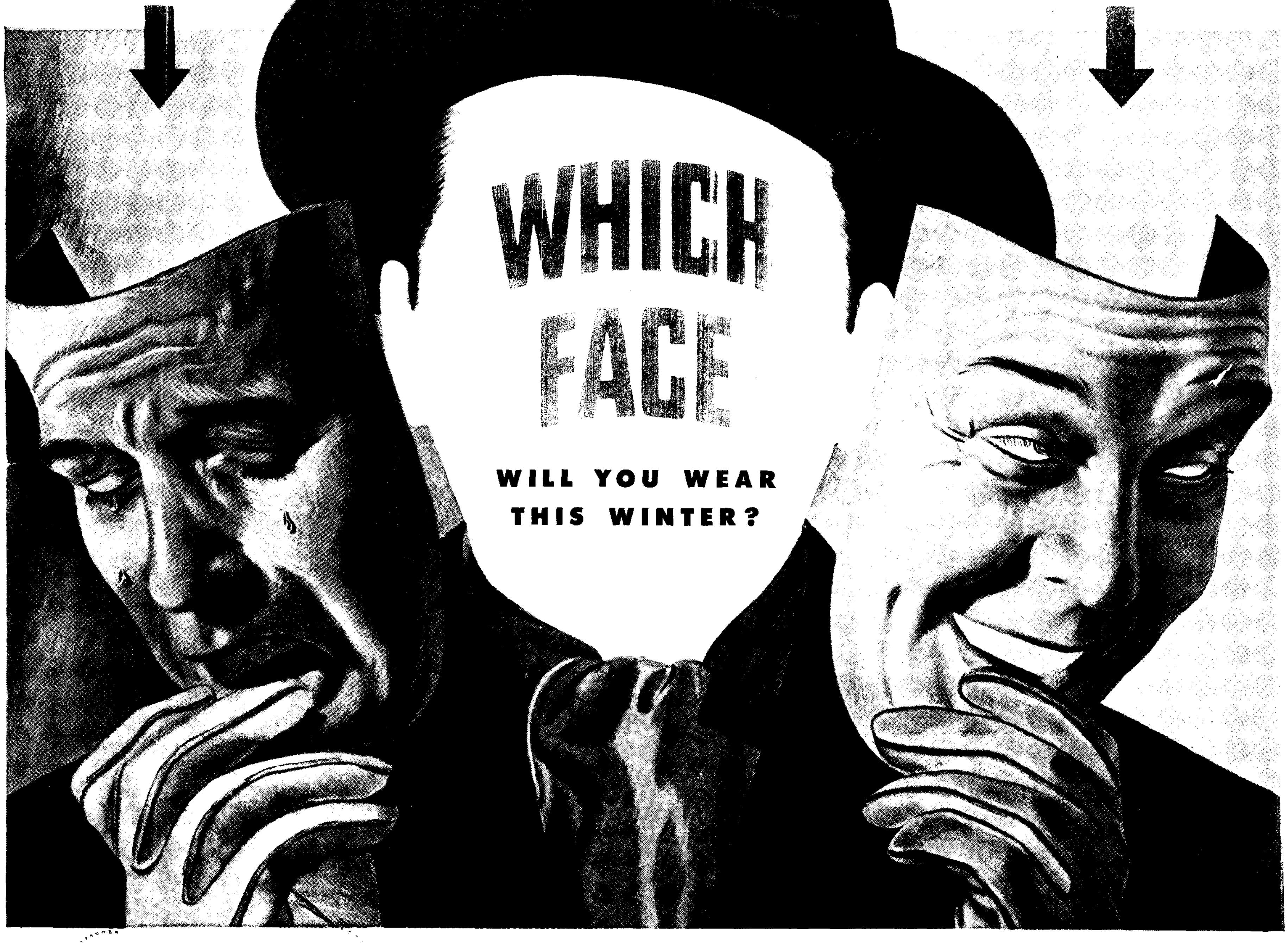
The logical conclusion would seem to be that Bri ain's peaceful (thus far, at least) revolution will n affect U.S. thinking or voting one way or another; an that those who think it will are drawing a long bo equipped with a fragile string.

Where the two countries will go from here, ec nomically and politically, looks like anybody's gues If we have a boom after the reconversion period, seems likely that we'll stay conservative in nation mood until the boom bursts. If Labor brings Britain boom, Labor can probably stay in power till the Bri ish boom bursts, after which British voters mo probably will be only too glad to go back to the Co servatives.

There is little consolation in all this for those wh like to draw mystical parallels between Britain and th United States. But there does seem to be in it som reliable guidance for those who want to think straigh and intelligently about the two nations.

This sad face is reserved for the car-owner who forgets to get anti-freeze for his car in time. Old Man Winter will come along and split the engine block, cylinder head or radiator wide open. And when you try to replace engine parts these days, your face gets longer and longer. Yes—a freeze-up could be the death of your car this winter.

This bright face is for the car-owner who will have a Du Pont anti-freeze put into his radiator in plenty of time. He'll not only prevent a "freeze-up" but stop rust and corrosion as well. An extra happy smile comes from knowing his anti-freeze is going to stay put, which it will do if he asks his service man to check over his car's cooling system for leaks.


WHICH FACE
WILL YOU WEAR THIS WINTER?

Since eng[illegible]
don't [illegible]
Protect y[illegible]
with a[illegible]!

[illegible] a GAL. War Emergency "Zerone"* gives thorough protection against rust and corrosion as well as freezing. Until regular "Zerone" comes back (this season's production went to war), there's no better buy at the price.

$2.65 a GAL. A limited supply of "Zerex,"* Du Pont's non-evaporating anti-freeze, is now available. "Zerex" won't boil out. One filling lasts all winter. Gives complete protection against rust and corrosion—won't form sludge.

*TRADE-MARK

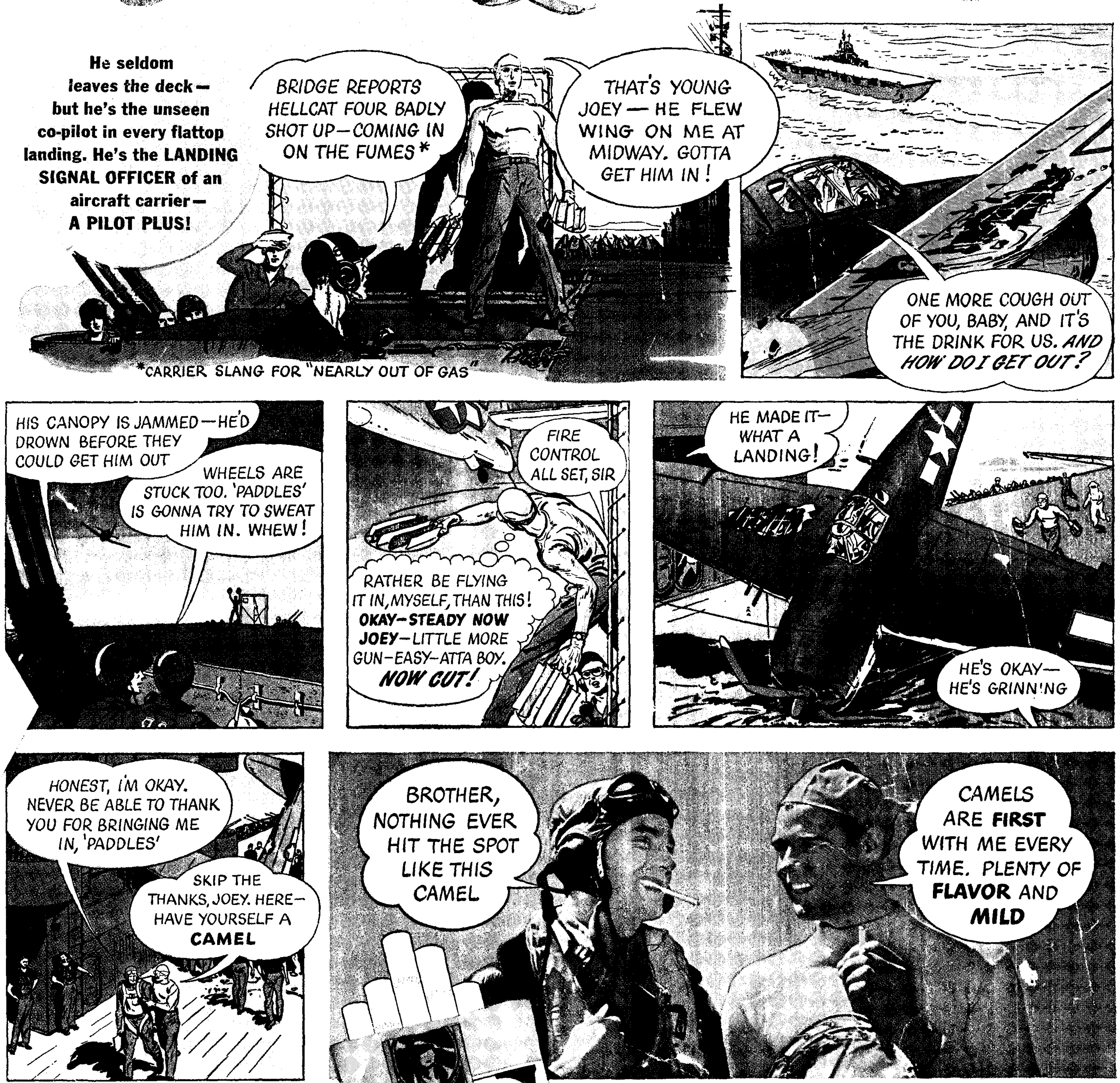
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

"ZERONE" — "ZEREX"

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

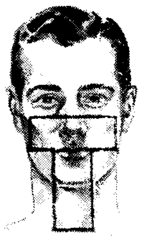
Carrier Quarterback

He seldom
leaves the deck—
but he's the unseen
co-pilot in every flattop
landing. He's the **LANDING
SIGNAL OFFICER** of an
aircraft carrier—
A PILOT PLUS!


BRIDGE REPORTS HELLCAT FOUR BADLY SHOT UP—COMING IN ON THE FUMES*
THAT'S YOUNG JOEY—HE FLEW WING ON ME AT MIDWAY. GOTTA GET HIM IN!
ONE MORE COUGH OUT OF YOU, BABY, AND IT'S THE DRINK FOR US. AND HOW DO I GET OUT?
*CARRIER SLANG FOR "NEARLY OUT OF GAS"
HIS CANOPY IS JAMMED—HE'D DROWN BEFORE THEY COULD GET HIM OUT
WHEELS ARE STUCK TOO. 'PADDLES' IS GONNA TRY TO SWEAT HIM IN. WHEW!
FIRE CONTROL ALL SET, SIR
RATHER BE FLYING IT IN, MYSELF, THAN THIS! OKAY—STEADY NOW JOEY—LITTLE MORE GUN—EASY—ATTA BOY. NOW CUT!
HE MADE IT—WHAT A LANDING!
HE'S OKAY—HE'S GRINNING
HONEST, I'M OKAY. NEVER BE ABLE TO THANK YOU FOR BRINGING ME IN, 'PADDLES'
SKIP THE THANKS, JOEY. HERE—HAVE YOURSELF A CAMEL
BROTHER, NOTHING EVER HIT THE SPOT LIKE THIS CAMEL
CAMELS ARE FIRST WITH ME EVERY TIME. PLENTY OF FLAVOR AND MILD

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND



THE "T-ZONE"

—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of

The Servic Fi

Arm es, and Co
I he war